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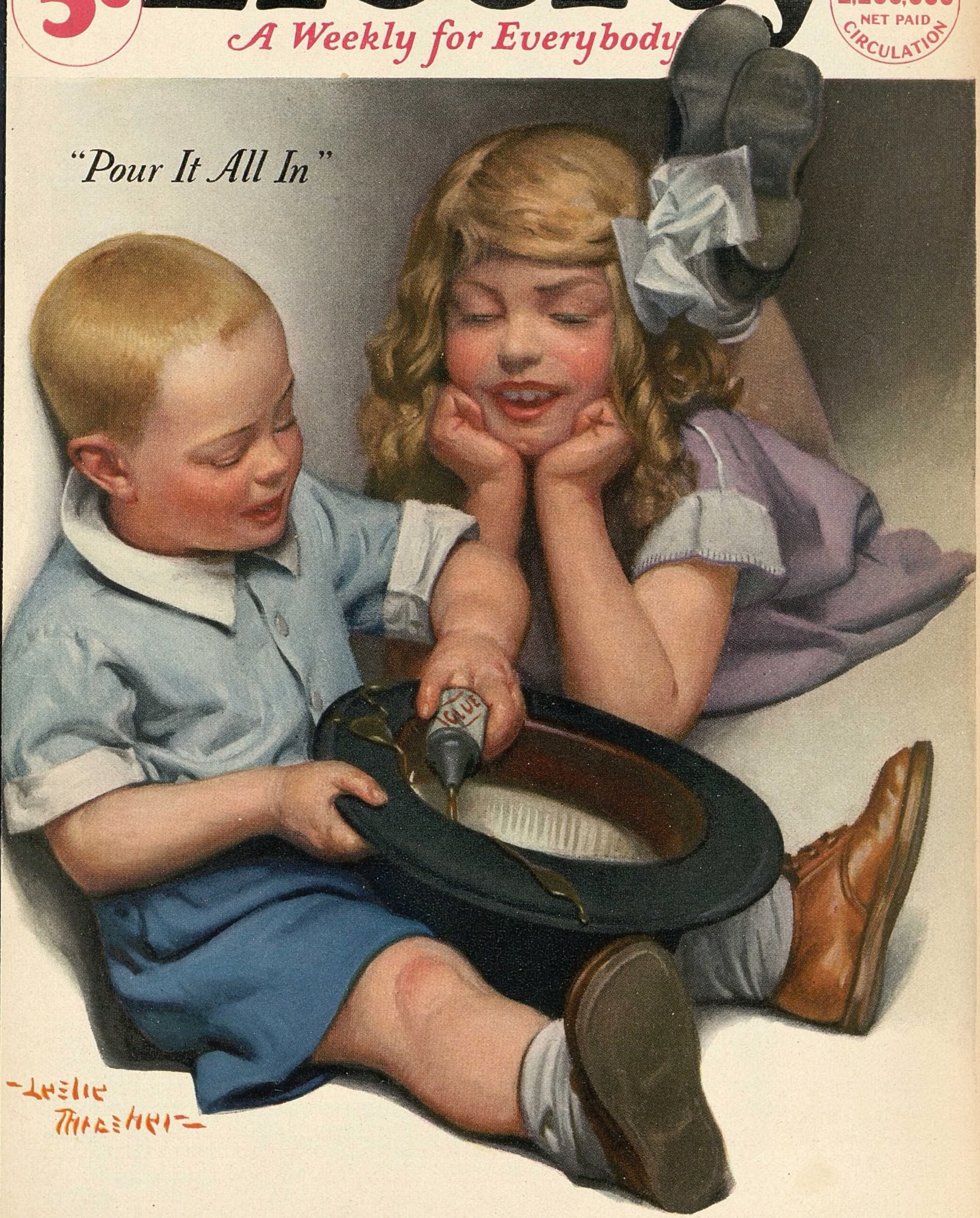

"*Pour It All In*"

GLUE
Leslie Thrasher

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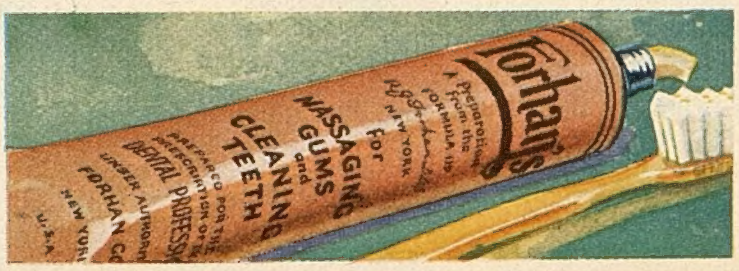
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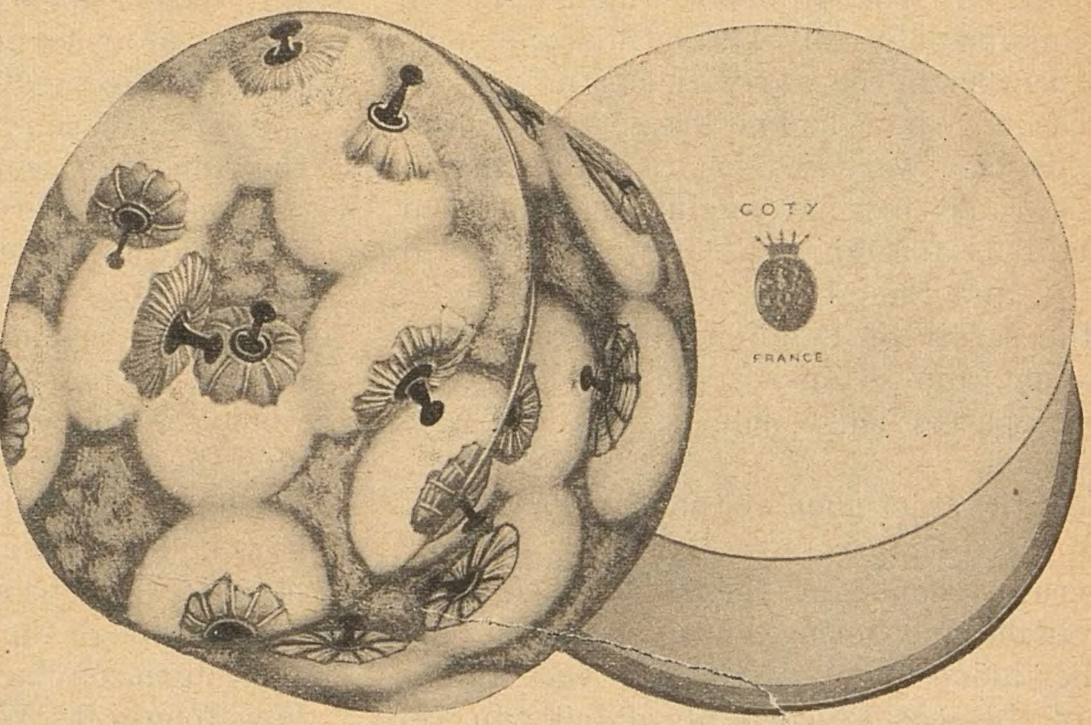

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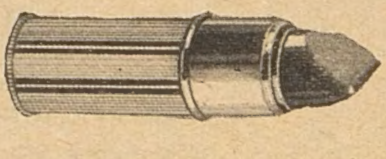

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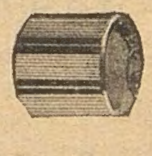

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO

Thirteen years ago this month the Congress of the United States resolved "that the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared."

It is strange now to reflect that the war did not make General Pershing President, or come anywhere near it.

Our other wars have made Presidents. The Revolution gave us Washington, the battle of New Orleans made Jackson President, Zachary Taylor was a hero of the Mexican War, and Grant would never have gone to the White House had it not been for Appomattox. Nor, probably, would Roosevelt have gone as far politically without his popularity as a Rough Rider in the war with Spain.

The reason we have had no President Pershing is that this last war was basically unpopular. There was some instinct against sending our men to fight on foreign soil. It was not a war for defense, and though we heard talk of good causes—the safety of Belgium, the preservation of democracy, and so on—it did not have that last gasp of patriotism which has inspired wars on our own soil.

Perhaps the chief good of the war was that it dethroned three Emperors.

We were dragooned into the war by a sense that if we stayed out and Germany won, we might have to meet her alone later. If the war was for the freedom of the seas we certainly didn't win, for the seas are no freer now than they ever were.

No doubt Nature found herself overcrowded in Europe and took this means of relieving the condition. And it was the twilight of the kings—time to sweep the nations into republican forms of government.

The kings were not kingly in the war. They didn't go into actual battle, nor did their children expose themselves. They thought perhaps that their own kind was too precious and important, but that feeling doesn't satisfy the common people.

Pictures of the Kaiser with his sons in military panoply, marching through the streets of Berlin before the war and then remaining unscathed behind the lines when the fighting was on, did much to destroy the fable of the Hohenzollerns' martial character.

Here was a deal of contrast with our own leading families—those Roosevelts, for example, one of whom stayed behind in a soldier's grave and the others of whom were wounded.

If the Kaiser had lost two or three sons on the battlefield, as most of the other families of Germany did who had sons to spare, he might not have lost his throne—or, having lost it, he might now have prospects of getting it back.

Of course Mr. Wilson was elected in 1916 on the plea that he kept us out of war and the inference that Mr. Hughes was more warlike and would get us in.

Within about a month of his inauguration Mr. Wilson got us in. The war was over before the end of his term, and the League of Nations was presented to the Senate for its approval. And we think one reason the League was beaten was that the American people didn't like the war.

And yet—there is the other side.

What would be the state of the world if we had not gone in?

The Kaiser no doubt would still be on his throne, with an ally on the throne of Austria. He would be the greatest single factor, and probably the most truculent one, in the affairs of the earth. And we may assume that, like most victors, he would quickly again be rattling the saber. Perhaps he would be rattling it now.

So, though the war was not popular, it is very difficult to convince one's self that we ought not to have fought it. Which seems about all one can say on the subject in this Year of Grace 1930.

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. . the prohibition of liquor is wrong in principle
. . prohibition of liquor has proved impossible in practice

THE CRUSADERS are in favor of controlling liquor by government regulation, state or national, because
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. . control has proved practical

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Antoine

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celebrated beauty specialist of Paris

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"Its delicate yet penetrating lather," he says, "is the most effective means of clearing away every trace of dust and rouge and powder from the tiny pores of the skin."

Beauty specialist to Paris society

Paris society, New York society, the better figures in the theatrical world, form Antoine's exclusive clientele. He is one of the most far-famed of all Parisian beauty specialists with a reputation which extends to both England and America.

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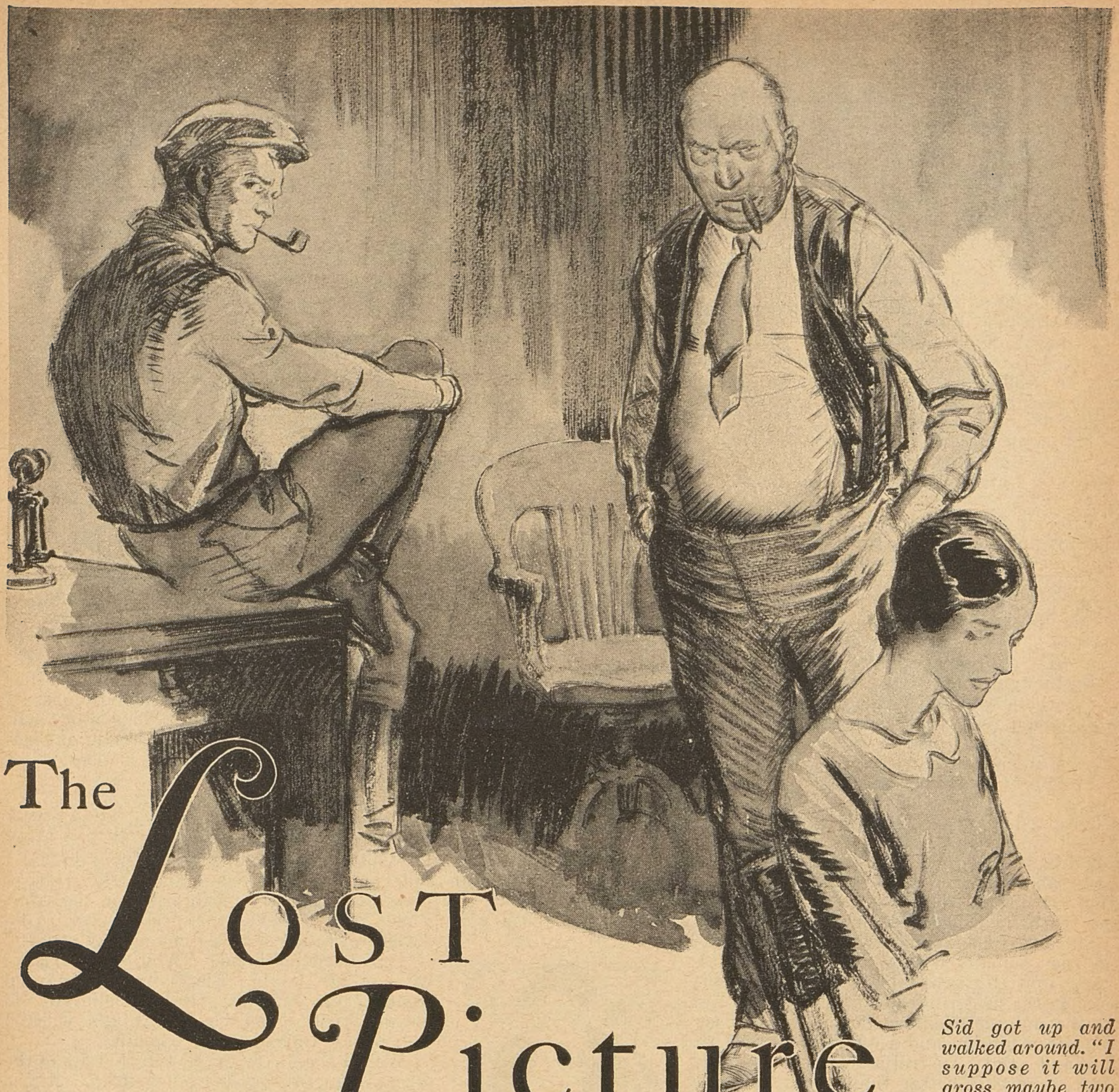

The Lost Picture

Sid got up and walked around. "I suppose it will gross maybe two hundred grand, hey?" he blurted.

A Story of Ambition and the Movies

By

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

who like many another preacher's son chose reporting as his first job. Having thus become acquainted with the busy world of men, he put it into fiction which in the last two years has made him famous.

Pictures by HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

"WHY don't you quit stalling?" Grigsby said.

"Stalling?" I parried.

Grigsby peered at me with red-rimmed eyes. They had a peculiar stare, as if too tired to shift focus. Grigsby's eyes had got me nervous. I felt a crazy impulse to reach across the table and say: "Here, old man. You've looked at the center of my forehead long enough. Let me help you roll those eyeballs to the left just a bit." I wanted to tell Grigsby, also, that trembling hands are less conspicuous under the tablecloth.

"Yes, stalling," said Grigsby. "You didn't invite me here to talk studio gossip. You've been trying for the last hour to get me drunk."

"Drunk?" I said. "Oh, come, now—"

"You write too honestly to talk lies, Schelling. You know and I know why we're here. Some friend of mine—I suspect Mal Roberts—told you I had a story to tell. He advised you to feed me one of Hugo's dinners and then do your noblest in the way of a tongue-loosener." He silenced my protest with a wave of his hand toward the goblets. "You've got the best Montrachet this side of Paris, and unless my palate is dead of Volsteadism this brandy is Armagnac not younger than '89. For them I make you a bow. They have been

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THE LOST PICTURE
Continued from page nine

appreciated." Then, with a sad smile and a shrug, "But, you see, I am not drunk."

I looked at him, feeling myself redden. I said defensively, but with entire candor: "I think it would do you good to get drunk, Grigsby."

He nodded, strained and taut.

"I've tried," he said. "I've tried too hard. You know how it is when you press. Whisky only gives me a headache; rum and gin make me sick. Absinthe—well, perhaps—if I could get it and choke it down."

I said, striking out boldly: "You've got too much on your chest. Maybe if you unloaded it would go better."

Grigsby tried to laugh; he made scarcely a sound and his breath tasted bitter to him.

"Once Famous Director Tells All—eh?" He shuddered. "How they've been after me! Every ink-slinging slut in Hollywood; every syndicate chatterbox. They want to embalm me in sweet adjectives. 'Wally Grigsby looked deep into my eyes and, pouring forth the agonies of his tortured soul, told me of the strange quirks of fate which led him from the heights to sip the bitter dregs of defeat.' Can't you see it—in ten-point type, with pictures?"

The only thing I could see was Grigsby as he sat there; shabby, unkempt, with a dissolution about him that went much deeper than the need of clean linen and a shave.

"I think I can do a little better by you than that," I said. "I shan't write a line you don't okay. Believe it or not, I'm not thinking of space rates just now. You need to blow off steam, Grigsby. And, all writing aside, I can brag a bit on my qualities as a listener."

He thought that over. Then, abruptly—

"Perhaps you're right. You talk my language, anyway. This thing has been wearing sore places in my brain. My head feels full of pus. Not elegant, eh? Well, it's not an elegant story. Sure you want to hear it?"

I told him I was very sure.

IT started [said Grigsby] with two consciences. Mine and Sid Schelp's. Believe that? Thanks. I thought you'd balk at Sid even if you gave me a break. Sid has been ranked with the pants pressers, but he's the other kind of Jew. A lot of my friends who don't know the truth have been cussing Sid. It wasn't his fault.

Sid and I had made two million dollars for the company with three box-office hits. Her Night Out grossed nine hundred thousand in the first runs alone. Is It Sin? was off the nut in seventeen days after release and did a million and a quarter net. With England and Australia still to report, Heated Love is better than seven hundred thousand. Sid and I were the white-haired boys of the lot. New York raved in telegrams and old man Koplar invited us to dinner.

But we felt lousy. Did you happen to see any of those pictures? You know why, then. I think Sid's conscience was troubled mostly by the Hollywood production executive's congenital inferiority complex. The fact that several highbrow reviewers sighed for The Patriot after seeing Is It Sin? may have helped. Sid is jealous of the M-G-M crowd. But give Sid credit. Other movie moguls relieve their inferiority complexes by insulting gentlemen; Sid got the idea that making one good picture in his lifetime was a better way.

With me, it went back farther and hit deeper. I had been wanting to do something decent ever since I shot my first western. But you know how things go. When you're young they hand you remakes or any louse story that happens to be kicking around the lot. Then, when you're climbing, you know the only way to keep on climbing is to ring bells at the box office. But you say to yourself: "When I've got a name I'll do the sort of picture I want to do and make them like it."

Well, after three box-office pictures in a row, I decided I had sold my immortal soul long enough. I had got so I couldn't see crêpe de chine nifties in a store window without shuddering, and every time a fanny-strutter walked on the set I wanted to boot her. I wasn't long-haired or dreamy-eyed about it, you understand? But each time I made a picture I wondered how much of the desire to do something fine had left me. It does leave you—it's left a lot of them.

Sid and I were sitting in his office one day talking about the next story. We knew what old man Koplar wanted. "Give us anuthuh Heated Love wit' more hotsy totsy, only differnt."

"We won't do it this time, Sid," I said.

He looked at me and I didn't need to explain.

"Got a real story?" he said.

I told him I had a pet story I'd been longing to do for three years. Almost every director who's worth his salt has. But damn' few ever put them on the screen.

"How much will it cost?" said Sid.

"Five hundred thousand," I told him. "Maybe more."

I asked him if he wanted to hear it. He said all he cared to know about it was whether it would be as good as The Patriot. I told him I thought it would be better.

SID got up and walked around the office, licking at his cigar.

"I suppose it will gross maybe two hundred grand, hey?" he blurted finally.

"It's not box-office," I said. "Better let me tell you the story before you see it in script."

I like to remember Sid in that moment. Ugly, pot-bellied little squirt. Sid was thinking about art. Most of this thinking about art is cheap, and the talking cheaper. But Sid knew it would cost the company five hundred thousand for him and me to think about art. He knew he would get the rap for every dime we lost. And that would be plenty.

I began to weaken on getting Sid into a proposition that would mean lots of grief and maybe cost us our jobs. I said: "I'm going to come clean, Sid. This story will violate every box-office principle. It has a religious element, it is psychological, and the ending is tragic." I even started to routine the story.

Sid turned and stopped me.

"Don't tell me! Don't tell me!" he said. "Don't let me even read the script!" He grimaced. "You know what I will do, Wally. In spite of myself, I will do it. I will begin hollering for hot kisses and legs. Here—quick!" He sat down and wrote an order on the front office giving me carte blanche for preliminary costs. "Get out quick before I change my mind!"

I grabbed his hand. "You won't change your mind," I said. I left him moaning and beating his temples. But I believed Sid would stick. And he did—that's written somewhere in golden ink—he did.

Well, I shan't try to tell you that I had the greatest picture story ever written. Maybe the way I got hold of it made it seem so to me. Did you happen to know that crack-brained German who called himself Chris Krueger? He was in Hollywood about four years ago, tramping from studio to studio. Had T. B., the last stage. Eh? Yes, I bought the story from him. He asked five hundred. I could have got it for fifty. I paid him five thousand instead. About all I had at the time. You see, he wanted to go home to die; had a wife and two kids in Bavaria. Poor devil. He just did get home.

But don't think I'm claiming any credit for generosity. Movie companies have paid fifty thousand for poorer stories. Besides, I needed that story. I kept it in my desk and read and reread it. I suppose you'd call that story my artistic backbone. I used to say to myself when I was grinding out box-office hokum: "Some day I'll put you on the screen. I'll do it if I have to spend my own money."

That's what I should have done, Schelling. I should have waited ten years more, saved the five hundred grand, and shot the whole wad. But I was afraid to wait. I knew myself too well. Ten years more of Hollywood and I'd have laughed at the idea of sinking a fortune in a picture too good for cash customers.

The story? Stripped to essentials, the yarn went like this:

A young British medical student, his wife, and child. He's struggling along in a clerkship and trying to study medicine at the same time. Needs money for foreign study; is eating his heart out and about to go sour and quit. The wife raises a loan by paying the old hackneyed price to a wealthy admirer. Not so good, eh? Trite? Well, her legacy story fails to click. Her husband rages. Calls her names. Kicks her out and the divorce court gives him custody of the child. The ex-wife disappears.

The scene shifts to a country village in Germany during the war. Big rest camp for soldiers near by. The villagers put on a Passion play every year. Not such a bad tie-up, eh? A little obvious—Jesus going to the Cross and Germans preparing to return to the trenches. But a good background. Well, we pick up our woman in the rest camp. She has become a notorious Continental demimondaine. Her present interest is a German general. She has a great love and a great hatred. The love is for the child she left in England. The hatred—her former husband.

There is a famous young surgeon at the camp. He has a child and the child has a pretty governess. The surgeon is in love with the governess. Our woman meets this surgeon. Yes, a bit melodramatic, I grant you. But such meetings can be handled. None of that "So! We meet again!" stuff. Well, anyway, our woman recognizes him. And at the same time she guesses that he is the spy the Heinies have been trying to catch.

Hokum? But it has its moments, hasn't it? You see, all she has to do is to turn him over to a firing squad and claim the child. She serves her hatred and she serves her love. And in the meantime we have planted the Passion play. War and hatred and Jesus going to the Cross. Jeering soldiers, swanking cockeyed officers, and our woman looking on—get the idea? A pan shot along the sidewalks; we dolly up to the woman, get her reaction; we follow the procession. That story had its moments, I tell you.

What a wind-up, too! The woman realizes that her hatred is horrible, and her love selfish. The child has forgotten her; the husband loves another woman, a very decent sort. We plant that the Heinies have no idea as to the identity of the spy. But they are getting close. Our woman goes to warn the man. He has not dared to skip; and the action develops that he has damaging papers in his possession which the British want and he can't destroy. We build suspense, you see, and then, as the ring closes about him, our woman, inspired by the Passion play, grabs the damning evidence. Before the man realizes what has happened she is marched before the firing squad.

YOU don't think it so bad, Schelling? Thanks. But not box-office, eh? No, not box-office. Religion taboo. Unhappy ending with woman shot. A lot of psychological stuff to slow up action. Too sordid. I see all those things now. I saw them then. But the Passion-play angle got me. The idea stuck in my head. It was big. It had implications rising above the drama. I had to put that picture on the screen. Jesus going to the Cross with the rumble of guns faint on the horizon. The impact of the play on my woman. I knew I could do things with that woman. And beauty? I saw scene after scene—lovely stuff. I was restless with it. And me the best box-office director in Hollywood!

I think I must have gone a little batty. I was after the real thing this time. I should have had Joe Bromley put up two hundred thousand dollars' worth of sets, done all my casting in Hollywood, and shot the picture in twenty-six days. Instead, nothing would satisfy me but a real German village and a real Passion play. I didn't want any Hollywood actors with beards playing the apostles. They look all right in backgrounds, but move the camera up to a half shot, and blooey! The audience says: "That's So-and-So. He played a bootlegger in his last picture."

I'm no better than the rest, Schelling, but when I thought of trying to find an actor in Hollywood fit to play Jesus I balked. Queer, isn't it? I must have some reverence in me, after all.

Old Krueger had told me of a Bavarian village called Heinrichsburg, where the peasants had been presenting an annual Passion play for two or three hundred years. It hadn't got the publicity Oberammergau has, and I figured it would be a perfect location.

Sid Schelp winced when I told him I wanted to go abroad on location. But he didn't ask any questions. He just put his head between his shoulders and moaned. I cheered him by pointing out that I could take my three principals and "bit" people over there much cheaper than we could build a German village and hire extras in Hollywood. I was careful not to mention "Passion play" to Sid. He would have had heart failure. I knew my only chance was to get this picture in the cans before Sid and the front office and old man Koplar realized what I was doing.

IT cost twenty-seven hundred dollars in cables to Sanderson in our Berlin office before we could get the set-up with the villagers of Heinrichsburg. Sanderson reported "no chance" at first. Said the Passion players refused to have pictures taken. I cabled him seventy-five hundred, then four thousand more, then five thousand. It seemed to me that was enough in marks to buy every soul in Heinrichsburg a new house. After six weeks of dickering, Sanderson cabled that everything was set. We almost had to sign in blood the stipulation that we would not change the Passion play, or use it in news reels.

Well, I got my small cast together. Jerry Hallam to play the man; Mabel Merlin for the other woman; and Julia Clay to star. I took seven "bit" people and had arranged with UFA over there to get extras. We would shoot the English sequences when we got home and match in rest-camp stuff. I had Sid warn our publicity department to lay off. I didn't want old man Koplar to go snooping around.

We made the trip in good order, except that Jerry got tight the third night out and nearly fell overboard; and Mabel and Julia quit speaking to each other the fifth day. Sanderson met us in Berlin and went on with the company to Heinrichsburg. He was to act as interpreter and general liaison man.

Old Krueger knew what he was talking about, Schelling. Heinrichsburg was perfect. Joe Bromley couldn't have built it in Hollywood for less than four hundred and fifty thousand. And we never could have got the light in the sky; the shadow effects of the hills and woods; that tucked-away-for-centuries atmosphere. And the people! What types, man! What faces! When our motor bus pulled into town, quite a crowd gathered in front of the inn. Lacey Dunn, my first camera, took one squint at those Heinies and said: "Hot dog! Gimme a camera, quick. Lookit that guy by the pump! He's right out of the Bible, ain't he?" Every place you looked, you had a perfect picture framed for you. It was late afternoon and the sun behind the hills had sent over an afterglow. You'd break your heart trying to imitate it with the lamps.

That town certainly was a director's dream. But the trouble that developed almost before we were settled at the inn was no dream.

A delegation of graybeards called on us. Peter and Paul and John and Matthew, all the apostles. Fine old fellows, Schelling. I felt guilty of sacrilege when I shook their hands. But beer was passed around in big mugs and the session got human. I couldn't understand why they kept glancing at one another. The tension wasn't in keeping with their hearty "Wie gehtes." Finally, one of them, who looked like Peter, cleared his throat and spoke rapidly to Sanderson. I heard Sanderson gasp something in German. Then they all started talking at once.

The phrase I heard oftenest was, "Franz sagt nein!"

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THE LOST PICTURE
Cont'd from page 11

Sanderson turned to me. He looked flabbergasted, sunk.

"They're balking on us again," he said. "They say Franz says no; Franz says no."

"Who is Franz?" I said.

Sanderson grunted some more German. There were explanations.

"Franz is the fellow who plays Jesus," Sanderson interpreted. "They say they did not consult him when they signed the agreement. They thought it would be all right."

Here was a pretty how-de-do. I glanced around at the graybeards. They were speaking apologetically to Sanderson. They looked ashamed of themselves. I guessed well enough what had happened. They had fallen for Sanderson's gold, and had hoped to talk this Franz into taking his share. Sanderson and I had blundered badly. Fine time to be discovering that, eh?

"Tell them I would like to meet Franz," I said to Sanderson. "Tell them we will explain to Franz that worthy motives prompted our action. Ask them if Franz will do me the honor of dining with me here this evening."

I SAW they were dubious and troubled. Several reached in their pockets and brought out leather wallets. One old fellow—I found out later that he played Paul—handed his wallet to Sanderson. Their spokesman made explanations.

"They want to return our money," Sanderson said. "This one says he has spent twenty-one dollars for dresses for his wife and three daughters, but will repay that when he sells his sheep."

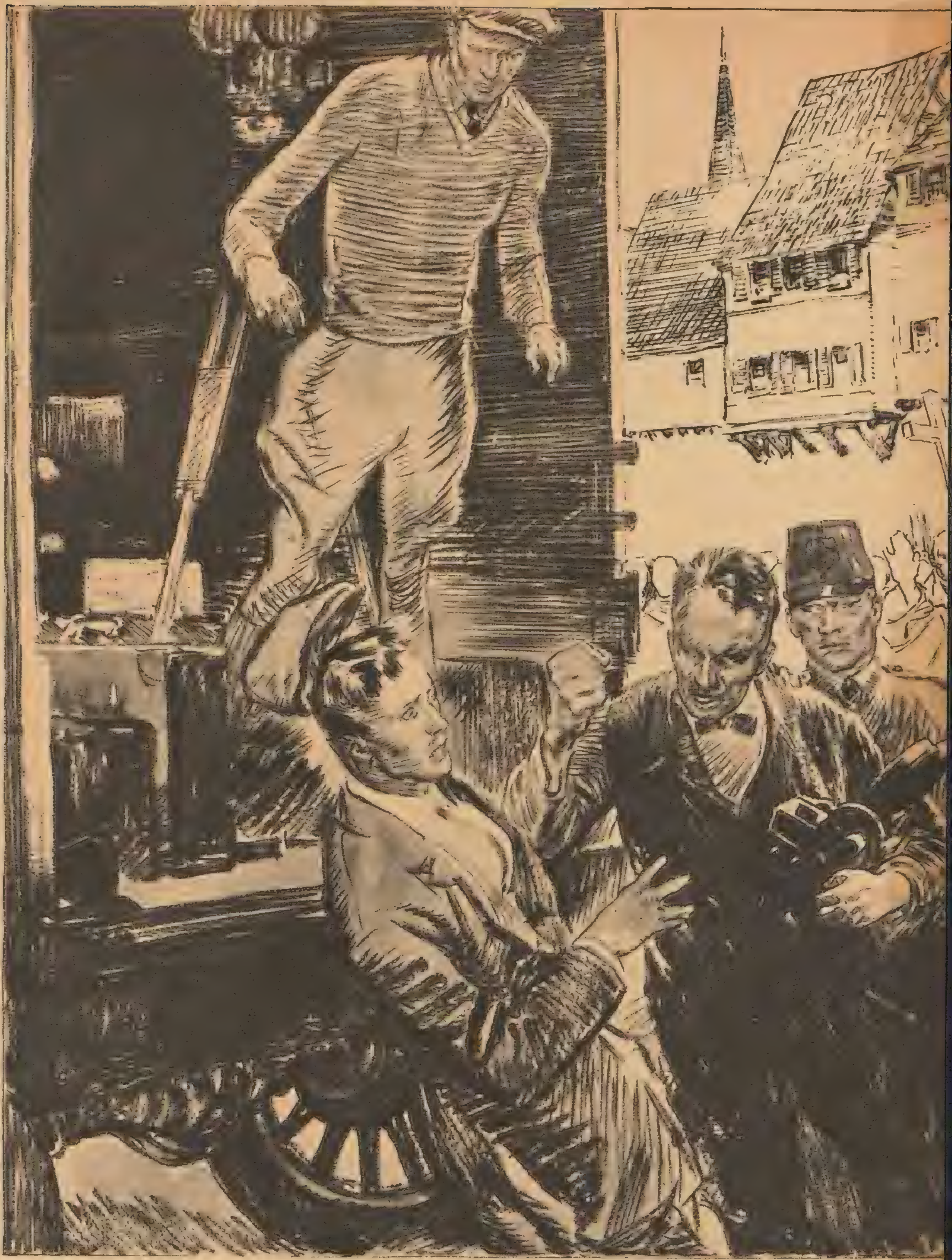
I wondered what Judas had done with his money. I never felt such a louse.

"Tell them," I said, "that we will not discuss money until I have talked with Franz. Tell them that this is not a matter of money at all."

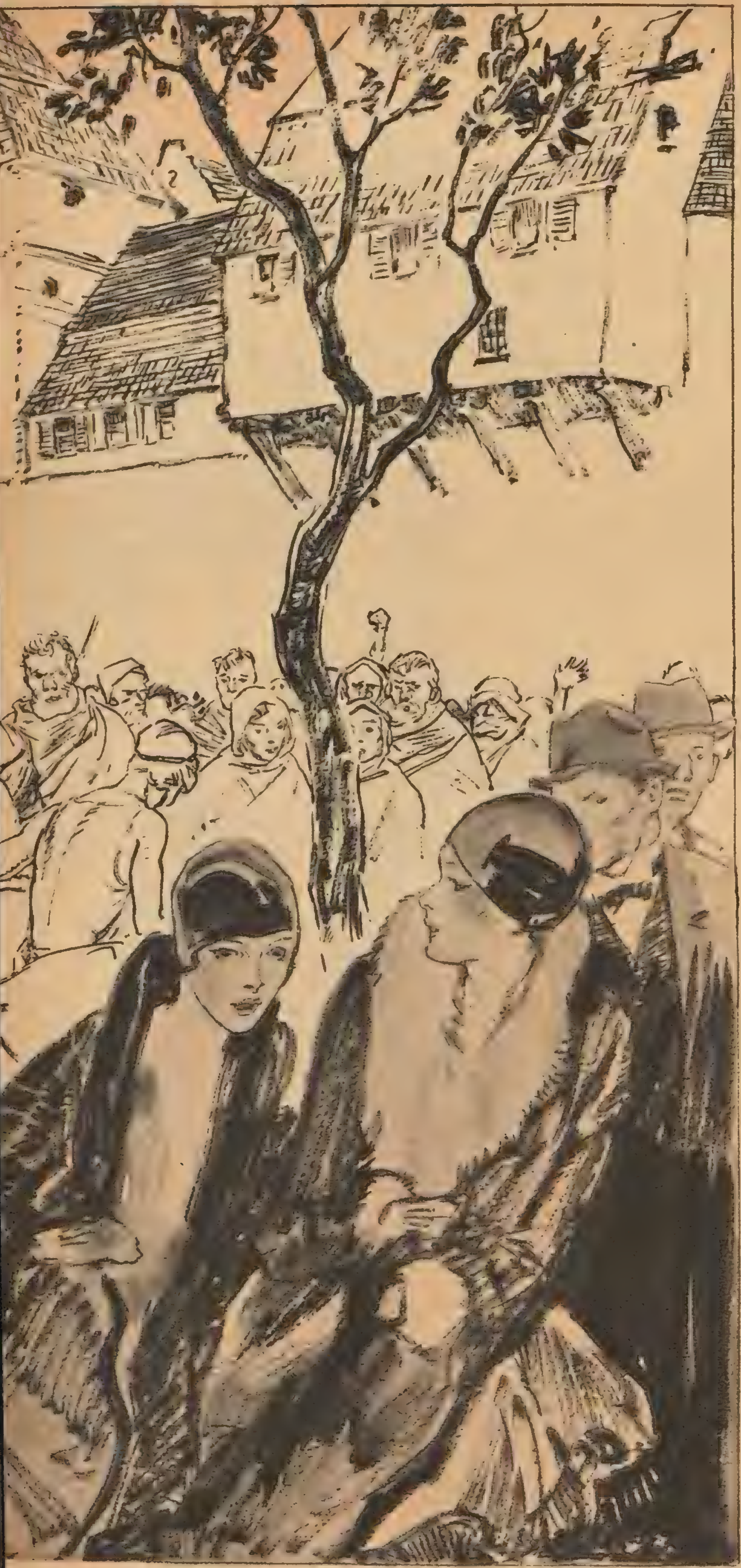
They filed out, shamefacedly, after promising to send Franz to see me.

I had Pete Steuben, my assistant, call the whole outfit together—actors, sound men, cameramen, grips, everybody. I lined them up in the big high-ceilinged parlor and read the riot act. I told them they weren't in Hollywood now, and, by God, they were going to walk chalk every minute until we left Heinrichsburg. No lushing, no women, and no cussing. If any man broke over they would get their tickets home pronto. I kept Jerry and Mabel and Julia behind for a special warning.

They all took it better than I expected. Julia and Mabel agreed to do their smoking in their rooms, and even volunteered to wear wardrobe dresses. Long skirts hadn't come in then, and la Merlin, especially, was inclined to show more than plenty of leg. "Try hard to imagine that you're in church," I told them, "and act accordingly. If this picture goes over as an artistic hit you're made for the rest of your lives. But if you pull



I snatched the box away from him, and when he made a grab fo



him have a hard right to the jaw.

any Hollywood high jinks with these villagers there won't be any picture."

Julia stared out a window and got an eyeful of twilight sky. Real sheep bells were tinkling somewhere and real plowmen were homeward plodding their weary way, if you get what I mean.

"Don't worry, Wally," she said. "I'm as full of good resolutions as a backsliding deacon. Gawd, look at that ox team. Straight on the road to Jericho or Jerusalem or some other place like that."

Then Sanderson and I went into a huddle on the sort of talk to hand this fellow, Franz, when he came. I told Sanderson that if he let out a cheep about money or publicity value or any kind of movie-setup soft soap I'd brain him. We had a lot of lost ground to recover, and Franz was the one who would give the final yes or no.

"Listen carefully to what I say and turn it into German, word for word. Don't think you can improve on it. You can't. I'll probably say a lot of things you'll think are hooey, but I'll mean them. Get me?"

Sanderson said he did.

Franz came about dinner time. Herr Goecke, the landlord, and his fat frau showed him up to my rooms, bowing and scraping. There was a girl with him, but I didn't notice her for five minutes.

"Der gute Franz Oenlohe!" said Goecke at the door, as if he were introducing Hindenburg. Frau Goecke jabbered something about the girl, but I didn't hear it. I was shaking hands with Franz.

Da Vinci and Muller and all the rest have made their guesses about Jesus. We had a crazy painter out in Hollywood once who had spent seventeen years trying to put his picture of Jesus on canvas. I used to give him quarters on Hollywood Boulevard, and when he died—the doctors called it pernicious anæmia, which is a scientific name for starving to death—a bunch of us chipped in on the funeral. We found a thousand or more portraits of good men, chinks, wops, Swedes, spigs, every breed under the sun. I've always thought that if that painter could have made a composite portrait of all the good men who ever lived in the world he would have come pretty close to the picture he wanted.

I'm saying this by way of apology for Franz. Not that he needs an apology, exactly. He was straight and tall and strong, with golden hair and golden beard. He wasn't the orthodox artistic conception. Geniuses have painted our pictures of Jesus, and geniuses are sad fellows who remembered the verse: "Jesus wept." I think He may sometimes have smiled, don't you?

ANYWAY, Franz with his gentle blue eyes and smiling lips suited me better than the rest of the necessarily feeble attempts. I was, as a matter of fact, delighted with him. I couldn't have found an actor as fit for the part if I searched a hundred years. He had a quality of tenderness and simplicity and innocence about him that you can't get in the make-up room. It has to be lived, you know.

Well, I said, "How are you, Herr Oenlohe?" and he said he was glad to welcome me to Heinrichsburg. He stood looking at Sanderson and me as if he had formed a misconception of us and was sorry to have prejudged us so harshly. I asked him to sit down. He turned to the girl and spoke a few words, drawing up a chair for her. Then he sat close by on the edge of a bench.

I said: "I understand you object to acting before the motion-picture camera?"

Sanderson translated, and Franz shook his head. He spoke quietly, indicating with his hands, as he talked, his patched work blouse and worn trousers.

"He says," said Sanderson, "that it is not good for his friends in the village to take money for serving the Master. He says that he himself is a poor wood carver and is trying daily to remember that the Master had not even as much as he."

I saw the girl nod her head vigorously. At first glance I took her to be his sister. She was as blonde and had the same unworldly innocence. There was this difference between them: Franz trusted us; she was dubious and antagonistic.

"We misunderstood your people," I said, looking at Franz. "We do not want to interfere with their faith or lead them astray with gold. They may give the money back and we will donate it to the poor."

Franz seemed glad to hear this. He turned to the girl and spoke reassuringly. She was unconvinced. She shook her head and her voice was cautious, admonishing. Then she addressed herself to Sanderson. He reported:

"Fräulein Elsa says it is best for us to take back our money and go away. She says it would be a sacrilege to take pictures of the Play. She asks if it isn't true that Hollywood is a wicked city, the wickedest since Sodom and Gomorrah."

Franz broke in hastily with several sentences.

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THE LOST PICTURE
Continued from page thirteen

"He is afraid Fräulein Elsa has hurt our feelings," Sanderson interpreted. "He says she is very young, and although he loves her dearly, she sometimes speaks too harshly and suspiciously. He says Fräulein Elsa has the kindest of hearts and begs us to excuse her seeming distrust."

Whereupon, the girl sprang up and stepped close to Franz, putting her arm about his neck and speaking softly.

"What is she saying?" I asked Sanderson.

"They are sweethearts," Sanderson replied. "She is asking his forgiveness for being rude to us."

Well, I saw it was time for me to speak my piece. I felt I was on trial for my artistic life, you know. I had to make that picture. I looked at Franz steadily—he had the sort of eyes you can look into that way. I started talking.

It wasn't hard. He was the easiest man to talk to I ever met. I unloaded the whole works. I told him of all the sinning against God and man I had done pictorially in Hollywood. I wanted him to know why I had to make that picture. Then I told him the story, much more fully than I've told you, and much better. Remembering it now, I think I might say I was even a bit eloquent, Schelling. Yes. Odd, isn't it? Wally Grigsby, the legs and teddy-bear specialist.

Franz listened closely. Now and then he didn't need to wait for Sanderson to translate. He would nod and smile that gentle smile of his. Oh, I did a good job of it. Even little Elsa heard me through without frowning. When I got to the wind-up of the picture story—that mother giving up her child and going to her death—Elsa shed a tear or two. Franz looked very sad.

He turned to Elsa and they talked for a few moments. I could see that Franz believed me, and that Elsa wanted to. She gestured toward me, as if asking Franz to question details of my story. But Franz shook his head, and when she insisted, he offered one timid query.

"He wants to know how many people will see the picture," Sanderson said.

I told Franz that at least forty million would see it, and named all the countries where the dialogue and silent versions would be shown.

Franz stood up and looked at me solemnly.

"He says," Sanderson interpreted, "that you are trying to do a worthy thing. He says he has heard that a great many people in the world have forgotten the Master, and it will be good for them to see the Play. He says he and his friends will be glad to help you. He hopes you will forgive him for refusing at first. He says he thought you were seeking to make money from the Play, but now he understands."

I held out my hand. I told Sanderson to thank Franz and to assure him I would, on my honor, use the Passion play reverently. Franz smiled and we shook hands.

Goecke came in with a big tray. I hastened to invite Franz and Elsa to dine with us.

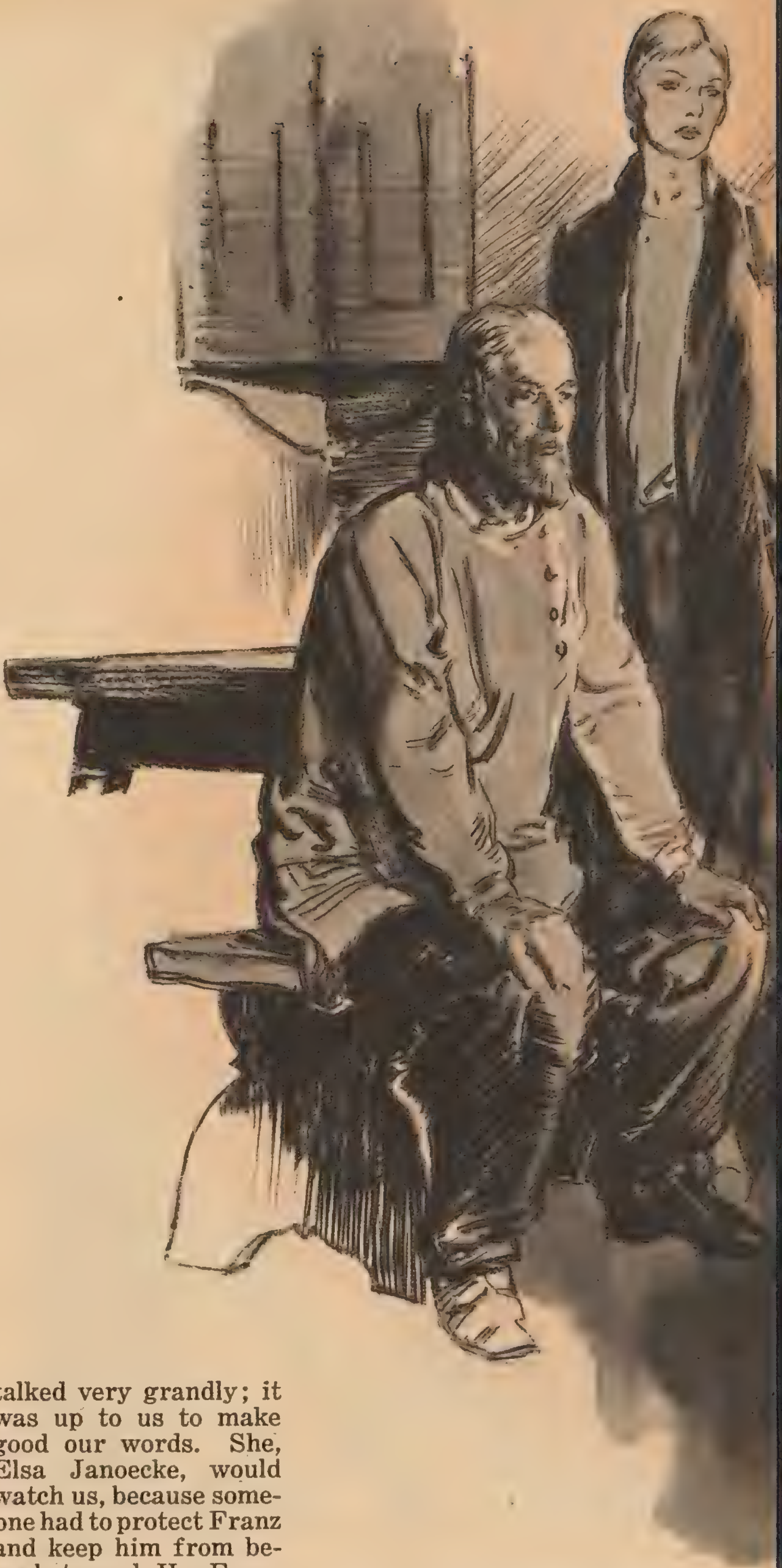
FRANZ shook his head and took from his pocket the half-carved figure of a doll. He spoke shyly to Sanderson.

"Franz can't stay," was the interpretation. "He has to finish this doll tonight. He says it is for Theresa Schoenle's birthday tomorrow. He says he does not eat the evening meal, anyway."

This didn't appear to suit Elsa. She started an argument with Franz as he bowed his way out. She followed him into the hall.

I looked at Sanderson. He was grinning. "She wants to stay and ask us more questions," he told me in an undertone. "She says he can finish the doll in the morning. He says he has to work on his angel in the morning."

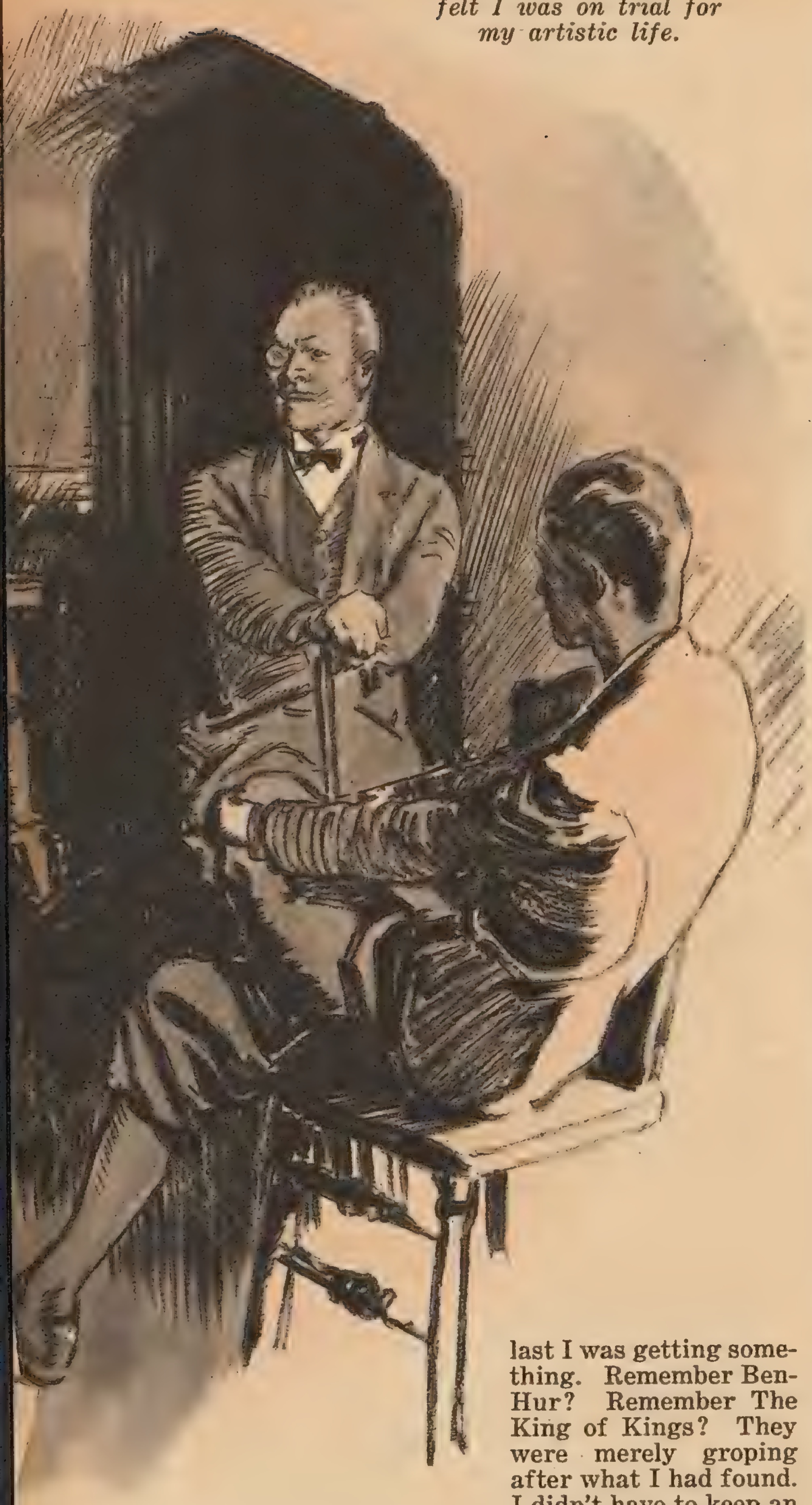
Elsa came back into the room. She had nerved herself up to a bold speech and blurted it out to us. She said she hoped we had told Franz the truth. She said she hoped we were not like the news-reel men who came every year from Munich and Berlin and tried by lies and trickery to take sacrilegious pictures of the Play. She said if we betrayed Franz it would break his heart. We had talked very grandly; it was up to us to make good our words. She, Elsa Janoecke, would watch us, because someone had to protect Franz and keep him from being betrayed. Her Franz must not be put before the world in any shameful light. If we failed to keep our promises we had better look out.



I liked Elsa. A sweet little kid.

Well—we went to work on the picture. It was Franz's first year in the rôle of Jesus. That was a great break for us, as the villagers needed many rehearsals. They had been rehearsing for nearly a week when we arrived. Father Berger, the village priest, was director of the play. Believe me, I was more than careful not to interfere. We made our set-ups and sat on the side line. When a scene looked right we started the cameras. And I knew that every foot that went into the cans was the real thing. These people weren't acting. They had lived their parts. Old Schussermann, who played Peter, had thirty-one years' experience in the rôle, and Jakob Huss, the Paul of the play, took the part upon the death of his father in 1911.

Those were happy days. I was getting something. At



I SAW it was time to speak my piece. I felt I was on trial for my artistic life.

last I was getting something. Remember Ben-Hur? Remember The King of Kings? They were merely groping after what I had found. I didn't have to keep an eye on the box office and jazz my story up with revel scenes and barbaric spectacles. I would tell my story in six thousand feet, and have two thousand of it in the Passion-play sequences. Two thousand feet of the greatest story in the world. The rest couldn't fail. There would be that tremendous lift at the end.

I had only one worry. That was Elsa. She followed Franz everywhere. The villagers told me she had been following Franz that way since she was old enough to walk. He was twenty-five and she was seventeen. After Franz had played the rôle five years they could be married.

Elsa watched our cameras as if they were infernal machines. I think she expected some monster to jump out of one and go after her Franz. She would walk up to me every morning with the same question: " Are you remembering your promise to Franz? " I'd say: " I'm remembering, Elsa." One day she remarked: " When you are watching Franz in the Play, I trust you. But when it is over, you let something go out of your eyes and I am afraid."

I asked her what she was afraid of.

Sanderson had to help her with the answer.

" She is afraid you will put Franz in a picture with monkeys and battleships and girls dancing without any clothes on. She means a news reel, I guess. She says she wants the Play to help that poor woman in the story you told her."

I repeated my promise. But Elsa wasn't satisfied. She didn't have Franz's faith in me. From that first night at the inn, Franz had never expressed a doubt or a reminder. He was lost in the rehearsals. I never saw him glance purposely toward the cameras.

Everything was going fine until about a week before the day set for the full presentation of the Play.

THEN, back in Hollywood, poor old Sid Schelp, who had stood by like a good soldier and kept Koplar and the front office off my neck, had to go and get sick.

First I heard of it was a cable from Stan Grogan. He said: " Schelp out sick for three months. Your unit transferred to me. Can't find script or synopsis. Please advise immediately where copy may be had."

What a break that was! I hated Grogan's guts and he hated mine. There had been bad blood between us ever since I smacked him for a loop during a story conference on Mistress of Folly two years ago. I knew what had happened. Koplar had got suspicious that Sid and I were cooking a box-office flop and had taken this chance to check up on us.

I cabled Grogan that I had all scripts with me; that Sid had okayed the story, and Koplar had signed the appropriation. The officious louse cabled back: " Please cable full synopsis of story tonight." I sent him just two words: " Too busy." The next morning there was a long message ordering me to send synopsis or stop the picture. I didn't answer.

He wasn't going to scare me. I had enough money on draft to wash up the Heinrichsburg shooting. I'd have done it on my own money. I was ready to go to the mat with Grogan before old man Koplar when I got back.

But Grogan knew where he could get the dope. He cabled Sanderson and Sanderson was afraid of his job. So Sanderson sent Grogan what he could remember of the story as I had outlined it to Franz and Elsa that night. He didn't tell me what he had done until the cable was on its way.

We were having lunch at the inn when the messenger arrived on a motorcycle from Siegelhoff. Grogan had wasted two thousand words trying to burn my hide off. The dirty lowbrow mick! He used to be a truck driver, you know. The substance of his wise and witty remarks was what the hell did I mean by sneaking off and taking pictures of a Passion play. Didn't I know that religion scared them away from the theaters? As for the rest of the story, it might be saved by changing the ending, cutting out the wife's first sacrifice, and making the husband a song writer.

I wired Grogan: " Am saving your cable to read on the boat next month. Love and kisses."

Then I told Sanderson what I thought of him. We had quite a set-to. Julia and Mabel and Jerry and the rest of the company got in on it. They sided with me. I had to pipe everybody down before the row started talk in the village.

Grogan must have run yelping to Koplar. The old weasel began bombarding me with cables. " Wally, you know yourself that is not no way to act. I agree with Grogan that we should not have Passion plays in our pictures." And, " Anyway you must not put Judas in it. Signed. A. Koplar." And " Is Judas in it? Please reply at once." And " Hays office says Passion play will make trouble with exhibitors. Some Catholics, some Protestants, some Jews, some atheists, some Episcopals. Each think it should be made different. Stop shooting and return to Hollywood at once. Signed. A. Koplar."

The obscene things sickened me. I stopped reading

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE LOST PICTURE
Continued from page fifteen

them. The only thing to do was to hang on until I had finished my Heinrichsburg sequences. I believed that when I got back to Hollywood I could, with Sid's help, talk Koplar into letting us release the picture as shot.

Maybe I'm too bitter about it, Schelling. Those yapping cables hurt. They made me realize how far we've drifted away from common decency. I had made two million dollars for Koplar and he was squawking because he was afraid I'd cost him two hundred thousand. And you'd have thought from his and Grogan's cables that I had sneaked off to make bad medicine for everybody in America. I was only trying to tell the simple story of Jesus Christ.

I see now that I should have quit cold. Just the effort to do what I had dreamed should have satisfied me. But I wanted to see that picture on the screen. I wanted to ram it down their throats. I wanted to be able to say: "Here is beauty and drama as God has given me to see them; and here are simple people acting the finest story in the world." I had traveled five thousand miles from Hollywood to make that picture. I thought that was far enough away. It wasn't.

The evening before we were to take the big scenes of the play Grogan cabled every member of the company individually that they would receive no more money unless they returned to America by the first boat.

We held a meeting behind closed doors in the parlor of the inn. I told the whole outfit I would guarantee their salaries. Mabel Merlin made a speech.

"Gawd knows," she said, "I've certainly handed Art plenty of kicks in the pants during my long and—ahem—glowing kuhreah. But I'm for Wally this time, if I have to walk home."

That applause sounded mighty good to me.

They would take my I O U's for salary advances.

When the session broke up, I went to my rooms to map out our shooting program for the last day.

I chanced to walk past Lacey Dunn's room. Lacey and two second cameramen were in there trying to powwow with Elsa. One of the second cameras—a fellow named Mueller—savvied a little German.

"She wants a picture of her boy friend," Lacey explained. "She thinks we're hiding all the pictures in these cans of raw film. She's mad because Hap put a beer stein on the top can."

I said to Mueller: "Explain to her that the films haven't been developed. Tell her we are taking good care of the pictures and quit joshing her."

Mueller laboriously translated my message. Elsa looked relieved, but a bit skeptical. She backed out of the room, her yellow curls bobbing as she curtsied to me her thanks. "Ich gehe zum Franz," she said, over and over.

WELL, there's not much more, Schelling. I think I'll try another shot of that brandy. Thanks. Where was I? Oh, yes.

I remember that next day in patches. Great crowd stuff in the morning. All the countryside turned out in Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. Gorgeous massing. Clouds drifting across the sun and good banking to the west. The light was great. We were set to catch the procession as it turned from the square past the ivy-grown church. Bells tolling. The crowd singing. We had a mike planted behind the shrine in the churchyard to pick up the chants without an overload.

We weren't trying to get close-ups of Julia as she waited for the procession. Just establishing shots picking her out of the crowd. I intended matching in the heavy emotional stuff later. I wanted to concentrate on the procession.

It came along in a lovely hush. Franz and the Cross. The players surrounding him. Pantomime to get over the stoning and insults. A moment to reach into your heart. A moment for all mankind's pity. Then—

Grogan stretched out his filthy hand from Hollywood. One of our news-reel sound trucks dashed into the square. They were too late to make a set-up for sound, but by Billy damn they could take silent pictures anyway. Two cameramen piled out. What a scoop! Oh, God, what a scoop. They'd beat all the other services.

They came jostling through the crowd, cameras on their shoulders. You see, Grogan had frugally decided to salvage some of the money I'd spent in Heinrichsburg by grabbing pictures for our news reel.

I ran across the street from where we had carefully masked our second camera and stopped the first news-reel man. I shook my head at him frantically and said, "No! No!" He was German. He stared, shrugged, and went on adjusting the tripod of his camera. Maddened, I snatched the box away from him, and when he made a grab for it, I let him have a hard right on the jaw. He dropped like a steer.

The procession wasn't twenty feet away.

To climax the nightmare, the second news-chaser rushed up and bawled: "Hey, you! What'd yuh hit him for? Who're you? What right you got—" I tried to collar him and march him away where I could explain. He struggled, and as the curbstone crowd surged back from the street to see the cause of the disturbance I got a glimpse of Franz.

He moved steadily by, but for one instant his eyes were on me. I see them now, Schelling. They weren't accusing me. They were questioning—questioning. Had I betrayed him?

The crowd closed in. Franz and the Cross went on to climb the little hill beyond the church.

MEANWHILE I was arguing with a thick-skulled cameraman and a thicker-skulled Heinie constable. They had carried the other cameraman into a shop and were reviving him. His buddy wanted me arrested. I was so heart-sick that I turned away in the midst of the gabble and walked back to the inn. I never saw the cameraman or the constable again.

I was packing in my room, later, when Elsa rushed in, followed by Franz. Her eyes were blazing. His were infinitely sad.

She broke into a tirade of German and started to pound me with her fists. Franz caught her and drew her back, saying gentle, soothing things to her. I tried to explain to them; tried to make them understand that I had not brought the news-reel truck into town. I prayed for just a few words of German to say to them. I could not stand the look in Franz's eyes, nor the bitter, terrified, pleading sound of the words Elsa spoke.

I ran to the door and yelled for Sanderson. He was downstairs. I shrieked at him. Some intuition warned me that I had only a little time.

Sanderson came stumbling up the steps. I grabbed him and yelled: "Tell them I didn't do it! Tell them the picture is safe. Tell them, man, tell them!"

I rattled Sanderson so that he took hours, it seemed to me, to get even a few words out. They were spoken to Franz. In the excitement Elsa had slipped away.

"Keep talking, damn you!" I said. "Tell him not to look at me that way. I didn't double-cross him. Tell him I will still make the most beautiful picture in the world. Tell him—"

There was an explosion down the hall.

The sound of it drove into my brain one word:

"Elsa!"

Franz turned. . . . I heard a little cry—a faint gasp. . . . I tried to stop Franz. "Don't go in there, Franz!" I managed to say. "That's film fire—the fumes . . ."

Poor little kid. She must have tossed a fagot from the stove onto that film. And it wasn't the picture, after all. I guess you'd call that irony, wouldn't you? You writers are long on irony these days, aren't you, Schelling?

Well, I've still got the picture. I told Koplar it was burned. I'm keeping it until I can find some way to show it to Franz and Elsa. I thought maybe I'd take a projection machine over to Mt. Lowe some night and throw my picture on the sky. Do you think they'd see it?

THE END

SOUTHERN CROSS

The Southern Cross parked for the night at Naselai Beach, in the Fiji Islands.

C. Meyer photo.

The *Trans-Pacific* FLIGHT

Being the Saga of the Southern Cross

As Told to JOHN ROBERT JOHNSON

By JAMES W. WARNER

James W. Warner, who tells this story. He was the plane's radio operator.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the human story of the greatest airplane flight ever made. The Southern Cross took off from Oakland, California, on May 31, 1928. It landed at Brisbane, Australia, on June 9, completing the first air crossing of the Pacific. The crew were two Australians, Captain Charles E. Kingsford-Smith, commander, and Captain Charles T. P. Ulm, both pilots, and two Americans, Harry W. Lyon, navigator, and Mr. Warner. The plane had been built up from two Fokkers that Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins had tried out in Alaska; it was trimotored with Wright Whirlwinds.

I WAS peddling pants in San Francisco when I got my first chance to make our 7,500-mile flight across the Pacific Ocean from Oakland, California, to Brisbane, Australia. After sixteen years' service in the United States Navy as a radio operator I found it hard to concentrate on the clothing business and I was all set for trouble when one morning Packy called me up. Packy had been a gunner's mate, and we had been friends for years.

"Who," said Packy over the phone, "do you suppose I ran into the other day?"

"I'll bite."

"Harry Lyon."

"Not the Harry Lyon who was on the old St. Louis?"

"That's him," said Packy, "and he's tangled up with two Australians who are going to fly to Australia. He's going as navigator."

"He's crazy."

"No, they mean business. They need a wireless operator and I thought you might want to go."

"Say, Packy, I'm a pants salesman. Furthermore, I've never lost anything in Australia. On top of that I've never been any nearer an airplane than necessary—but tell me, just where can I find Harry Lyon?"

"Yah!" yodeled Packy. "I knew you'd want to go."

"Nothing doing. I just want to keep Lyon from risking his neck."

Lyon told me over the phone, when I got him, that the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

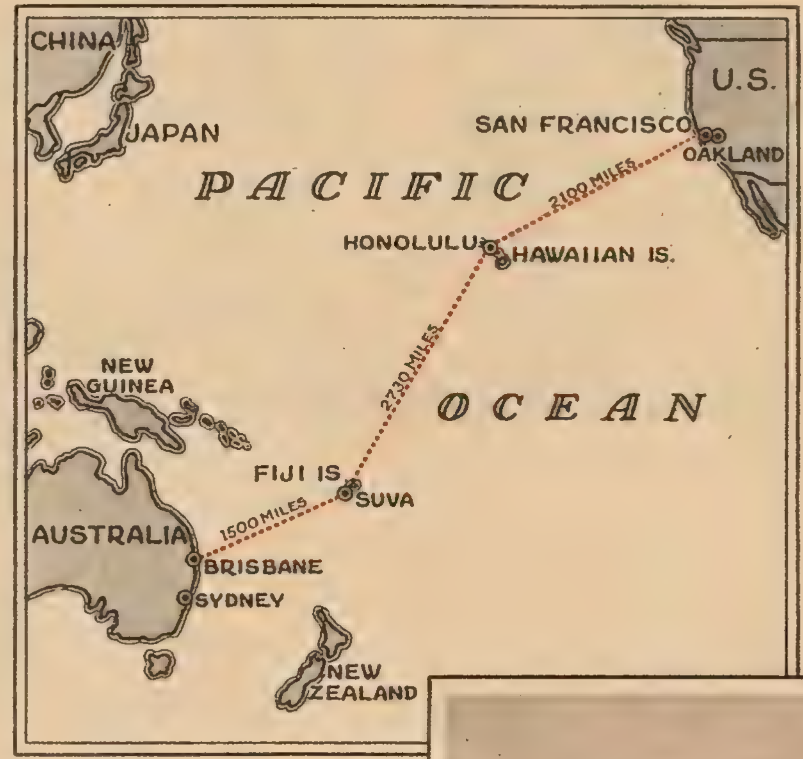
Australian pilots, Smith and Ulm, had been trying to find an experienced operator and had had no luck.

"Tell them to look no further," I said. "The operator is found."

Then things began to move. Lyon introduced me to Smith and Ulm and we put in some time sizing each other up. When you are expecting to have your life depend on the other fellow it is only natural that you look him over very closely. So Ulm took me up to see Fred Roebuck, radio operator for the San Francisco Examiner. Roebuck, after the manner of all brass-pounders, got into an argument with me over some radio problem. We didn't agree, but both found out the other fellow knew what he was talking about — the main thing, after all.

All I had to do after that was hang around and watch while the radio equipment was being installed in the Southern Cross. When that was done, the next few days were spent in testing it, while Smith, Ulm, and Lyon were testing their instruments.

Everything was ready for the flight when Ulm and Smith sprang a little document on me for my signature. They put it under my nose the night before the take-off, and after reading it, I didn't know whether to laugh or get peeved.



Showing, as bee lines, the distances traveled by the Southern Cross in its great flight from Oakland to Brisbane.

The principal clauses were these:

That I should accompany the plane only so far as Suva or elsewhere in the Fiji Islands; that I was to be paid forty dollars a week until the commencement of the flight and upon arrival in the Fijis was to receive $500. There was to be an additional payment of $500 to be made within a month after the arrival of Smith and Ulm in Australia, and I was to receive a first-class return fare from Suva or Australia to the United States.

In return for this I was to waive all claims to indemnity for any kind of accident that might result in my death or injury, and was to refrain from giving interviews or writing articles without first obtaining express permission of Smith and Ulm; this clause of the agreement to be in force until I had returned to the United States.

It struck me at the time that some folks held my life pretty cheap, but I wasn't to get the full-blown beauty of the thing until later.

I signed it. I had to. Everyone knew I was going, and if I didn't sign it I couldn't go. If I didn't go it would have looked as though I had suddenly developed an eleventh-hour case of cold feet.

II

THE morning of the day we were to take off on the first hop of the trip we rolled out at 5:30 A. M. Several policemen were on hand and held back the crowd. This, as it turned out, was lucky.

There was a large crowd, and the police, in keeping them back, were also holding back a deputy sheriff from San Francisco with attachment papers to serve on the pilots. The police, however, were not aware of this, and did their work so well that the papers were not served. Smaller things than this have changed the destinies of nations.

The take-off was scheduled for 9 A. M., and at 8:48 A. M. we started down the runway. But we didn't get far. After about 300 feet, the center motor stopped. The plane was halted and the trouble remedied. The pilots looked the situation over and took off from there instead of returning to the end of the runway for a fresh start. I have often wondered since just what part the presence of the deputy sheriff played in this decision to take off from that position with the heavily loaded plane. The chances are that if we had returned to the starting point, the attachment would have been served, and the flight might never have been made—at least, not with the Southern Cross.

As it was, we finally took the air and sailed out over San Francisco Bay. As we gained altitude, Oakland faded away behind us, and I got busy reeling out both antennæ. After adjusting the high frequency transmitter, I tuned in the Army Radio Beacon.

THIS radio beacon gave a steady signal (long dash) when we were exactly on the course. If we diverged to the right, the signal from the beacon became the letter N, and if we got to the left, the signal from the beacon was its counterpart, A. As our general drift tended to set us to the southward in this area, we remained slightly to the north of the course.

We passed directly over the Farallon Islands, with all motors purring beautifully. That is, you can call it purring, if you are not particular. As a matter of fact, they made so much noise that without any mufflers radio receiving was very difficult.

Wheeler Field, on the Hawaiian island of Oahu, at Honolulu.

The afternoon passed quickly, what with radio trouble and trying to decipher the various notes passed back and forth. Those notes should have been preserved, if only as samples of what fearful hieroglyphics a man can produce when properly encouraged.

Then the sun went down, and we started climbing. Altitude is to the flyer what deep water is to the mariner. The higher you get, the safer you are in case of trouble. So we climbed up through the masses of clouds, and finally came out "on the roof" into the moonlight. I don't know about the other fellows, but that moon looked good to me. It was just like meeting an old friend after a long separation.

The shadow of the Southern Cross was outlined on the clouds below us, inclosed by a huge white circle which glided along, dipping into valleys and climbing mountains of clouds, as we rolled south and westward.

We lost the radio beacon about 400 miles out, and I remember wondering whether anyone was getting my position reports, and how long it would take someone to get to us if the motors decided to quit and we were forced to make a wet landing. So far, the motors had given no trouble, but if they got temperamental, the chances were good for a prolonged salt-water bath.

I was happy when about 10 P. M. we established radio communication with the S. S. Maliko, whose brass-pounder was right on the job. He gave me a couple of radio bearings, which proved that we were to the northward of the great circle course. We turned and headed

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

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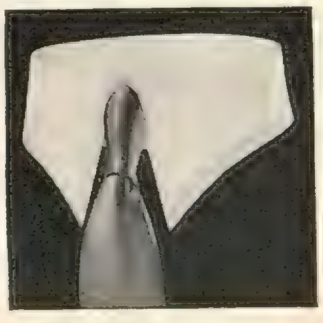

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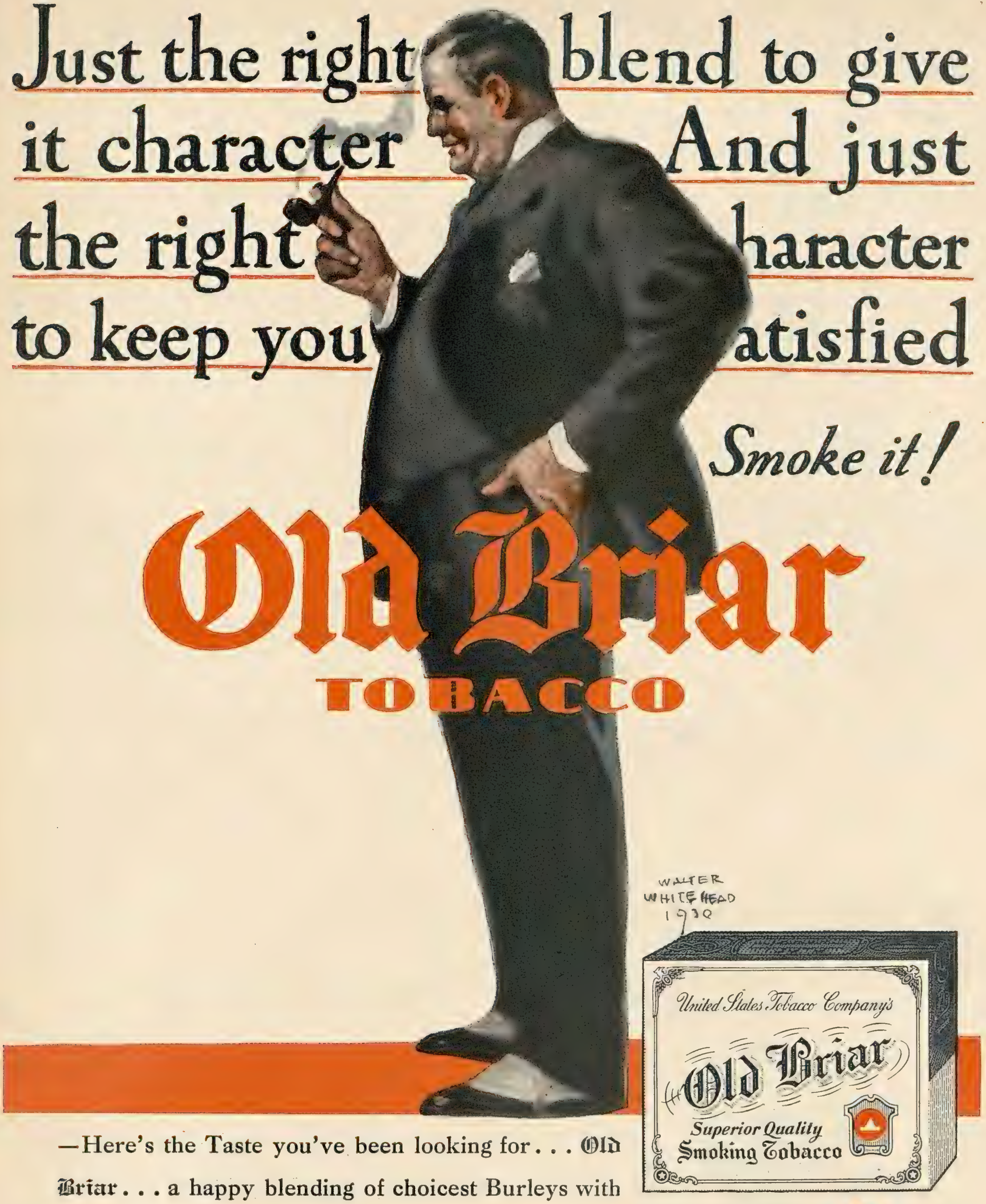
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

directly for her, dropped a flare or two, and used the searchlight in order to give them a chance to sight us. We passed over the Maliko, and then set a course for Hawaii again.

III

ALL through the night we had been scribbling notes back and forth and joking with one another, but as the dawn broke and day advanced there was a little different aspect to the situation. Ulm didn't help matters any. He, cheerful soul, sent back a note saying that we had only enough fuel for three more hours' flying.

C. Meyer photos

The Southern Cross at its landing place in Albert Park, at Suva, the capital of the Fiji Islands.

Of course, a lot can happen in three hours. But we hadn't sighted land as yet, and life was beginning to take on a deep indigo color. We had been flying at about 400 feet, and the pilot now changed course to the southward, heading over toward where he thought Hawaii ought to be. He held this course for possibly twenty minutes.

Several times we thought we sighted land, but it only turned out to be more cloud formations. Then I began to think of the Dole flyers who were lost. I wondered if they had become uneasy and started changing course at random, which could easily have been the case.

I SCRIBBLED a note to Lyon and asked if he was lost. He scribbled a big "YES" across it and handed it back. It was then that I sent out a message by radio saying, "I guess we are lost." At the time, I tried to get in touch with someone, but my A batteries were pretty low.

I could hear the radio operator on one of the destroyers sending, but I had trouble in getting him. The noise of the motors had made my ears a liability instead of an asset by that time.

Lyon asked me to try for a radio bearing, which I did. We were bearing four degrees (true) from Hilo at that time, which seemed to give the navigator some reassurance, but still no land in sight.

We straightened out again on our course for Oahu, and I scribbled a note asking Smith to try more altitude, in order to get a better chance to see. We were flying too low to see any appreciable distance. Smith complied, and went up to about 4,500 or 5,000 feet.

Mauna Kea was then sighted over the tops of the clouds. Lady Luck was apparently still perched on the fuselage. But Ulm hadn't changed the word concerning the fuel shortage. We might not be able to make it to land, after all. The radio messages I sent were worded accordingly.

But the fuel did hold out. Molokai was left behind, and we sighted Oahu, with old Diamond Head standing out as big as life. A message was sent out that we had sighted Oahu and would soon be flying over, after which I reeled in the antennæ and then feasted my eyes with a good look at Oahu. Personally, land never had looked so good to me, and I believe this opinion was unanimous aboard the Southern Cross.

Smith headed for Honolulu, flew directly over the city, and brought her down in a perfect landing at Wheeler Field. Then the fun began.

We were so deaf that we could hardly understand a word that was said to us. They sounded like a lot of ducks quacking. Somebody asked Lyon how he liked the trip, and he said, "That's a good idea."

IV

WHEN we examined the gas tank next morning we found that we still had 130 gallons. As we used thirty-three gallons per hour in flight, we had enough when we landed for nearly four hours more in the air. Ulm had given us an unnecessary scare, but possibly the gasoline gauge was hay wire.

We had completed the first hop successfully in twenty-seven and one-half hours' flying time. Preparations were started at once for the second hop. As a preliminary, Smith and Ulm posed in bathing suits on the beach for photographers, while Lyon and I looked on. Lyon's remarks on this occasion are forever lost to posterity, which is a pity.

The plane's crew at Naselai Beach. From left to right, Warner, Kingsford-Smith, Ulm, and Lyon.

Wheeler Field was not suitable for the take-off with a heavily loaded plane, making it necessary for us to hop over to the Barking Sands, on a small island distant about 100 miles. A large crowd had assembled to watch us leave for the Barking Sands, and we took off accompanied by the plane Aloha and Maitland and Hegenberger's plane. We arrived at dusk and the army men immediately began loading the Southern Cross with fuel and oil.

Next morning Smith tried two or three times to get the ship off the ground, but while she did bounce up, she settled right back again. We reached the end of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE TRANS-PACIFIC FLIGHT
Continued from page twenty-three

runway and it looked like bad news, as the water was only a few feet below, and we were "making knots."

Smith bounced her into the air again, and while she settled back slightly she didn't quite drop into the water. We skimmed along the top of the water for a few miles. We were probably about fifty miles from land before we gained enough altitude to permit me to reel out the radio antennæ. I think Smith "wished" her into the air and held her there by the same method for those first few miles. There's a Pilot!

We finally attained an altitude of about 500 feet and straightened out on our course for Suva, distant 3,140 miles. I picked up the radio beacon about 100 miles out, but lost it again about 300 miles from the Barking Sands. After that we were on our own.

Broughton, Ward & Chaseling photo

The Southern Cross, followed by an escort plane, arriving over Sydney, Australia.

V

ALONG about noon it became uncomfortably hot. One motor had a coughing spell, but got over it. We had started out in the early morning pretty well bundled up, and we now began to shed the outer layers. I would send out our apparent position and then get up and pull off another article of clothing.

During the afternoon we encountered several rain squalls, which helped to cool us off. The rest of the day was uneventful and it seemed no time before the sun went down and we were boring a hole in the night.

Lyon, our little ray of sunshine, had been more or less busy writing notes when not busy checking our position. Ulm had rigged up some pendulum-like arrangement, to assist in passing messages to and from the pilots, which Lyon called "Ulm's Patent Annunciator," and which he patronized regularly.

Most of these notes were too broad for home consumption, but one may be mentioned because it illustrates the difficulty encountered by the Briton in trying to understand American humor. Lyon passed up a note which said, in effect, "Australia, the United States, Southern Cross, and Mrs. Lyon's little boy Harry are saved. I have found those papers." I think this happened when I picked up the beacon. Ulm later remarked, "Y'know, we didn't even know we had lost any papers!"

When it got dark, we flew low until we ran into a bank of clouds, and then climbed above them, in order to take advantage of the moonlight. Heretofore it had been fairly smooth riding, but now it got rather bumpy. Lyon did his navigating during the night by dead reckoning, and I sent out the positions hourly by radio.

We crossed the equator some time between 11 o'clock and midnight. Anyway, the light on the pilots' instrument board quit, and they had to use a flashlight for a while. From midnight till daybreak, business was dull.

We had been in the air about thirty hours and had seen no sign of land since leaving the Barking Sands behind the previous morning. As we couldn't sight any real land, we consoled ourselves by looking at the chart, where we could see tiny dots representing the islands of the Fiji group.

After gazing earnestly at the chart we would return to a point of vantage, and scan the horizon again. But apparently all solid earth had ceased to be, and there was nothing left in the world but water.

Suddenly the right wing went down, banked steeply in a right turn. No need to ask what that meant; the news was evident—we had sighted land. We searched the horizon, and finally located a tiny speck on it. Lady Luck was with us, for if the day had been even slightly overcast we would have sailed past without seeing it, and it was the *easternmost island* of the Fiji group.

When Ulm first sighted it, it didn't look any bigger than a wart on a gnat's instep, but soon we were flying low over some of the sweetest-looking little islands ever constructed. Even the coral reefs looked good enough to eat.

VI

WE were scheduled to land at Suva in a little place called Albert Park. When Suva came in sight, Smith circled, sizing up the situation. That landing field looked about as large as a pocket handkerchief, and not half so useful. Finally we started down and it became evident that the local authorities had cut down several trees in order to allow us all the space possible.

As we neared the ground it began to look as though a good stream anchor would come in very handy. We touched the earth and, with motors cut out, started across the field at a speed that seemed certain to carry us beyond its limits. But Smith executed a perfect ground loop that brought us to a standstill just in time. Flying time, thirty-four hours and fifty minutes, which, I believe, is the record for that course.

The dinner dance that night was an affair worth remembering. I forget just what time it broke up, but Lyon went to sleep on the governor's shoulder. The governor bore the honor with becoming modesty.

The next morning Smith was taken out to Naselai Beach, which was proposed as one of the best places for our take-off for Australia. Lyon and I were supposed to quit the flight at Suva, but Smith and Ulm had received several cablegrams asking that we be retained to complete the flight. So Ulm forgathered with the local legal talent and produced another agreement, which he brought around for Lyon and me to sign. I don't know whether you care for such things or not, but here it is:

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT made this seventh day of June, 1928, at Suva, in the Colony of Fiji, between C. E. Kingsford-Smith, and C. T. P. Ulm, hereafter termed the owners, of the first part, and Harry W. Lyon and James Warner, of the Second part.

Whereas the owners are the proprietors of the aeroplane "Southern Cross," and in the interests of aviation and for the promotion of amity and communication between the United States of America and the Commonwealth of Australia, have promoted and undertaken a flight from San Francisco, U. S. A. to Australia, calling at Honolulu and Suva, and whereas the owners, in the furtherance of that aim have incurred a personal liability of upwards of $50,000 (fifty thousand dollars,) and whereas the owners for the said flight so far as it should extend from San Francisco to Suva aforesaid, have employed the parties of the second part, namely Harry W. Lyon as navigator, at a remuneration of $1767 to be paid to him upon arrival at Suva, and the said James Warner as wireless operator, at a remuneration of $1267 to be paid to him upon arrival in Suva, and whereas such remuneration is in full discharge and satisfaction of all claims whatsoever against the owners, and whereas the "Southern Cross" arrived at Suva on the fifth day of June, 1928, and the contract of employment aforesaid was thereby terminated, and upon payment of the said sum of $1767 to Harry W. Lyon, and $1267 to Warner, the owners have been discharged in full, but realising that the said Lyon and Warner are desirous of proceeding to Brisbane in Australia with them, in the "Southern Cross," and to foster good feeling between U. S. A. and Australia, desire that the said Lyon and the said Warner should proceed with them to Brisbane.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

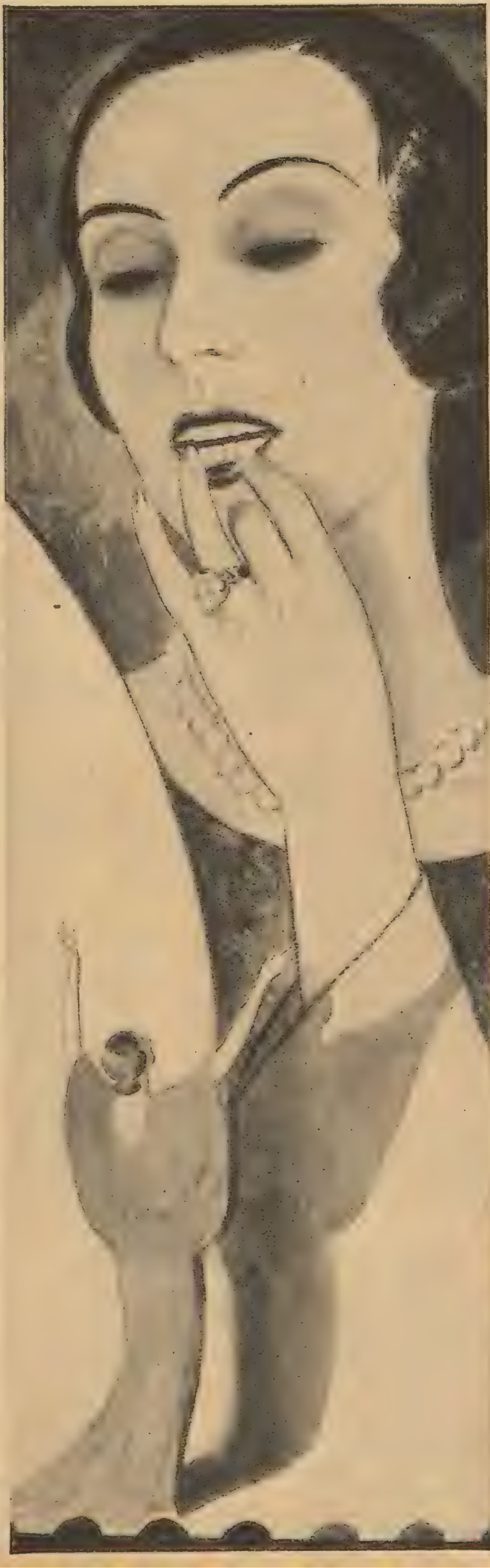
You and Yourself

or, Beat "Pink Tooth Brush"

A PLAYLET IN 1 ACT

YOU
and
YOURSELF

A DIALOGUE IN WHICH YOU PLAY BOTH OF THE PARTS



YOU: *H'm——"pink tooth brush." That's the first time I've ever noticed that.*

SMALL VOICE WITHIN YOU: You might have known. You've really been expecting to see it for some time.

YOU: *Nothing of the sort. I take good care of my teeth.*

SMALL VOICE: True enough, but you like to forget about your gums.

YOU: *I don't. I keep my mouth clean and fresh and my teeth white. What more can you ask?*

SMALL VOICE: Plenty. What's the good of white teeth, if your gums aren't healthy?

YOU: *No good, I suppose.*

SMALL VOICE: Of course not. This soft, modern food that you are eating doesn't give the gums enough exercise to keep them in a fit condition. The circulation of the blood through them grows sluggish and before you know it they have become soft and spongy and tender.

YOU: *I know. I heard about that somewhere.*

SMALL VOICE: You bet you did! Ipana has been telling it to you often enough. What's more, if you aren't careful, you're likely to find yourself fighting gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even—

YOU: *Wait a minute! Don't let's think about pyorrhea.*

SMALL VOICE: Maybe you've *got* to think about it and the sooner the better. What's the use of sticking your head in the sand? "Pink tooth brush" isn't going to kill you. It won't take long to clear it up. Not if you massage your gums with Ipana.

YOU: *I might try it some time. But why the massage?*

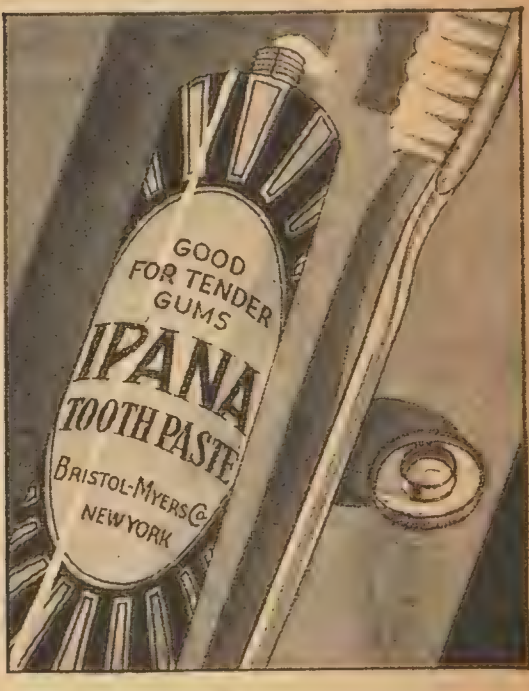
SMALL VOICE: Might! Might! Don't put it off until it's too late. Don't you know that massaging the gums is the most beneficial thing in the world for them? It tones them up, puts new life into them and starts the blood coursing through the tiny veins in a healthy, invigorating flow. And massage with Ipana is even better.

YOU: *But I don't have to use Ipana. There are plenty of other good tooth pastes.*

SMALL VOICE: That's true, there are many pleasant tooth pastes made. But Ipana not only tastes good, it does good, too. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic that has an extremely beneficial effect on the gum tissue. Why, dentists have been using ziratol for years.

YOU: *I think I'll send for a sample of Ipana and give it a trial.*

SMALL VOICE: Go ahead. They'll be glad to send it to you, but is this the time to be looking for a ten-day sample? If you are going to clear up "pink tooth brush", the thing to do is to go right down to the corner drug store and buy a full-size tube. That's the only way to get the good result that comes with the steady use of Ipana. It'll last you a month and at the end of that time you'll know what it is to have hard, rosy gums as well as shining white teeth.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-40
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.......................................

Street.......................................

City.......................*State*..............

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Witnesseth that the owners have paid to the said Lyon the sum of $1767 in terms of the agreement, as aforesaid, the receipt of which the said Lyon hereby acknowledges in full discharge of all claims against the owners, and to the said Warner the sum of $1267 in terms of the agreement aforesaid, the receipt of which the said Warner acknowledges in full discharge of all claims against the owners, and further that the owners have invited the said Lyon and the said Warner to proceed with them to Brisbane, but not further, for the reasons aforesaid, and as an act of sportsmanship to the said Lyon and Warner, as comrades who have assisted them in the said flight, hereby state that within two weeks from their arrival in Brisbane, they will pay the sum of 100 pounds each to the said Lyon and the said Warner, and the said Lyon and the said Warner hereby acknowledge that the said payment will be made to them as an act of grace, and without legal liability under any circumstances, therefore and so far as they, the said Lyon and Warner, may acquire or be hereafter entitled or be deemed to be entitled to any interest, claim, or share, in any sum or sums payable or paid by any government, corporation, or person, to the crew of the "Southern Cross" or any of them, in respect of the said flight, they hereby assign and transfer, release and surrender to the owners, any such interest, claim, or share, and the said Lyon and Warner hereby agree that they will execute, sign and do any deeds, documents and things, that may hereafter at any time be necessary for more fully giving effect to these presents and the intent thereof.

R. Carrington photo

Broughton, Ward & Chaseling photo

The four adventurers at Melbourne. From left to right, James W. Warner, radio operator; Charles E. Kingsford-Smith, commander and pilot; Harry W. Lyon, navigator; Charles T. P. Ulm, relief pilot. Above, this lionized quartet is shown leaving the Mascot airdrome at Sydney.

As for further assurance of the foregoing, the said Lyon and Warner hereby record their appreciation of the generous performance of the owners of the aforesaid contract of employment, and of the owners' sportsmanlike act in inviting them to proceed in the "Southern Cross" to Brisbane, as aforesaid.

Isn't it cute? Yes, we signed it. You know the saying, "When in Rome, act like a Roman candle!" Well, when in the company of sportsmen, reward true munificence by a like gesture; in other words, act like a sport.

VII

THE next day Smith and Ulm flew the Southern Cross over to Naselai Beach, which had been selected as the best spot for the take-off for Australia. Lyon and I went over by boat. The tide was so high that Smith had to circle around until it dropped sufficiently to uncover the beach. By the time we had landed and prepared the ship for the take-off for Australia, it was too late, so we decided to wait until morning.

We were offered sleeping quarters on the government yacht, which was standing by, but someone had to stay ashore and guard the plane. My election to this post of honor was practically unanimous. I won by the majority of something like seventy-five per cent.

So Smith, Ulm, and Lyon went aboard for the night, while I made friends with the English police sergeant, and his eight native policemen, who were to help watch the Southern Cross overnight. This sergeant spoke the native tongue, and we had quite a powwow, with the sergeant in the rôle of interpreter.

About forty natives put the plane on planks and dragged it up above the high-water mark, after which I unreeled the radio antenna and tested the receiving gear. I tuned in NKF, which is the Naval Radio (high-frequency) Station at Belleville, near Washington, D. C., and copied several items of press news.

I remember one item in particular. It referred to a vending machine which would do away with grocery clerks! The bird who picks out the news items there ought to pick out just one more and then jump overboard.

After a time I stretched out on the bottom of the plane and went to sleep with a can for a pillow.

VIII

I WAS awakened in the early morning by a lot of jabbering, and someone came over with some bacon and eggs, which helped considerably. This breakfast had been sent over from the yacht, the rest of the crew following shortly. We then made final inspections preparatory to taking off.

Most of the preparations for our last hop had been made the previous afternoon, but even so, it was about 3 P. M. when we passed over Suva, headed for Brisbane.

The afternoon passed uneventfully, and soon we were speeding into the darkness, with black clouds all around us.

I was just thinking what a simple matter it had been to fly across the Pacific. Men could do it easily, as long as the motors kept turning over. Why hadn't it been done before, when it was so absurdly easy?

And then I found out. Along about seven o'clock that night we ran right into the middle of a storm, and when I say storm, I don't mean bumpy weather. I mean a storm!

It was a liberal education in acrobatics. If such weather had been served up to us on either of the two previous hops, we would never have finished them. As it was, Lyon and I held on and wondered whether we were flying or falling.

As an indication of the stunts we were doing: I tried to send out a radio report, and found that the transmitter wouldn't work. In looking for trouble I put my hand on the long antenna reel. I wasn't using this one for transmitting just then, and you can imagine my surprise when I got a jolt that burned my fingers.

So I shut down the transmitter, and reeled in the antennæ. I found that they were crossed over each other! We hadn't been doing any loops, probably, but we sure must have cut a few pigeonwings. And the storm was still going on. It lasted for three hours.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

A Chance for Every Liberty Reader to WIN *part of this* $\$1250^{\underline{00}}$ *IN* PRIZES

38 cash prizes for the best letters in this "Important-features-of-Ex-Lax" contest . . . . . .

YOU millions of Ex-Lax users—what do *you* think is the most important feature of the famous chocolated laxative? We want to know! And we are offering $1250.00 in cash prizes for the best letters you can write giving us your ideas.

We know, for example, that Ex-Lax is a scientifically timed laxative. It isn't too harsh and rapid-acting—and yet it isn't too slow or ineffective. It takes just the proper time to cleanse the system thoroughly, yet gently and naturally—without griping or embarrassment or any uncomfortable after-effects.

This seems very important to us. Is this the first thing you looked for in a laxative?

We know, also, that Ex-Lax is delicious. It tastes like chocolate. It doesn't upset digestion. And because of the inviting flavor, you take Ex-Lax *when* you need it—you don't put it off. It's easy to give to the children, too. They love it.

So perhaps the delicious chocolate taste of Ex-Lax is more important to you than any of its other qualities. Tell us. We wish your sincere expression.

Then, too, Ex-Lax is safe. The laxative ingredient is highly approved by doctors. The sense of security in taking something that has medical recognition—something that is not absorbed by the system and cannot cause a habit—is important to many. Didn't the fact that doctors prescribe the same medical ingredient used in Ex-Lax count strongly with you?

Ex-Lax has been used for more than a generation. It is proved safe and effective by millions of users. And yet Ex-Lax has been constantly improved through the years.

There are many additional features of Ex-Lax, some of which may seem more important to you than any we have mentioned. No doubt you can point out some such features yourself.

But of all of them which is the outstanding feature to you—and why?

Sit down now and tell us in your own words what you think. Don't worry about literary form or finish. It's *ideas* that will win the prizes.

And you have ideas. Let them work for you! Put them on paper and try for the first prize.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The Safe, Gentle Laxative That
Tastes Like Chocolate

The Prizes

First prize	$250.00
Second prize	200.00
Third prize	150.00
Fourth prize	100.00
Fifth prize	75.00
4 prizes each of	50.00
4 prizes each of	25.00
10 prizes each of	10.00
15 prizes each of	5.00

THIRTY-EIGHT CHANCES TO WIN!

The Rules

1. Use pen or typewriter as you prefer and write on one side of sheet only.
2. Your letter must not be longer than 500 words.
3. Write your name and address clearly at the top of each sheet (in CAPITAL LETTERS).
4. Address the envelope to—Secretary Prize Contest, The Ex-Lax Co., 431 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
5. Contest closes June 30, 1930. Letters postmarked later than midnight of that date will not be considered.
6. Anyone may enter this contest except employees of The Ex-Lax Co.
7. By your participation in the contest you authorize The Ex-Lax Co. to use your name and your letter, all or in part, in Ex-Lax advertising, if the Company so desires.

The Judges

JAMES O'SHAUGHNESSY
Business Manager, Liberty Weekly
W. B. MAC LEAN
Eastern Adv. Mgr., Liberty Weekly
MISS PAULINE CLARK
Director of Ex-Lax Research

Announcement of the awards will be made in an early Fall issue of Liberty.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

About 10:15 the moon came out, and we had things somewhat easier. Smith had been flying blind, and doing some of the best flying of his career. If Lyon had shown his ability as a navigator on the hop to Suva, Smith proved his worth on this last leg of the flight. I'd go up with him in a tomato crate with cracker-box wings, if he said it would fly.

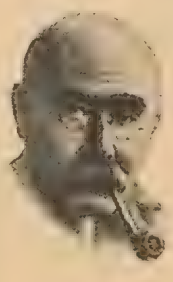
After the storm, things returned to normal again, and it was morning before we knew it. Smith said afterward that during the storm the motors were throwing fire and he looked for them to quit any time. The rain was so heavy that half an inch was sheared off the propeller blades. It had been a large evening.

At 8 A. M. I got a time signal from the radio station at Sydney, and the navigator calculated the position. He probably wasn't so careful this time, realizing that he had a larger mark to aim us at. As it was, we sighted land at about ten o'clock, and we were about 100 miles south of Brisbane. The land proved to be Ballina Point.

We landed at Brisbane at about 10:15, down at the far end of the flying field. Lyon and I climbed out as soon as the plane came to a standstill, it being our intention to make our way unobserved to the train for Sydney. But the crowd spotted us and brought us back.

They put us in an automobile and drove us to the hotel. The reception was greater than ever before. Smith and Ulm received a check for $25,000 from the governor of Queensland, who made a speech.

It appeared that Ulm later gave out a statement that he had offered to share this $25,000 with the two American pals (meaning Lyon and me), but that they had refused to accept. To be perfectly truthful, I would have liked to have burdened myself with a dollar or two of this lucre, but there was the contract already signed at Suva, which prevented. Ulm needn't have rubbed it in.



NEXT WEEK

Rudyard Kipling

tells a new tale of "Mine Own People"

The Debt

A Story of India

THAT night Smith and Ulm disappeared temporarily. We found them in a room across the hall. Lyon and I were dragged in and handed a pair of silk pyjamas, which belonged, we were told, to a bride who desired all of us to autograph them. Smith and Ulm had already complied, so Lyon and I added our share, to the great joy of the entire assembly. No, the bride wasn't present.

The Trans-Pacific Flight really ended in Brisbane, although we did some flying around Australia. We went from Brisbane to Sydney, where Smith and Ulm opened offices, furnished by the Atlantic Union Oil Company.

At Sydney we were met by a great crowd at the Mascot airdrome, and the usual round of receptions began. Smith and Ulm were tendered checks from various individuals and corporations which totaled nearly $200,000. Then news came by cable that Captain Hancock had made Smith and Ulm a present of the Southern Cross.

I tried to get Ulm to release Lyon and me from the terms of our Suva contract, as the flight was over and several people and firms were trying to give us rewards for our share in it. We couldn't accept any of these, as we were bound by contract, but Ulm ignored my requests for more than ten days, after which time it was too late. I mention this in order to save time for the vast army of salesmen who have been trying to sell me everything from phonographs to gold mines. It's no use, boys; I still have my first million to lay up.

We flew over to Canberra and, on the way, lost one of our radio generators. It came about through trying to drop a wreath on the monument of the Unknown Soldier. I was to drop the wreath, and Ulm was to signal.

WHEN Ulm raised his arm to signal me, he put his hand into the propeller of the starboard generator, breaking one of the blades off. Ulm wasn't hurt, but the generator was out of balance and promptly vibrated itself loose from its base. We didn't notice it until something struck the fuselage with a bang, and I looked out to find out the cause of the bombardment.

The starboard generator was trailing below, held only by the wires running into the radio cabin. These wires had to be cut in order to drop the generator. So I got a hack-saw blade and prepared to cut it adrift. Then I looked to see just where the generator was going to drop. We were over Melbourne by that time, and I had to wait. But the generator didn't—it broke loose, and dropped right in front of the railway station. Luckily it hit no one, and the station master dug it out of the ground and shipped it back to us.

Before Lyon and I started back to the United States, Cameron Stewart, an American, asked me if I wouldn't like to take home a kangaroo for a pet. When I said that I would, Mr. Stewart obtained two from the park commissioners, and they came home with us on the S.S. Sonoma. They did not live long in this country, although we tried everything possible to keep them alive.

We had a great time and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly during our short stay in Australia. They are a great people, but with a peculiar sense of humor. For instance, they didn't think I looked well in my old panama, so they presented me with an iron kelly. It turned out to be a derby, made in Philadelphia. I still have it, and prize the autographs and inscriptions on the inside of the band. The chief commissioner of the city of Sydney, E. P. Fleming, presented it to me, after autographing it.

What became of my old panama? Why, that's still in Australia, in the National Museum!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—In what state is the Coolidge Dam?

2—What was the first successful English settlement in America?

3—What are the lachrymal glands?

4—What species of eagle is represented in the coat of arms of the United States?

5—Is Memphis, Tennessee, east or west of the Mississippi River?

6—Who was the founder of Methodism?

7—With what forest is the character Robin Hood associated?

8—What was a Cyclops in classical mythology?

9—What is a joss house?

10—Who was the author of Snowbound?

11—What is the literal meaning of *terra firma?*

12—What is an isthmus?

13—What is malfeasance?

14—What heavyweight boxing champion often was called Ruby Robert?

15—On what date do the French celebrate Bastille Day?

16—What book of the Old Testament contains but one chapter?

17—What is kinetic energy?

18—What is the meaning of Porto Rico?

19—What bodies of water are connected by the Welland Canal?

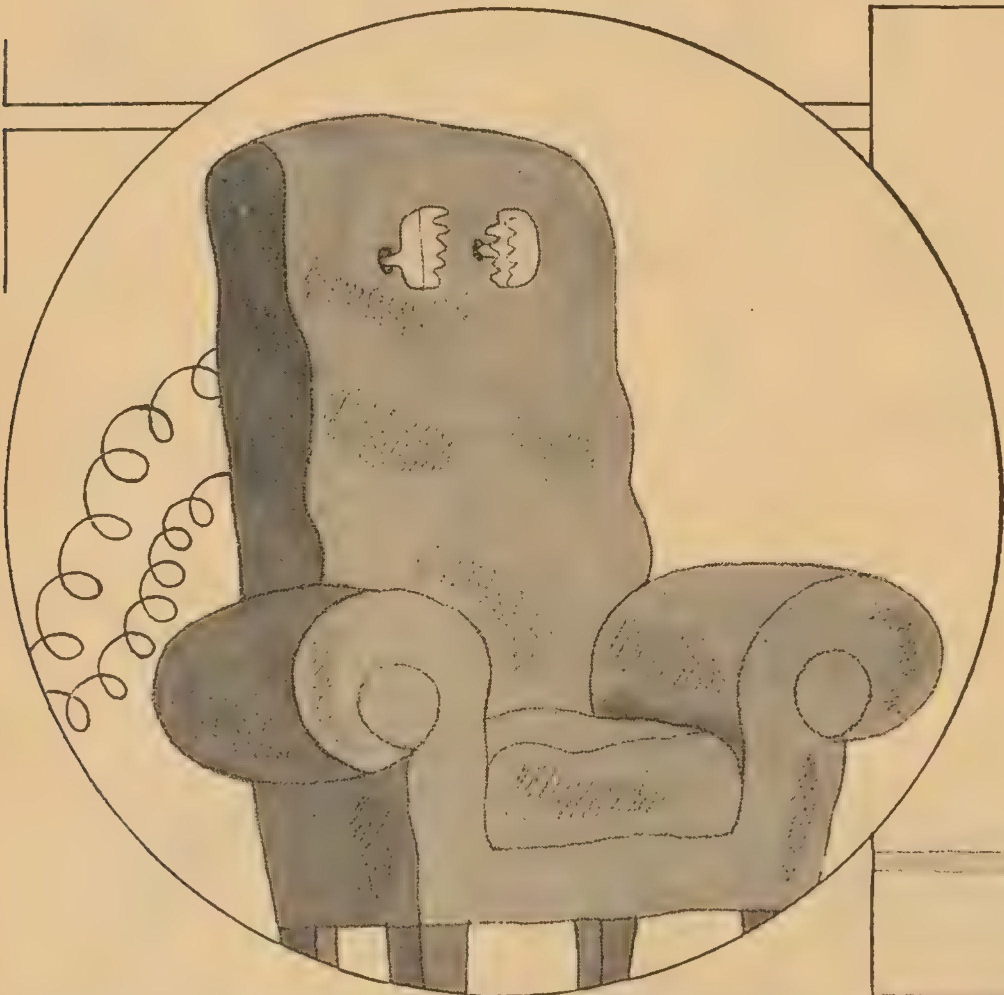
20—Who was the goddess of flowers in Roman religion?

(Answers will be found on page eighty-five)

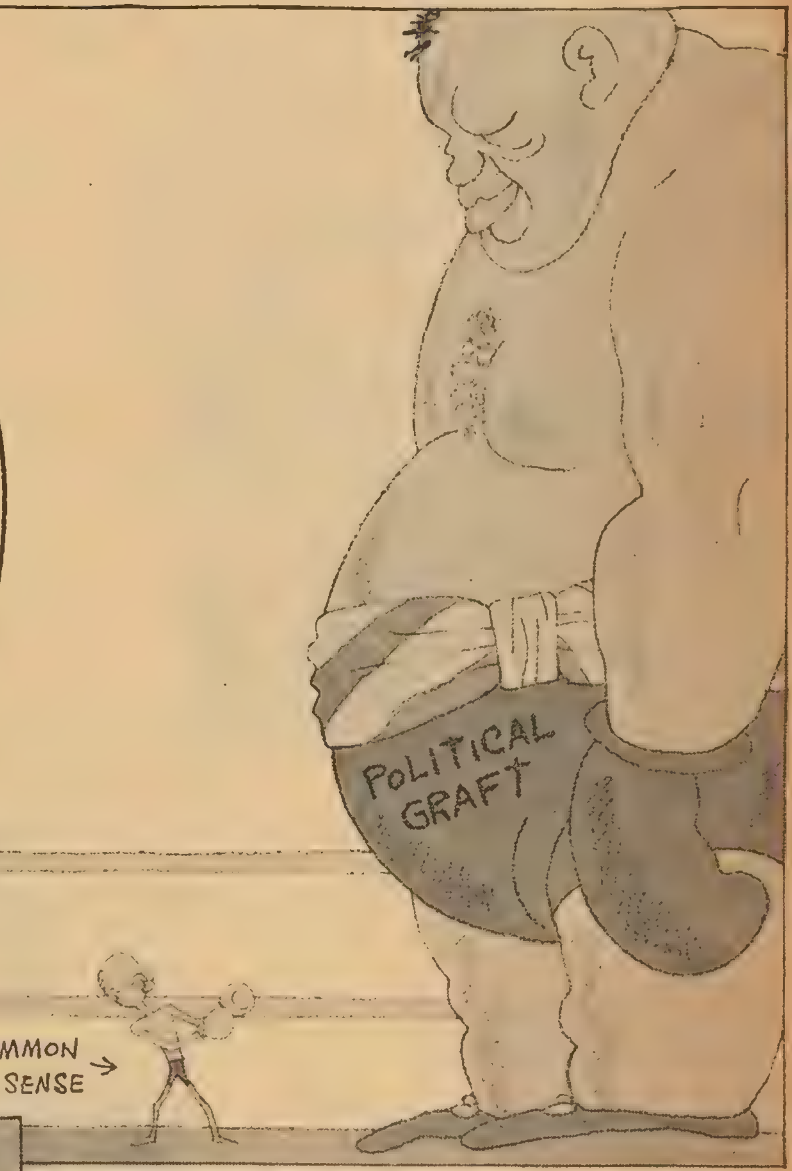
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

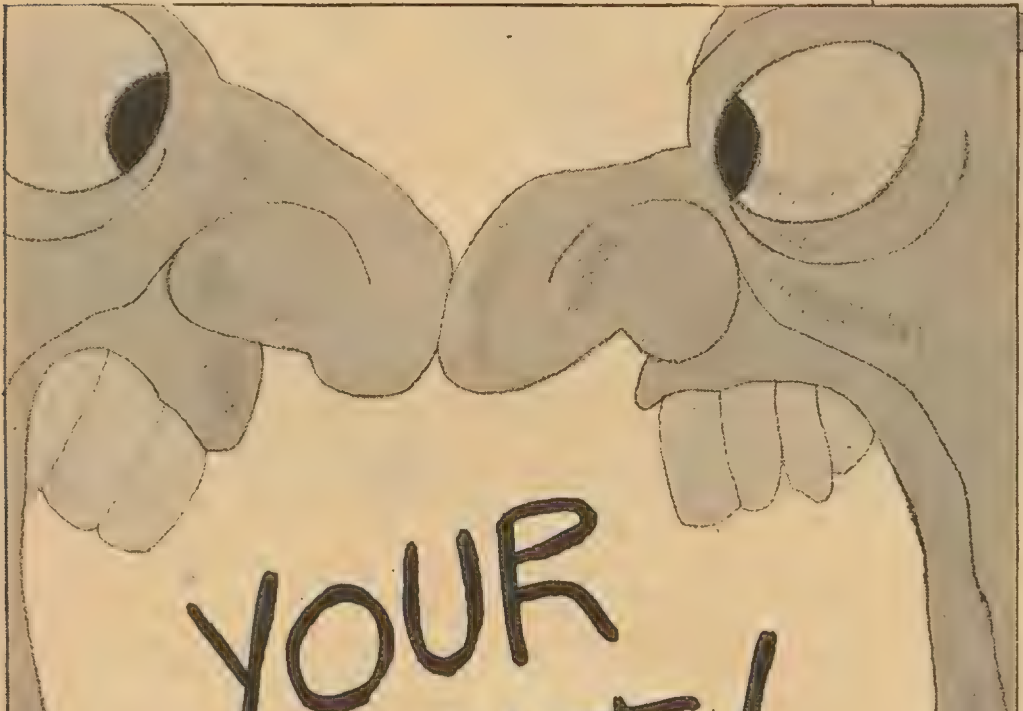
By RALPH BARTON



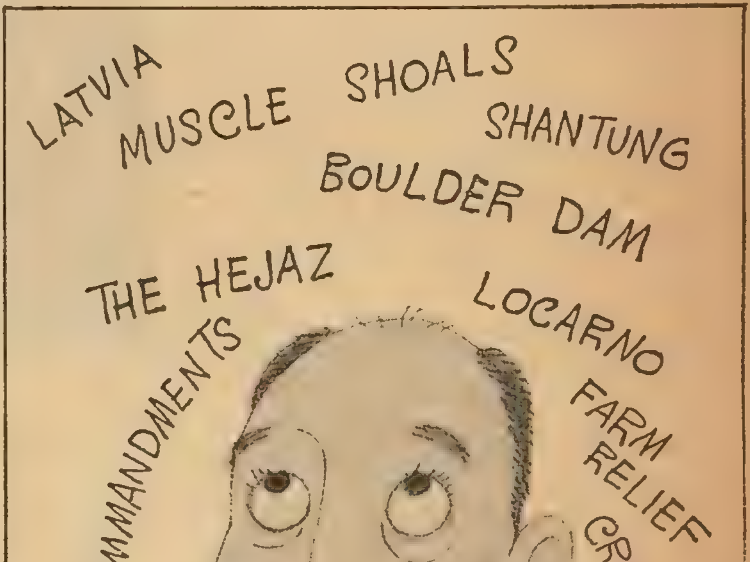
THE PLUSH OVERSTUFFED ELECTRIC CHAIR, designed as a companion piece to the Limitations Conference's "humanized submarine."


POLITICAL GRAFT
COMMON SENSE →

THE HOUSE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE'S investigation of Prohibition.


YOUR FAULT!
THE DEMS
THE REPS

HOW GREAT PROBLEMS, such as the Unemployment Question, get settled in democracies.


LATVIA
MUSCLE SHOALS
SHANTUNG
BOULDER DAM
THE HEJAZ
LOCARNO
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
FARM RELIEF
CREDIT BALANCE
RALPH BARTON

AMONG THOSE THINGS that are just words to most of us.

Charles Murray and George Sidney in The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland.

Song, Savages, LAUGHTER, and Love

Including a Sound Success for John McCormack

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

A great tenor comes to the screen: John McCormack in his film début, Song o' My Heart. He's shown, here, with Maureen O'Sullivan and John Garrick.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ SONG O' MY HEART

SONG O' MY HEART is wistfully tender. It is an exquisitely photographed, gently directed talkie-singie which, for all its fragility, rings with the power and depth of the heart-rending tenor of the world famous John McCormack. Here, indeed, is a delightful picture début for a charming personality.

Frank Borzage, who gave us Seventh Heaven, was intrusted with the megaphone of Song o' My Heart.

The story concerns the struggling singer of an Irish village who gains fame in America. His heart had been broken years back, when Mary, the girl of his choice, had been forced to wed another, wealthier suitor. And so he takes it upon himself, after Mary's death, to see that her children lead a happy life, and that her daughter is blissfully wedded to the man she loves.

Alice Joyce gives a charming, dignified portrayal of Mary. Maureen O'Sullivan and Thomas Clifford, as Mary's children, are a couple of joys.

A noteworthy achievement, this.

★ ★ ★ MAMBA

All the rich colors of the African tropics are present in Mamba—because of technicolor. And that isn't all. There's a real story.

In Neu Posen, a certain August Bolte, richest landowner, is despised by the natives whom he treats like dogs. They call him "Mamba," which means "poisonous snake." And yet, although he is loathed, he is powerful. So powerful that he buys a beautiful wife—a lady of the German nobility—who cannot stand her husband's crude, cruel habits, but tries to make the best of things. Her heart is really given to a young officer in the German army. And the time comes when August Bolte is the prey of savages. This allows his wife and her lover to end the picture happily.

★ ★ ★ BE YOURSELF

Fannie Brice's second gift to talkie-singie fans is loaded down with wise cracks. And funny ones!

Director Thornton Freeland, a real find as megaphoner of comic vehicles, doesn't allow a let-up in the funny stuff of Be Yourself. When Fannie isn't clowning, she's singing humorous songs. When Bob Armstrong gets into the spotlight, you're laughing your head off. And—when Harry Green takes the scene, he takes it!

It's all about a lazy pug who can fight but won't. Inasmuch as Fannie, a night-club performer, is crazy about him, she makes up his mind that he will fight. And, with her lawyer brother as manager, they put Bob over big. Then, what does he do but go sappy about a fickle blonde! However — watch Fannie win him back!

★ ★ ★ ONLY THE BRAVE

Civil War setting. Hoopskirts. Romance. Army intrigue. It's the old, old story. And yet it has been delightfully done for the talkies by Director Frank Tuttle.

A Northerner is sent over the line as a spy. He wants to get caught, so that the Southerners will find false plans on his person, and act on them. He doesn't care if he dies, because the one girl has jilted him.

But—try as he will, he simply can't deliver himself into the hands of the enemy. Then—just when his heart is beginning to be healed by the gentle medicine of a Southern belle's kisses—they find him out. And it seems like immediate death! But —is it?

Gary Cooper does splendidly as the soldier, and Mary Brian makes a charming crinoline maiden.

★ ★ THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN SCOTLAND

They might have traveled anywhere else in the world and still pulled the same smart cracks. But Messrs. Cohen and Kelly chose Scotland for their current talkie episodes. And the reason is this: Both C. and K., unknown to each other, are out to corner the plaid market! Each has learned that it's to be a big season for plaids, because a certain Prince who sets world styles is going to wear plaid plus fours at the races.

A trio from Mamba: Jean Hersholt, Ralph Forbes, and Eleanor Boardman.

The love interest in Only the Brave: Gary Cooper and Mary Brian.

Fannie Brice as she looks when wise-cracking her way through Be Yourself. The gentlemen are Robert Armstrong and Harry Green.

Charles Murray, George Sidney, Vera Gordon, and Kate Price have a way of making their audiences giggle—even when they're not so funny.

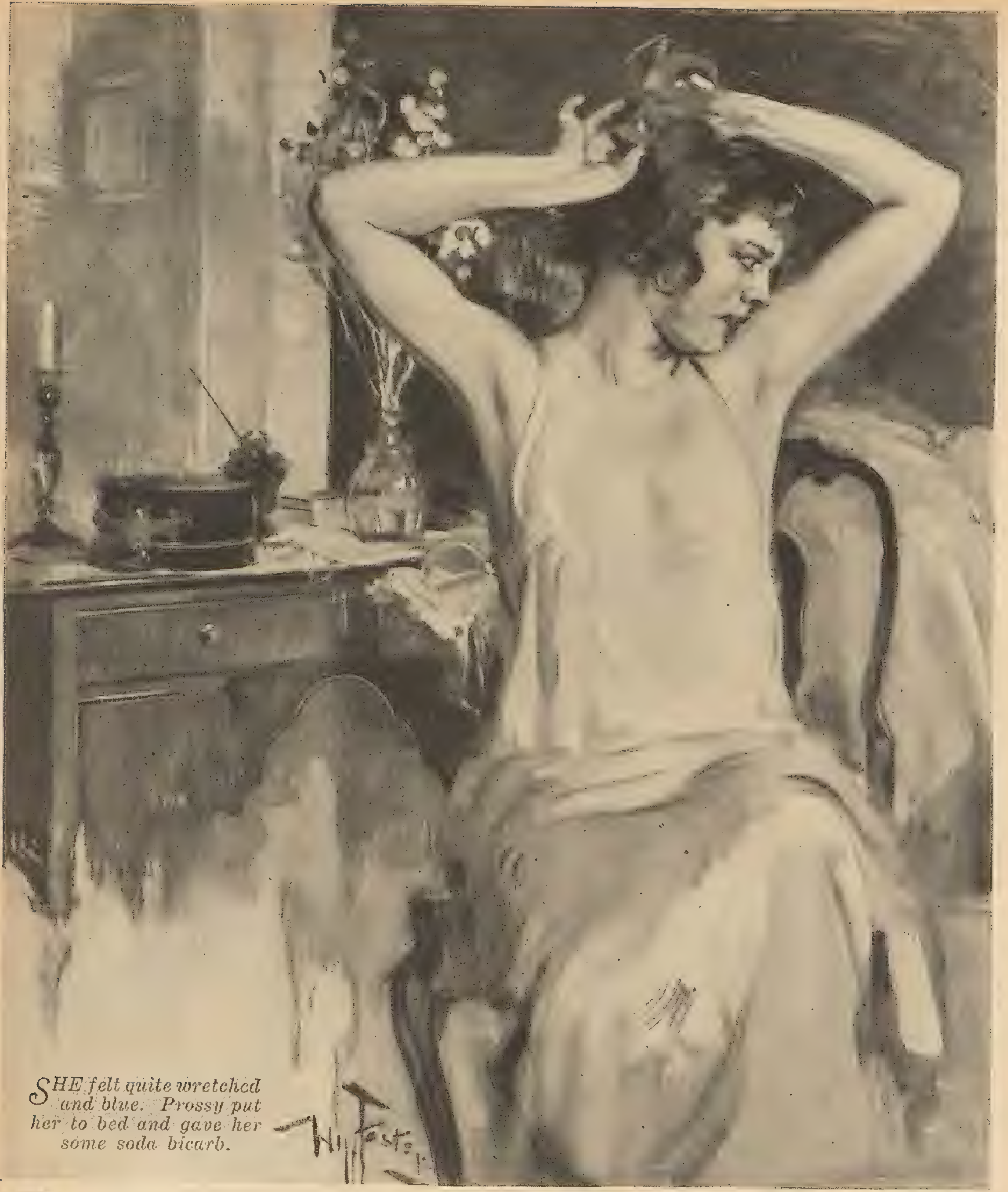
Do you know that—

Lupe Velez will be starred in a talkie-singie version of East Is West? . . . Mae Clarke will play opposite Jack Mulhall in The Fall Guy?

Three- and four-star films of the past month

Three stars — A Lady to Love, Slightly Scarlet, Roadhouse Nights, The Vagabond King, Happy Days, Not So Dumb, So Long Letty.

Four stars—Puttin' On the Ritz, The Green Goddess.



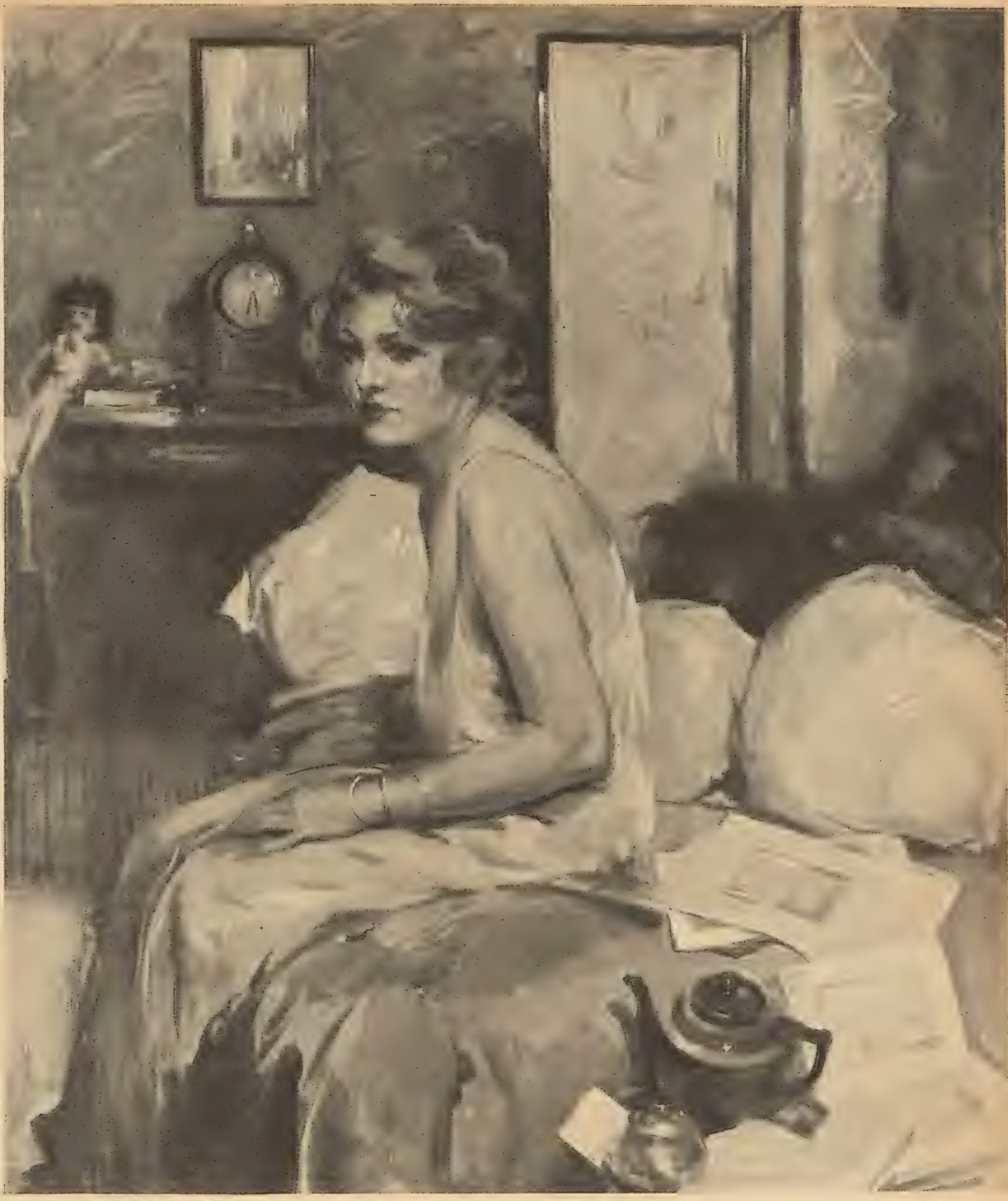
SHE felt quite wretched and blue. Prossy put her to bed and gave her some soda bicarb.

Little Brown

A Story of Things

THE Great Surgeon was angry. He spoke without lifting his eyes from the bladder he was cauterizing. "If you'll step around here by me, Miss Hicks," he said in his most terrible tone, "you can spit into this man's abdomen without the least trouble." A moment's forgetfulness on nurse Hicks' part had drawn this outburst. She had been threading needles in a hurry. The black silk refusing to go through an eye, she wet it in her mouth. Surgically an unforgivable sin! Humiliated, "Hicksey" asked to be transferred from the operating rooms. She was assigned to old Mrs. Lamson, a kidney case.

Neither nurses nor doctors let Hicks forget. Especially waspish were Miss Finlay, "the perfect nurse," and Dr. Kramer, the Great One's assistant. Hicksey's only friend was the young house surgeon, Dr. Towers.



Nurse

that Happen in Hospitals

By
WALTON GREEN
Pictures by WILL FOSTER, N.A.

But even Towers failed to notice her much. He specialized on Miss Finlay. Nurse Hicks tried to strangle the thought that she was jealous—but gave the Great One notice that she would leave when her case no longer needed her. "Suit yourself, Hicks," he said, and turned on his heel.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

"YES, Mrs. Lamson, I want that right kidney of yours—that's what it comes down to," pronounced the Great One breezily. "We've had you here for observation ten days now: any way you look at it you're better off without that kidney. And you're in fine shape to operate—chock-full of rich new blood from the transfusion."

The Great One sat beside his patient, one arm flung

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

across the high hospital bed with protective informality.

Informality and bluffness were the mainsprings of his highly successful bedside manner. There were laparotomists who were almost as skillful operators as the Great One, and there were surgeons who were almost as adroit in handling patients. Some were great cutters and some were great kidders; but none combined the two arts as did the Great One. For there was only one Great One, and he pulled down something over a quarter of a million a year.

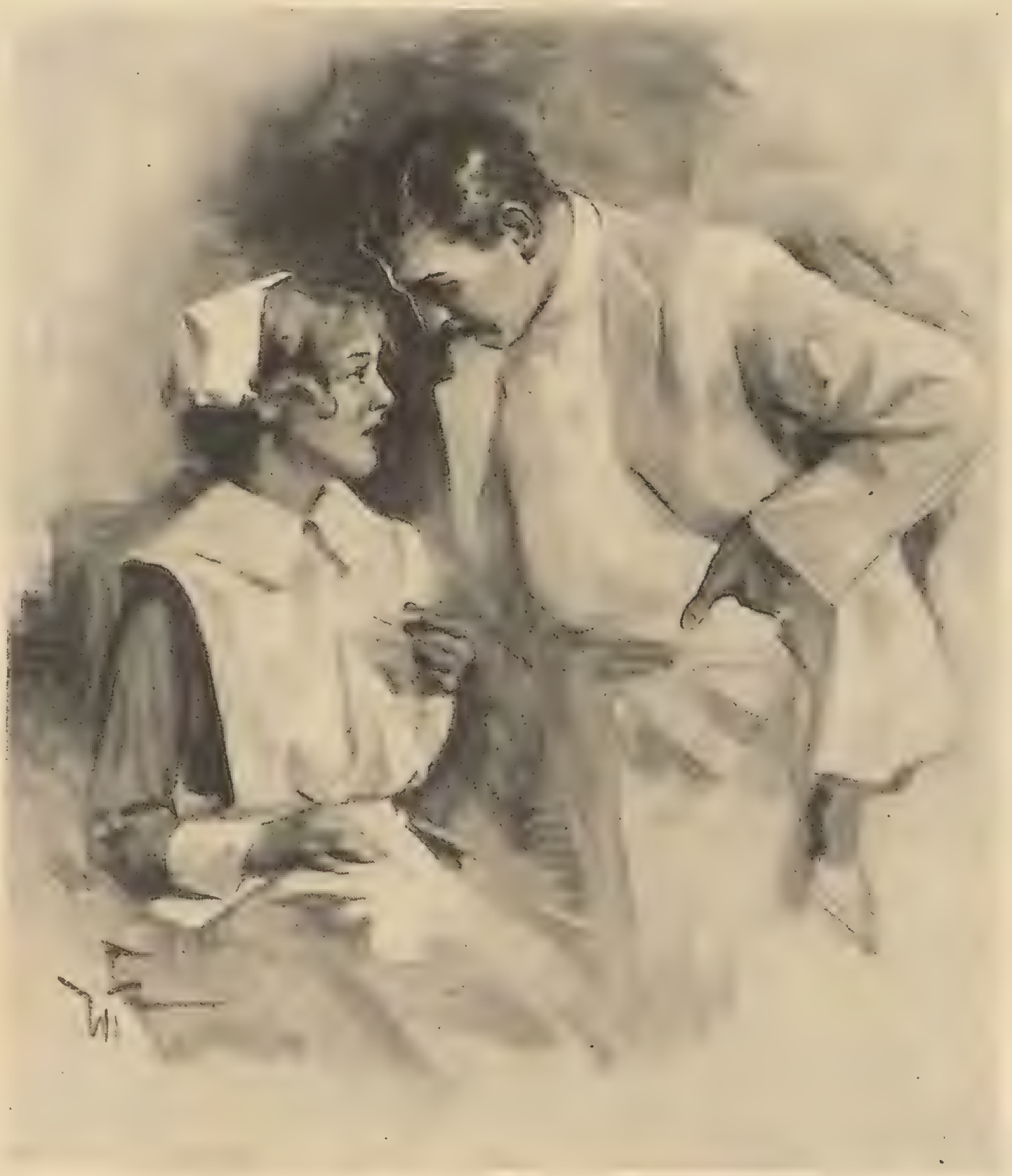
The fat old lady turned over in bed and reached for a cigarette.

“Have one, doctor?” she wheezed comfortably.

The little brown nurse struck a match.

“Bad example in my own clinic, but I suppose the internes and nurses do it when I'm not around, eh, Miss Hicks?” he laughed robustly.

“Certainly not, doctor.” Miss Hicks' small dark face was as wooden as anything so pretty could be. Dr. Kramer, in the background, emitted a grunt of disapproval. He was hard-boiled, was Kramer, and impatient of persiflage. A fussy, nurse-ragging little genius who hadn't learned that operating is only the beginning of successful surgery.



Dr. Towers came in. His eyes were excited. “Listen, Hicksey! Two things—two big things!”

“Well,” continued the Great One, caressing the knot of his boldly fashionable necktie, “what do you say, Mrs. Lamson?”

Mrs. Lamson exhaled a thin shaft of smoke and chuckled.

“Go as far as you like, doctor. You brought me to the hospital to operate, so let's have it over with. What's the sense of all this blood testing and analyzing and X raying?”

THE Great One tried to look shocked: then his normal manner reasserted itself.

“I always like to know which kidney is bad, so I don't take out the good one,” he explained gravely. “X ray helps, you know.”

“Of course! How silly of me. Well—have you told my husband?”

“Yes. He says O. K.”

“All right, doctor.”

“Tomorrow morning, then, Mrs. Lamson. It won't take ten minutes. You'll be pretty sore for a few days, but I'll be seeing you right along, and that'll make it quite worth while, won't it?”

The fat lady laughed and lighted another cigarette.

“More than worth while. Tell me, doctor. Did you ever have an operation yourself?”

“Yes, indeed.” His interest was quite undisguised. “Had an appendix a couple of years ago.” And then, with a return to his affectation of casualness: “But it was nothing—a mere nothing. Just took it in my stride.”

“Huh!” grunted Dr. Kramer from the doorway. “It was a mere nothing all right—a simple chronic appendix—I took it out myself. And, of course, the doctor was very brave and offhand about it. All he did was put it off week after week, and then go on vacation to build up his strength, and then have a dozen specialists go over him, and then take coagulation tests and blood counts and what not—and have four abdominal men in consultation.

“You'd have thought we were carving the King of England and all hoping to be knighted at the next birthday honors! Yes—he took it in his stride, all right!”

KRAMER was the only living man who ventured irreverence to the Great One's face — perhaps because underneath it all he truly reverenced. And the Great One took it and liked it. He was laughing heartily as Kramer finished.

“I never did like operations, y'know, Mrs. Lamson. Well—see you in the morning. Kramer and Miss Hicks will look out for you in the meantime.”

When the surgeons had withdrawn the fat old lady sighed and addressed her nurse:

“Do you know, Miss Hicks, all my life I've been utterly dependent on doctors. I run to a doctor if I have a pimple on my neck.

“My father was a doctor. I know all about doctors. I'm utterly dependent on them—and I haven't the slightest confidence in any of 'em.

“If you consult one after the other, they all say something different. If you call several in joint consultation, not one of 'em dares say anything until they've all got together and agreed on a safe average. That's why bedside bulletins of great men are always so vague. The doctors can't agree on anything except generalities. If the famous patient dies, each doctor looks sad and superior and intimates that he nearly had to withdraw from the case.

“Oh, dear, what chance have we patients got? And do you suppose my kidney really needs taking out?”

The little brown nurse answered seriously:

“Indeed I do, Mrs. Lamson. Mussolini— Oh, I ought not to call him that, because he's really a wonderful person. He's far and away the greatest man in his field. He has so many operative cases sent to him by other doctors that he has to turn away nearly half of them. And they send him all their bad risks, but he never refuses for that reason.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

How to be CAPTIVATING

BEBE DANIELS, one of the most fascinating of motion picture stars, says there's one essential charm . . .

"HOW to be captivating?" Bebe Daniels smiled a deprecating little smile as she considered my question. But when she began to speak her appealingly beautiful brown eyes were thoughtful.

And then I learned this lovely actress feels emphatically there's one thing has more to do with a girl's attractiveness than any other charm—*a beautiful skin—clear, soft, smooth.*

How ALLURING in any girl! How sure to win admiration! And to the screen star, Bebe Daniels earnestly explained, a skin of breath-taking loveliness is really *essential!*

"Only the girl with smooth skin," she said, "need not fear the relentless eye of the camera. For even the cleverest make-up will not suffice under the searching lens of the close-up.

"THAT is why," she went on seriously, "many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features.

Hollywood's favorite beauty care

"Lux Toilet Soap," she concluded, "is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth."

Bebe Daniels, you see, is one of the 511 beloved Hollywood actresses who give their skin regular care with Lux Toilet Soap. Fascinating Anna Q. Nilsson . . . cunning little Sally Blane . . . vividly charming Betty Compson . . .

Actually 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are kept silky smooth by this soothing, fragrant soap. Lux Toilet Soap is just like the expensive soaps you get in France, Hollywood says. And the lovely stars use it regularly at home and wherever they're making pictures as well.

So enthusiastic are they that Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

9 out of 10 Lovely Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

On Broadway the stars of the outstanding stage successes, too, use it. And since so many of them are playing in the talkies, with their many close-ups, they are more than ever grateful to this delicately fragrant white soap!

The European screen stars, too—in France, in England, in Germany—have now adopted it. *You* will be just as delighted with it. Order several cakes—today.

Photo by E. Bachrach, Hollywood

BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in her luxurious blue and silvery gray bathroom in Hollywood.

"Many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin, have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features. Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely!"

Bebe Daniels

BETTY COMPSON, *Radio Pictures' star, says: "It keeps my skin superbly smooth."*

ANNA Q. NILSSON, *Radio Pictures' star, says: "Leaves my skin like velvet."*

SALLY BLANE, *Radio Pictures' star, says: "It's a wonderful soap."*

LUX Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway
—and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

“He's the one great surgeon who's so good that he doesn't have to worry about his mortality record—like so many of them do.

“So of course he avoids operating whenever he possibly can—you can see how he has to.”

“Am I a bad risk, Miss Hicks?”

“You're no risk at all,” lied Hicksey with commendable readiness. “I can tell from his manner—you don't mind his joking manner, do you? He's queer, but he's really great. And so is Dr. Kramer—he's much younger, of course. But they're a wonderful team.”

“I like that big young house officer best of all. What's his name? Dr.—?”

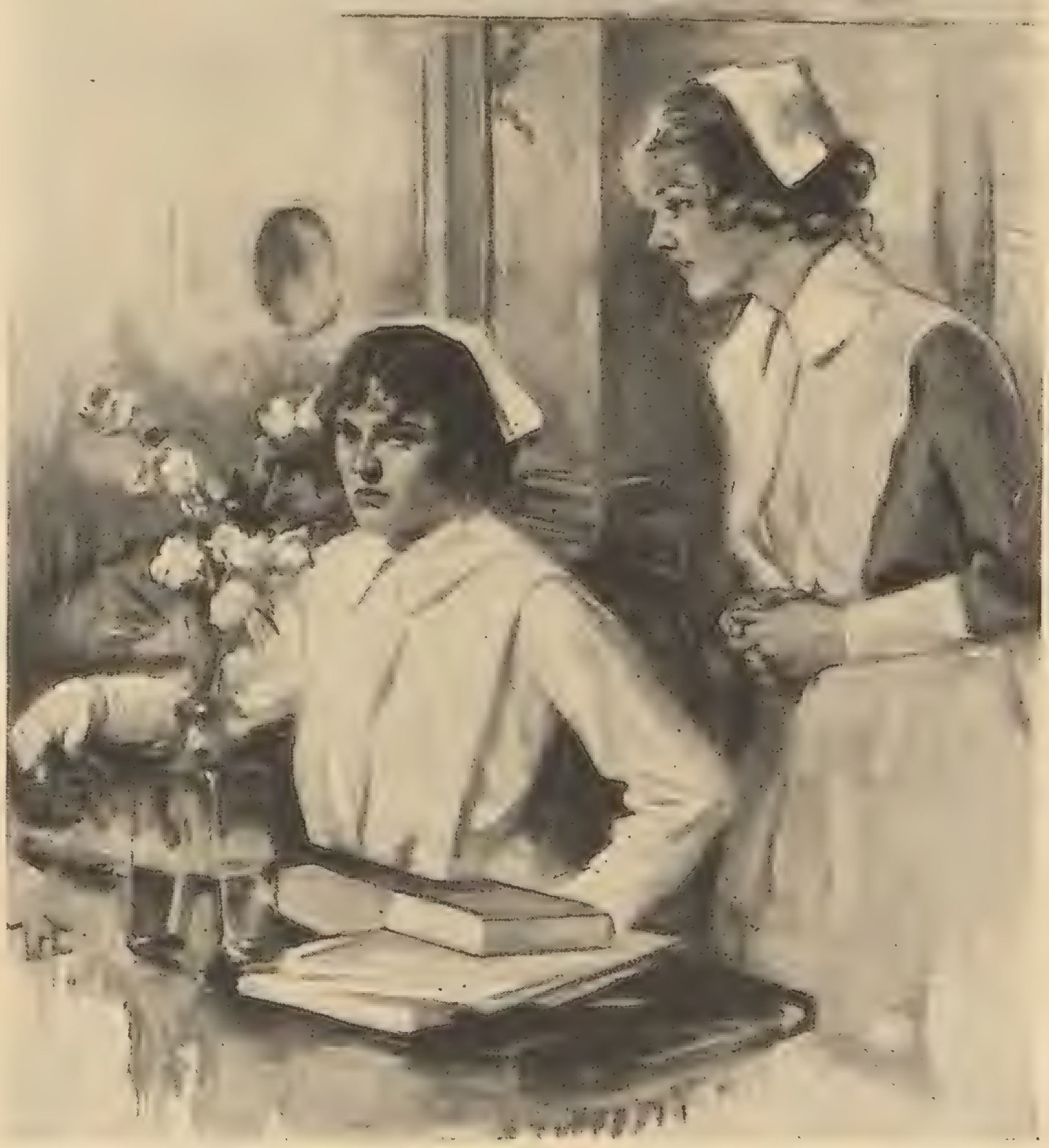
“Dr. Towers,” answered Hicks shortly. There was a pink spot in each mellow brown cheek. “He's very young and unformed, and—not very stable, I think. Oh, dear, I simply must stop talking this way! Please forgive me, Mrs. Lamson. I know it's most unprofessional.”

Mrs. Lamson regarded the little nurse with a keen and cheery old eye.

“It's never unprofessional for two women to talk about attractive men, my dear. Especially—”

“Yes, Mrs. Lamson?”

“Oh, nothing. Listen, Miss Hicks. If anything goes wrong tomorrow, you be the one to speak to my husband, will you please?”



“Just a moment, Miss Hicks,” interrupted the head nurse. “I'm in charge of this—” “Oh, piffle!” breathed Hicksey. “Don't be red tapey.”

“Nothing can go wrong with the Great One and Dr. Kramer operating,” replied Hicks with real conviction. “I'll be in first thing in the morning to shave your tummy and scrub you up, Mrs. Lamson.”

“VERY well, my dear. Oh, and one thing more. Don't you suppose you could get Dr. Kramer to let me do without Miss Phillips tonight? I don't need a night special—I will tomorrow night, I suppose—but not tonight. You know, the poor thing sits in that chair and snores so that she keeps me awake. I really didn't mean to say anything, but if you could—tactfully—because I'd like a good sleep tonight.”

“How perfectly dreadful,” Hicksey broke in, laughing in spite of herself. “I'll see what I can do.”

That night Hicks sat in the chair by the fat old lady's bed, and she did not snore. It had taken a lot of fixing and was quite irregular. But that was the way Hicksey was. Besides, the fat lady was very brave, and altogether a sweet old thing, and nurse Hicks adored her.

About the middle of the next morning nurse Hicks sat in the gallery and watched them operate on her patient. The old lady kept her nerve to the last—whispered something to the Great One that made his big shoulders heave with laughter—then waved a cheery and ironic hand to Hicks and snuggled her face contentedly into the gas cone. Hicksey blinked away a tear of pride in the old girl and waved back smilingly. Then she watched.

Dr. Kramer had been called out of town on an emergency case, and young Towers was assisting in his place. Hicks found herself vaguely excited—pulling for him—despite the fact that she had scarcely seen him for two weeks and that she had wiped him out of her mind. Vaguely pleased she was, too, that the perfect nurse no longer stood behind the instrument table to hand the sponges and sutures and to receive the impact of tense-nerved surgeons.

TOWSER, she suddenly discovered, was getting really good. Without the sour-souled Kramer to fuss him, he had overcome his diffidence — lost that faint and handicapping touch of tentativeness which had seemed to keep him in the boy-doctor class.

Now he was swift and sure, anticipating the Great One's needs, sponging with dexterity, tying off blood vessels with speed and deftness, pulling his sutures through and snapping the needle holder back into position for the next thrust with a quick flick of the wrist that would not have shamed Kramer himself.

The Great One worked smoothly and with the seeming lack of effort which was the earmark of his greatness. Plainly he was pleased with Towers' performance. But he did not have quite his accustomed snap. Was the old man slowing up, wondered Hicksey, or was it simply that his assistants were improving? What matter? she thought. Soon she would be quit of the whole thing—quit of great surgeons and petty patients and critical nurses and filthy dressings and bedpans and big boyish doctors and all the pot and pother of the whole business—quit of it and back in the country where she belonged. And then she felt a little sad and began to wonder if she would miss the sights and smells and excitement and hard work.

They had closed up her fat lady and an orderly was wheeling the stretcher into the hall. Hicks roused herself and hurried down from the gallery to take her patient back to the room. Towers and the Great One came out for a cigarette. They nodded to her.

“She'll do nicely, Miss Hicks,” mumbled the Great One from behind his cupped hands as he lighted his cigarette. “Towers will be down after a while.”

Back in the room, Hicksey had more trouble with the fat lady's husband than with the patient. The husband was inclined to be lachrymosely helpful. The old lady came out of the anæsthetic with a beautiful ether jag and for once in her life telling what she really

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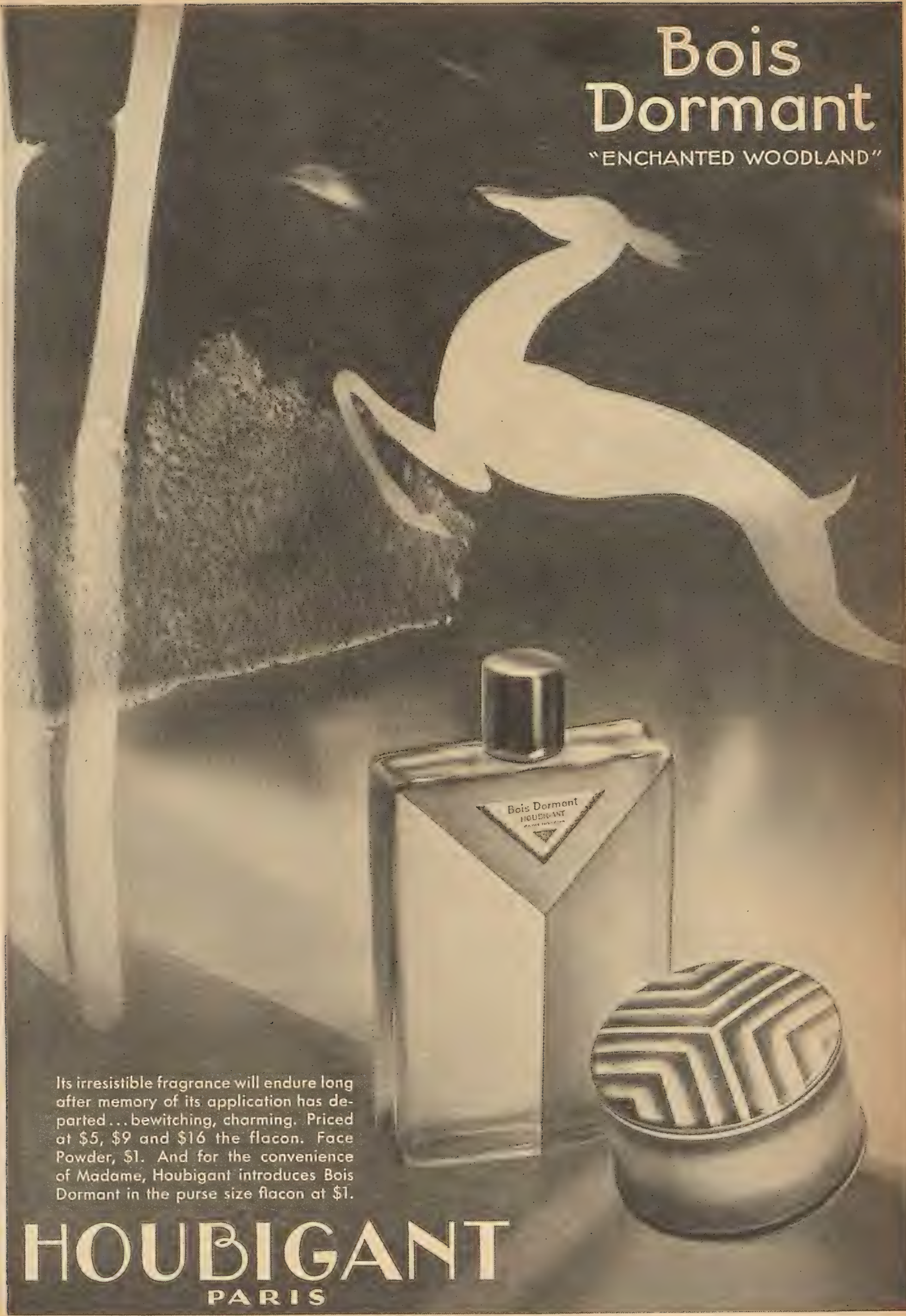

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HOUBIGANT
PARIS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

thought of doctors in general and surgeons in particular.

The surgeons looked in after a while, found her apparently strong as a horse, though complaining of pain. They ordered another shot of morphia and left, taking the superfluous husband with them. Hicksey gave the hypodermic, and sat watchfully while her patient dozed off.

About an hour later Hicks saw a grayish look creeping over her patient's face. She reached for the pulse. It was very fast and faint—respiration weak and rapid—extremities alarmingly cold. The old lady, still comfortably doped, looked at her with a question. Hicks smiled reassuringly and walked to the door with deliberation. Once outside, she rushed madly to the floor nurse's desk. It might be hemorrhage—might be delayed surgical shock. In any case she wanted help—and quickly.

"Patient's going bad," she gasped. "Call Dr. Towers—any doctor, quick. And telephone for a type three donor—they'll want to transfuse—"

"Just a moment, Miss Hicks," interrupted the head nurse. "I'm in charge of this—"

"Oh, piffle!" breathed Hicksey. "Don't be red tapey—there isn't time. And have Ted and Fred bring hot-water bottles—"

She caught sight of one of the orderlies. "Hey, Ted! Hot-water bottles to my room—on the double—there's a dear!" The orderly turned without a word and loped toward the wash room.

The head-floor—aggrievedly but obediently jiggling the telephone—tried a last shot:

"You seem to be running things around here, Miss—"

"Bet your sweet life I am," snapped Hicksey inelegantly. "Keep after that telephone, Miss Muir! *Please* keep after that telephone."

Hicksey slipped into the medical-supply alcove back of the nurse's desk. Now, a nurse is allowed to do virtually nothing without doctor's orders. Aspirin and soda bicarbonate mark, so to speak, the limits of her permissible initiative. Hicks had lost her beloved artist strictly according to Hoyle and the best hospital etiquette. She had no intention of losing her dear old lady. Besides—the floor nurse's back was turned as she talked into the telephone—and besides, Hicksey would soon be through with nursing for good and all.

Hicks stared distractedly along the shelves. No adrenalin in sight—caffein and sodium benzoate? No—she couldn't remember the correct solution. Camphor? Ah, there it was! She grabbed a hypodermic syringe from the container, seized a needle, and fitted it to the barrel. No time to boil it up—she eased her conscience by thrusting it into the mouth of the alcohol bottle and shaking it vigorously, splashing a drop of the neat spirit into her eye. Half blinded but triumphant, she hurried past the nurse at the telephone—hurried down the hall at a stiff-aproned and starchy trot—and then, very composedly, entered the room and gave her old lady the hypo. Hard on her heels came the faithful Ted, carrying three large hot-water bottles.

HICKSEY watched the hypo get in its work. The pulse improved and the blood flowed grudgingly back to the face.

"That was fine," whispered the old lady weakly. "I—I felt so funny just now."

"You're tired," observed Hicks in an offhand tone. "You've got to expect some reaction."

She left the room and hurried again to the nurse's desk.

"Got a doctor yet?"

"Dr. Towers will be here directly," the nurse answered stiffly. "I was forced to disturb him at his luncheon."

"What a pity," condoled the little brown nurse sweetly. "What's one patient more or less compared to a doctor's luncheon! How about the blood donor, Miss Muir?"

"Half an hour at the least. They had no type threes in the office."

"Oh, dear! What shall we do? Oh, why doesn't Towser come?" Her distracted eye was roaming down the hall. "Who's that man sitting outside the transfusion room?"

"That's a donor for Miss Finlay's patient, scheduled for two o'clock, but she's late."

"Emergency?" asked Hicks casually.

"No. Any time this afternoon."

"I see. Well, thank you, Miss Muir; sorry I was so hasty."

"Not at all," replied the head nurse primly.

Hicks walked down the hall toward the transfusion room. She tried not to hurry. She tried not to look back.

When she finally did look back she was overjoyed to see that the head floor-nurse had left her desk and was not in sight.

Hicksey beckoned peremptorily to the man.

"What doctor are you waiting for, please?"

The donor, a strapping, fine young Irishman, stood up and presented his order card. Also he regarded the little brown nurse with genial and undisguised interest.

Hicksey took the card. Type 3—donor reporting to Dr. Gallatin. Her heart did a neat little flop of excitement. But she spoke with professional unconcern.

"Good. Right in here, please." She pushed him into the transfusion room. "Dr. Gallatin's assistant—Dr. Towers—will be here directly. Stay right here, please—we'll be ready in a few minutes."

THE Irishman sat himself down obediently enough. But his racial genius with the women must assert itself.

"If it was you, miss, I'd make it three pints and never a cent of pay, and take joy in the bleedin' of me white."

Hicksey, about to snub him, changed her mind.

"Wouldn't that be grand!"

She gave him a thoroughly inflaming smile and slipped from the room. The wretched man would stay put until she returned.

All this—from her first quick rush to the nurse's desk—had taken no more than eight minutes. When she got back down the hall, Dr. Towers was hurrying from the elevator, and a second orderly was wheeling up the rubber-tired stretcher.

"I gave her a hypo," whispered little Hicks, following him into the room. "An ampoul of camphor and oil."

"Eh?" demanded the young doctor in astonishment. "Well, I'll be—" He had no chance for more, as he was bending over his patient.

Dr. Towers unhooked his stethoscope from his ears and slipped it back into the pocket of his white jacket. There was a look of relief on his not too carefully schooled face.

"Tell the desk I'll want a type three donor immediately, Miss Hicks," he said curtly.

"Yes, doctor. I have a type three waiting in the dressing room. And the orderly is outside with the stretcher."

Young Towers looked blank. So he covered his blankness with a grown-up and distinctly doctorish frown.

"Very well—let's go."

On the way to the dressing room he dropped back alongside the little brown nurse.

"Say, Hicks," he growled down to her. "How the hell do you get that way? Who's killing this patient, anyway—you or me?"

Hicksey giggled.

"Keep still," she whispered. "No one knows about the hypo except you and me. I—I had to tell you or you might have given her another."

"Oh, very well." Towers was scathing. "What are your orders from now on, Miss Hicks?"

"Don't be silly," snapped the little brown nurse.

Midway through the transfusion, a woman's head appeared at the glass oval of the dressing-room door. It was the very blonde and Ziegfeldian-lovely head of the perfect nurse. Miss Finlay had lost her blood donor and her call on the room. Miss Finlay looked very angry. She pressed her beautiful nose against the glass and glared at Miss Hicks. Miss Hicks, discreetly behind the doctors and orderlies, smiled sweetly, and—ever so slightly, but

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

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DODGE BROTHERS

SIXES AND EIGHTS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

LITTLE BROWN NURSE
Continued from page thirty-eight

ever so unmistakably—thumbed her nose at the perfect Miss Finlay.

But you can't smash the rules of a great and meticulously organized hospital and get away with it. Especially you can't kidnap another patient's blood donor, even though it does not prejudice that patient, and though thereby you save the life of another patient. For, in hospitals, people are saved or people die according to schedule and under strict rules. To save a patient by an unorthodox act of commission is only less scandalous than to lose one by a sin of omission.

The outraged Miss Finlay complained, of course. And that afternoon the superintendent, of course, had Hicks on the carpet. Hicks—unrepentant and not a little rebellious—would have been relieved of duty then and there but for the intervention of the Great One himself. As it was—and with the understanding that she was shortly leaving the hospital for good—nurse Hicks was allowed to stay on with her dear old lady.

Even the incident of the camphor hypo leaked out—the orderlies in their devoted admiration had told it. Dr. Towers, not wanting to take sides in the matter of the blood donor from which he had profited, went about with a slightly sheepish air, uncomfortably torn between the horns of his two lovely dilemmas. Dr. Kramer, back from the country, made his rounds late the same evening, held a tense whisper-fest with the perfect Finlay, and gave Hicksey another dressing down. But he did not mention camphor. Nor did anyone else—to her face, at least.

The next morning, after he had finished operating, the Great One visited his patient. He was in one of his moods of magnificent and sardonic joviality. The patient was doing finely, none the worse, apparently, for her close squeak of the day before.

" Well, Mrs. Lamson, I hear they squirted you full of red blood yesterday. How d'you feel? "

" Much better, thanks." The old lady smiled cheerfully. " But I don't quite want a cigarette yet."

" I expect not," laughed the Great One. " But you're looking fine. Tomorrow you and I'll have a smoke together. Got a cigarette about you, Miss Hicks? "

" Certainly, doctor." Hicksey smiled demurely, reached under her stiff apron, and fished a packet of cigarettes from the skirt pocket of her uniform.

" Must say you keep 'em pretty handy for not smoking on duty," he chuckled.

" I keep them for the doctors," explained the girl with supreme gravity.

" Of course—of course. Well, Mrs. Lamson, you've got a pretty able young nurse here. Guess you don't need me when you have her and Towers—what? Where is Towers, anyway? "

" He's just stepped into the hall, doctor," replied Hicks.

" All right. I'll talk to him outside. Soft diet for you today, Mrs. Lamson. So long—see you tomorrow. Come out with me, Miss Hicks. I want to see your chart."

OUTSIDE in the alcove beyond the floor-nurse's desk, the Great One read the chart and smiled grimly. He hung it up again on the rack without comment. Then he lighted the cigarette the little brown nurse had given him. Then he sat down on the sill of the window. The window was open, and gave out on the broad reaches of the great river which lay below. For some moments he was silent. It made the girl uneasy, because the Great One was seldom silent. Finally he spoke:

" Well, young woman, I understand you've been turning my clinic upside down. What have you to say for yourself? "

" Nothing, doctor."

" Aren't you ashamed "—his tone was sharp, but there was a dim twinkle in his eye—" aren't you ashamed of stealing Finlay's room and blood man? "

" No, doctor. I'd do it again. It was an emergency—and I knew her patient could wait."

" Humph," grunted the Great One noncommittally.

" I'm sorry, of course, to have made trouble," continued the girl. " But I'm not sorry for what I did."

" How about the hypo you gave? "

" Oh! Did Towser—did Dr. Towers speak of that? " She felt herself flushing again.

" Towser, as you so austerely call him, didn't speak of it—no. But I heard it. Look here, Miss Hicks. God knows what we're coming to if nurses are allowed to save patients' lives. And now, my girl, I want to tell you two things: first, you did exactly right and I'm proud of having had you as a nurse. And second, I'm damned glad you're leaving the hospital. I don't care what you do, but get out of here after this case. You're not fitted for the work, thank God."

Hicks, her hands clasped across her apron, made no answer. She looked serious, and a little sad, and outrageously pretty. The big man stood up and sighed.

" I don't mind telling you I'm quitting myself pretty soon. Don't know why I should tell you, but you have a silent way of making people talk about themselves. Yes, I'm going to quit. Getting along—shot my bolt—Kramer's for my shoes—able devil he is, at that, but a rotten personality. Yes, I'm quitting. Had a lifetime of it, lots of fun, and I don't think I've done much harm."

" Harm, doctor! " breathed the astonished girl.

" No, not much harm. Done a lot of good, too. I've saved a lot of people and I've killed my share—but a good many of those I've killed would have died anyway. Ah, well! How superior we'll both feel to all this when we're out of it and can look back on the whole thing dispassionately: on the mingled greatness and pettiness, the good and the harm, the bunk and the genuine, the fierce search for truth and the ruthless repression of it that's all a part of medicine."

" But, doctor—"

" YES, surgery's an art. But that's about all. And as an art it'll continue to live—if science doesn't overhaul it and expose it and destroy it. For some day, mark my word, Hicks, science will discover the function of all these things we surgeons are so blithely cutting out. The scientists are the only real boys.

" Science advances in the laboratory and the dissecting room—not in the clinic. Medicine? Huh! Still in its infancy, but growing fast. But surgery—only a degree better than in the dark ages of cupping and bloodletting. They killed George Washington by bloodletting for a streptococcic throat—when today they might have saved him by adding blood instead of taking it away. And the great men of today, who die in spite of all we know, will be saved by the knowledge of tomorrow."

" Oh, dear! " exclaimed the little brown nurse, " I've sometimes wondered about it all, but I never thought surgeons themselves had any misgivings."

" They don't. They don't have time to think. I've operated thirty-five years and last week Thursday was the first time I stopped to think. I thought about the laboratory and the pure-science men. Medicine ought never to move ahead until the last step is absolutely certain. Instead of that our progress is like a pendulum—back and forth—when it ought to be a steady progression. Bah! Ten years from now, for all we know, we may be back at cupping and bloodletting. The dentists did nearly that. A few years ago they were taking out nerves and filling the root canals. Now they say that's wicked—say it causes abscesses and necrosis and cysts and what not. So now the oral surgeons—save the mark—are backstepping thirty years and yanking out every dead tooth like so many village blacksmiths."

" Oh, I know. I had a tooth—"

" Medicine? Yes, it's advanced greatly. But surgery —I wonder? Certainly our technique has improved amazingly. We can go into places that we wouldn't have dared look at two decades ago. And why? Because the scientists have taught us about bugs. They've enlarged our operating field by teaching us sterile methods. No surgeon in the world really knows anything about bacteria. He takes it on hearsay from research men—wears a mask and gloves because they tell him to. Constitutionally the surgeon is a cutter and not a healer. He's learned to cut out dozens of things without causing immediate death."

"But surely, doctor—" expostulated Hicks.

"Don't interrupt me. Yes. We can cut things out, but God knows if a few years hence we won't be sewing 'em all back again—ravaging all the apes in Christendom for gall bladders and kidneys and appendixes—to say nothing of tonsils and prostates. Surgeons? Pooh! Tell me the names of three great surgeons of the past. No? You can't? Of course not. There are no great surgeons except living ones—no Pasteurs and Kochs and Metchnikoffs and Walter Reeds. Surgeons may be rich and famous in their day—but they are never great."

"Oh, how can you—"

"DON'T interrupt. We surgeons—even the best of us—are nothing more than skillful technicians. We don't know anything—we don't need to know anything. All we have to do is cut and sew up—combination of butcher and journeyman tailor. Anyone with reasonable digital dexterity—any first-class card sharp or sleight-of-hand man—has the makings of what we call a great surgeon. Brains? We don't need 'em. Thinking? All that sort of rot we leave to the specialists and the laboratory guys. Surgeons—pooh! Did you see in the paper the other day about the great Russian surgeon—chief surgeon of all the Kiev hospitals, if you please—who was exposed as a cobbler who had stolen a real doctor's papers? No? Well, that cobbler performed over six hundred major operations in the last eight years—and his mortality percentage was rather lower than the average. You see, he knew how to sew before he started, and he learned how to cut by watching a couple of operations. Fact, I tell you. The Soviets sent him to jail for six years. They ought to have made him surgeon-general of the Red armies! They ought to have—"

This time it was nurse Hicks who interrupted:

"Doctor—please, *please* stop. What if anyone heard you? And in your position! Why—"

"Damn my position! I'm abandoning it. I'm going to buy a big farm way out in the country and lose money on everything and be happy. I'm going to raise chickens—and the only operating I'll do will be caponizing my cockerels and cutting off their heads. And by the great god Æsculapius I won't wear rubber gloves at that."

"I—I think you are just very tired and overworked," ventured Hicks.

"Perhaps," grumbled the Great One. "Let's have another cigarette, will you? Thanks. By the way, Hicks, you needn't repeat any of this."

Nurse Hicks went about her business. During the ensuing week she continued to see the Great One every day as he made his rounds. And several times she was alone with him. But never again, in word or manner, did he show the slightest consciousness or remembrance of his outburst. Not the least attribute of greatness is the transience of its moods and the vigor of its forgetfulness. The Great One has not yet bought a farm. Perhaps he never will.

As for Hicksey, the time of her release came on apace. Mrs. Lamson made an excellent but slow recovery, and the nurse had little to do beyond the routine of convalescence. As always, she snatched off what time she could to visit her fascinating infants on the floor above.

It was on one of these visits that she found young Towers waiting for her in the corridor outside the crib room.

"Just finished operating," he offered superfluously. "Thought I'd find you down here washing babies and not eating your lunch. Why do you do it?"

"The food is too awful," said Hicks. "Besides, I always order nearly double what my patient wants. After she's through I take the tray into the bathroom and when I send it back to the kitchen the plates hardly even need rinsing. I'm a very neat nurse."

"And then some. Gee! I wish I could work something like that," he remarked hungrily. "But I suppose it wouldn't do for a starving staff surgeon to be seen swiping

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHE ANSWERED
my shaving problem in two words . . .

I STOOD in the bathroom the other A. M. battling fiercely with Old Ironsides, the Razor, and getting the worst of it, as usual, when in peeks the ball-and-chain. "Hi," says she. "! X X — * ! ?", says I. "Listen," says she, handing me a bottle, "douse this on your complexion—sprinkle it on the epidermis."

Well, sprinkle I did—and wow! In ten seconds I was a new gent! Eyes bright, spirits singing, my skin tingling under the cooling massage-like action of this potion of pep! It's styptic, too—fixes cuts and bleeding like a wizard!

"What's this joy water," says I to the wife. "Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion," says she, "made by Houbigant, maker of the finest women's preparations. After all, the only difference between your face and mine is that you slash yours with a razor."

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BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

[LITTLE BROWN NURSE
Continued from page forty-one]

patients' victuals and growling over juicy chop bones in dark corners, now, would it?"

"Hardly," replied Hicks coldly. "I must go now."

"Hold on a minute. I—I was wondering if you'd care to go to the movies this evening. It's my night off duty and—"

"Awfully sorry," said Hicks firmly. She had wiped Towser from her mind and meant to keep him wiped. "Sorry, but I promised Prossy I'd do something with her tonight. And besides—I don't feel very well—haven't for several days." This last, at least, was the truth.

"What's the matter?"

"Stomach ache all the time."

"It's the damned gluey food they give us," pronounced the big young man. "Take a good cleaning out tonight and you'll be O. K. in the morning. Well—sorry you can't come. And say, Hicksey, is this straight about your leaving us?"

"Absolutely, doctor. Just as soon as I come off this case. But I really must go in now, please."

"Humph!" commented Towers. He seemed on the point of elaborating. But he changed his mind and watched the girl enter the baby room without a word. Going down in the elevator his boyish face wore an abstracted frown.

As he stepped out into the corridor of the sixth floor he ran into Miss Finlay. He brightened visibly.

"Hello, Flo. How about taking in a picture tonight?"

"I should be delighted, doctor," replied the perfect nurse with her best air of on-duty decorum.

"Fine," said young Towers, squeezing the perfect elbow approvingly. "I'll wait for you at the north entrance."

NOW, Dr. Towers was not a scatter-love. He was just a normal young man recovering from a rebuff with normal male celerity. Many's the frump girl who has astonishingly found herself married because some other and lovelier girl has said no. Which, perhaps, is as well, since it tends to preserve the fecund average of humanity.

The little brown nurse came out of the north entrance that evening, too. She saw the big young doctor waiting, and she guessed whom he was waiting for, and she smiled very brightly as she passed him.

Then she hurried painfully home to her apartment. Her stomach ache had come on again, and she felt quite wretched and blue. Prossy put her to bed and gave her a hot-water bag and some soda bicarb—which didn't do any good—and a goodly dose of castor oil—which did.

But along toward morning Hicksey woke up with a really severe pain. The good Prossy poked her ruthlessly in the abdomen.

"I believe you got a hot appendix," she announced with a sigh. "God knows how we'll pay the rent if you have to lay off this month. Get on your clothes, dearie, and we'll go right over to the ward."

They found a night-owl taxi and drove four blocks to the hospital. Young Stevens, junior house officer, and very proud of his responsibility, poked her more ruthlessly, took her temperature—and confirmed Miss Flynn's diagnosis.

"ACUTE, all right," he pronounced with the finality of youth. "But I guess you'll hold for a couple of hours. I'll bulletin you for first operation—subject to the chief's confirmation after he's seen you."

"Oh, hell!" murmured Hicksey fretfully. "I ought to go on at seven. Who'll they give my fat lady to?"

"Forget it," rasped the Flynn. And then, to the junior house man, who was easily half her age and had fully a tenth of her experience, "How about a hypo for her right now, doctor?"

"Sure. Come out to the desk and I'll fix you up."

Two hours later, scrubbed and robed, the little brown nurse lay and waited on the table where she had seen so many patients lie and wait. It all seemed so familiar that she found it hard to believe that it was she who was to be operated on. She was not afraid, because she was pleasantly dopey with morphia, and because she had a professional nonchalance toward an appendectomy—even on herself. Unless, of course, it had ruptured—but she tried to keep her mind off that.

The Great One lumbered in, gowned and ready, flexing and suppling his rubber-gloved fingers as was his practice before the first operation of each day. He had already seen the girl downstairs. Now he scarcely acknowledged her—she was no longer a nurse, she was a patient!

"Well, Miss Hicks," he rumbled absent-mindedly. "Guess you won't leave us the end of the week, after all—what?" And then, irritably, "Where the devil's Towers?"

Dr. Towers, breathing a little quickly because he was thirty seconds late, emerged from the wash room, hastily adjusting his mask. He had just come on duty. He did not know the identity of the first patient on the schedule.

The Great One frowned a good morning. Then he looked at the patient on the table. There was a sardonic gleam in his eye as he leaned over and whispered:

"How'd you like to have Towser take it out for you?"

"I'd adore it," smiled the girl, and snuggled her face contentedly into the gas cone just as her dear old lady had done.

Dr. Towers came around the foot of the table. He had not yet seen the patient. The Great One stepped back, and spoke offhandedly:

"You can do this appendectomy if you like, doctor."

Towers flushed gratefully.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

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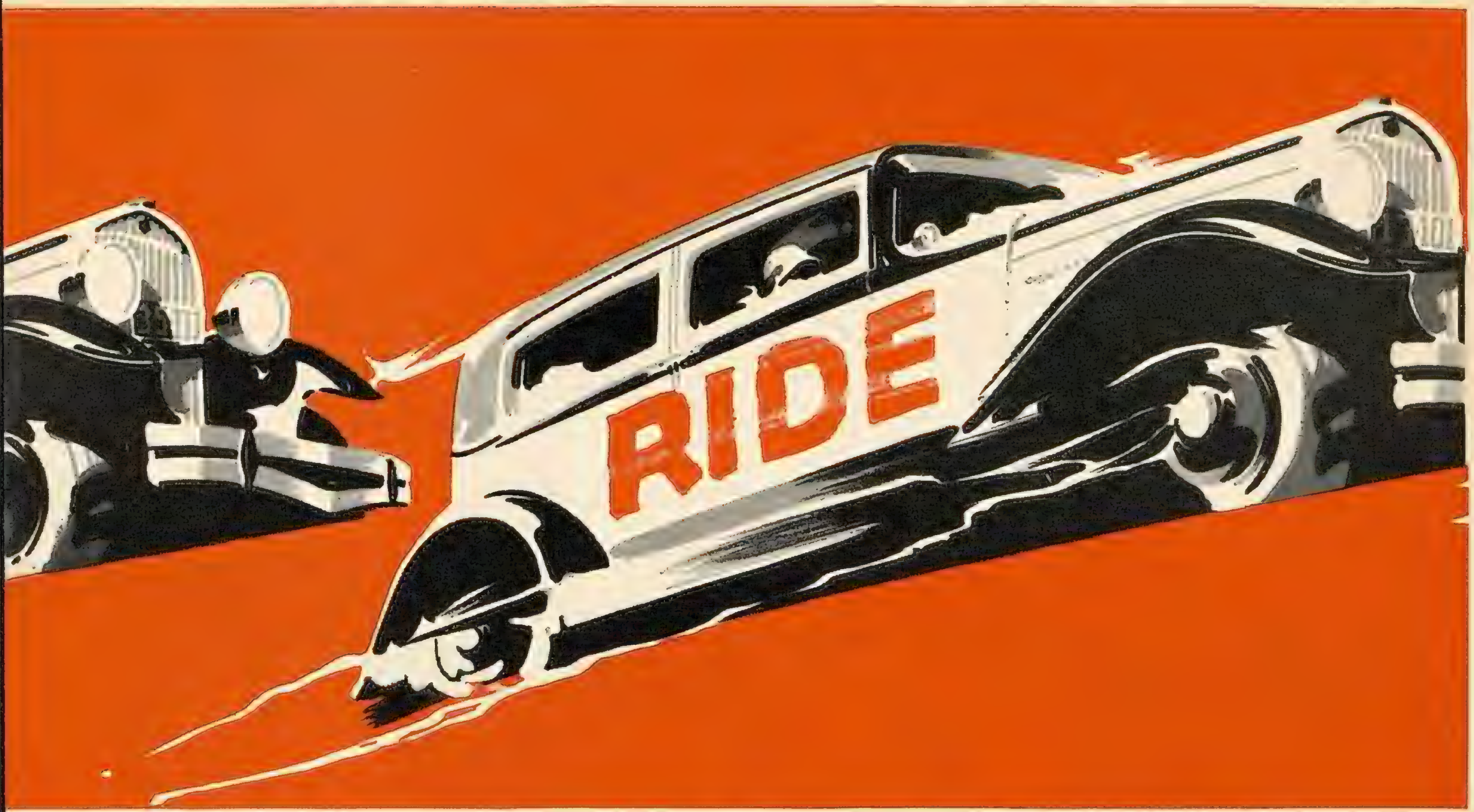

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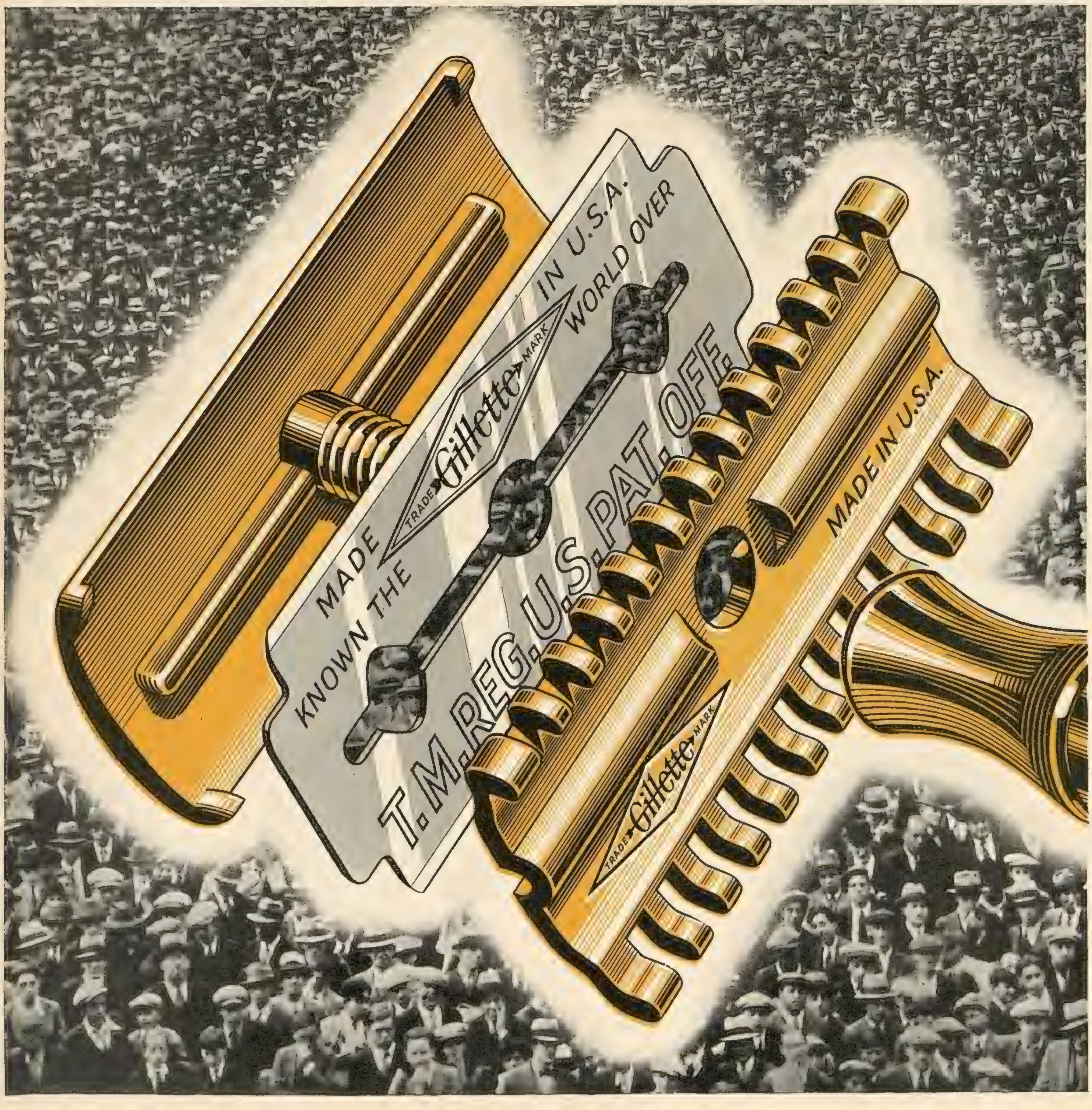
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

"Thank you, doctor." He glanced casually at the small brown face muffled under the cone—and caught his breath sharply. Then he selected a scalpel from the instrument tray which overhung the operating table.

"Oh, it's the little Hicks, is it?" he asked coolly. "I rather thought yesterday she was in for trouble."

Some three weeks later the little brown nurse was perched on a high stool in the laboratory. She had not left the hospital when she was discharged as a patient, because she wanted to earn a few weeks' pay. She and Prossy needed it for the rent. And the Great One, guessing her need and knowing that she was not yet strong enough for active nursing, had put her back at her old job of staining slides and making blood counts and doing urinalyses and Wassermanns and all the rest of it.

It was quiet and restful in the laboratory, and a good part of the time she could sit down at her work. Perversely enough she missed seeing the other nurses and the doctors—even the irascible Kramer. She had not laid eyes on the Great One since she got out of bed. As for Towers, he had dropped in on her in a perfunctory way several times. But each time he had stayed only a moment: he had seemed nervous and ill at ease and not at all his boyish and bantering self.

Today she felt depressed. One week more and she would be gone for good. She poured a few drops of gentian violet stain on a glass slide and held it listlessly over the flame of the Bunsen burner. The door of the laboratory opened and Dr. Towers came in hurriedly. He moved nervously and his eyes were excited, and he closed the door firmly behind him.

"LISTEN, Hicksey! Two things—two big things!"

"Yes?" asked Hicks evenly. But she felt an answering excitement.

"First: Kramer's leaving—going out on his own—and the Great One is taking me on as his assistant. What do you know! I'm made, I tell you—made! Eight thou' a year to begin with!"

"Oh! How perfectly wonderful!" exclaimed the little brown nurse with a rush of unreasoning happiness. "I'm so—so glad for you. Oh, it's too wonderful, Towser—but what's the other thing?"

"The other thing," answered the big young man—and his voice had lost its jubilant confidence—"the other thing is—well—as a matter of fact—I've been thinking of it for some time, but this new job has sort of brought it to a head, if you know what I mean. And—well—"

"For heaven's sake, say it!" laughed Hicks. "I'm all agog."

"Well—er—I'm thinking of getting married, d'you see?"

Hicks stopped laughing.

"Oh!—how perfectly wonderful, doctor!" It was at this point that the little brown nurse showed class: her tone was every whit as convincing as before. "I'm so—so glad for you. And, of course, I know who it is." She was a little white.

"Sure you know who it is." He was his irrepressible self again. "Well—will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Will you marry me?"

Now, we need not follow the argument in detail. At the end of ten minutes the little brown nurse had hopelessly ruined a slide by dropping two large and happy tears upon it.

"Please, Towser," she said after a while. "You'll hurt my appendix. I—I wonder if I've got adhesions."

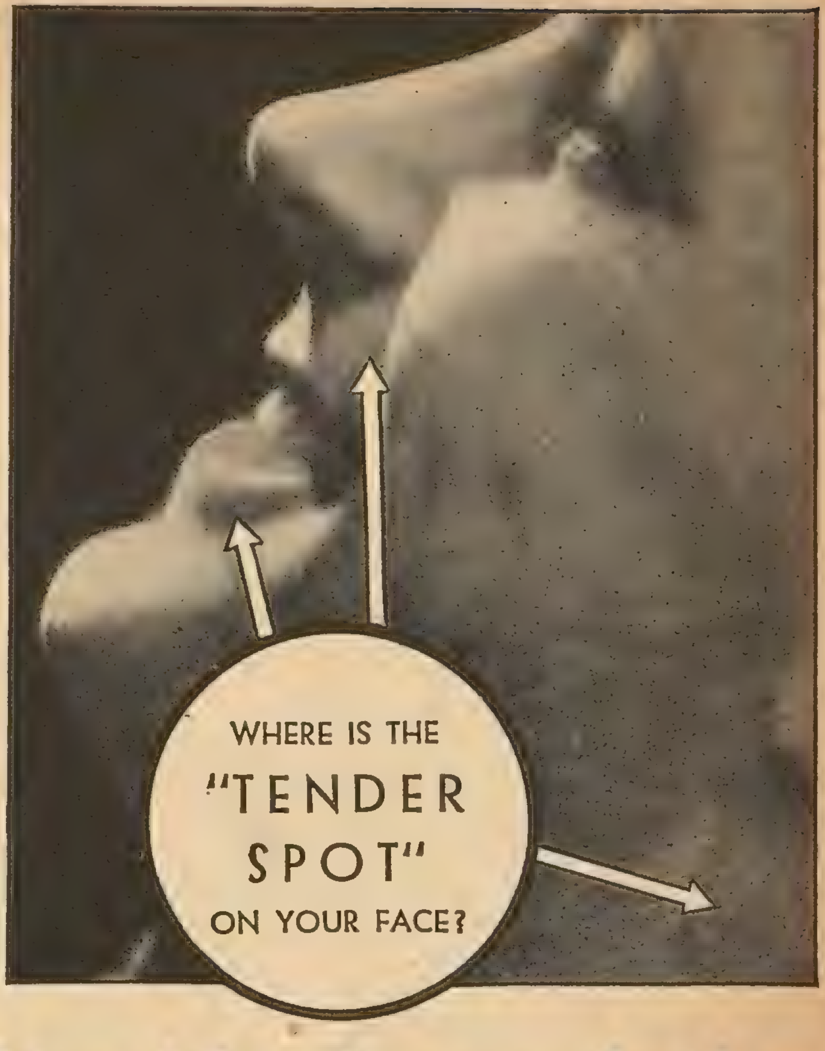
"Adhesions be damned!" growled the big young man. "Let's go out to lunch and tell the world—what?"

Going down in the elevator they met the perfect nurse. The perfect nurse was beaming and her Ziegfeldian-lovely eyes were alight with triumph.

"I'm leaving the hospital very soon," she announced. "I'm going to marry my rich patient just as soon as he can get a divorce."

"Oh, how nice!" murmured the little brown nurse. "And I'm going to marry Towser just as soon as he can get a license."

THE END



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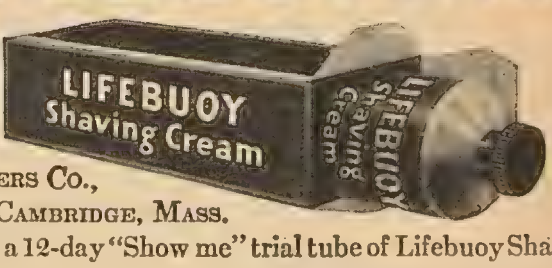

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The Dear Dead Table dHôte Days

A Menu from Old Chicago

Orchestration
by

ROBERT BENCHLEY

who in 1885, when this menu was printed, was minus four years old. Since then, besides being born, being graduated from Harvard, and working, as he calls it laughingly, on Boston and New York newspapers, he has achieved fame as a humorist—both in print and in monologues featured in the Music Box Revue—and as a dramatic critic, nowadays, on the New Yorker.

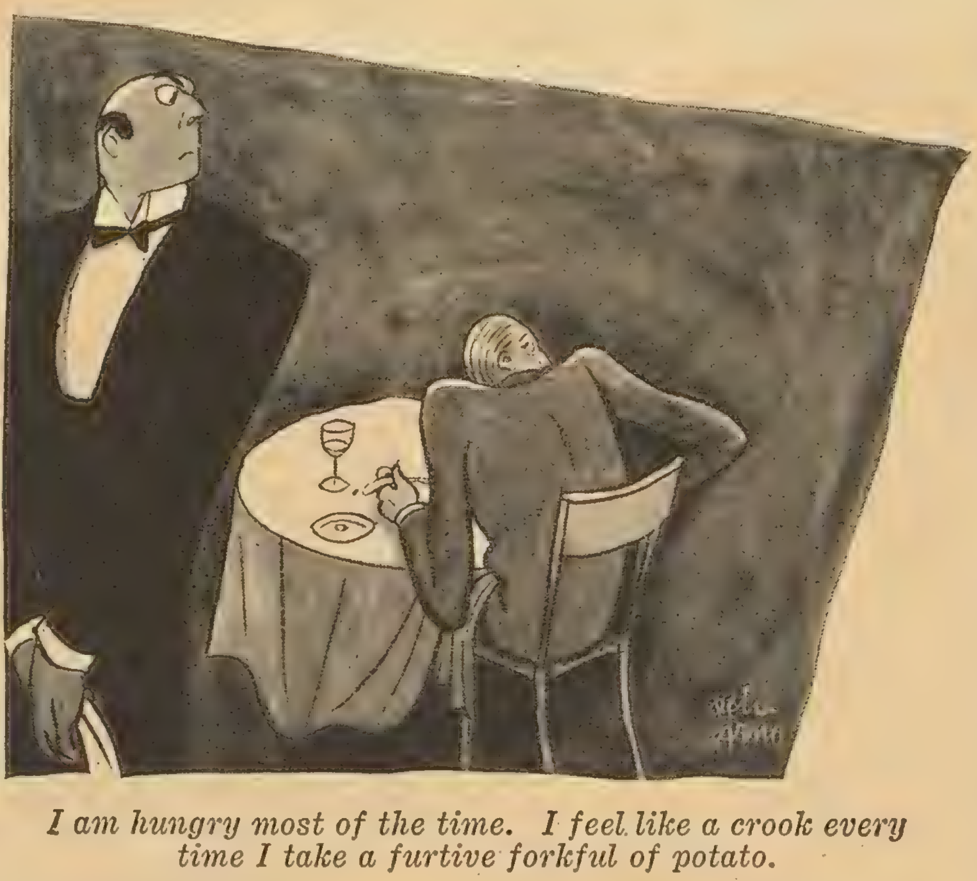
Pictures by PETER ARNO

I REALIZE as well as anybody that to talk about dieting at this late date is like discussing whether or not the polka causes giddiness or arguing about the merits of the coaster brake on a bicycle. Dieting, as such, is no longer a subject for conversation.

But the whole question has been brought to my mind with a fresh crash by the finding of an old menu among my souvenirs (several of the souvenirs I cannot quite make out—even if I knew what they were, I can see no reason for having saved them), an old menu of a Christmas dinner dispensed to the guests of a famous Chicago hotel in the year 1885. I was not exactly in a position to be eating a dinner like this in 1885, but some of my kind relatives had saved it for my torture in 1930. If you don't mind, I would like to quote a few of the more poetic passages.

The dinner was, of course, table d'hôte. When you bought a dinner in those days, you bought a *dinner*. None of this skimming over the card and saying, "I don't see anything I want. Just bring me an alligator pear salad." If you couldn't see anything you wanted on one of the old-fashioned table d'hôte menus, you just couldn't *see*, that's all.

This particular menu went out of its way. Even for 1885 it must have represented quite a snack. As I look at it today, I can only stand, hat in hand, and bow my head in reverence for the imagination, as well as the capacity, of that earlier day. Listen:



I am hungry most of the time. I feel like a crook every time I take a furtive forkful of potato.

AFTER the customary blue points and soup, with a comparatively meager assortment of fish (just a stuffed black bass and boiled salmon), we find a choice of broiled leg of mountain sheep or wild turkey. This is just as a starter. The boys didn't get down to business until the roast. There are thirty-six choices among the roasts. Among the more distinguished names listed were:

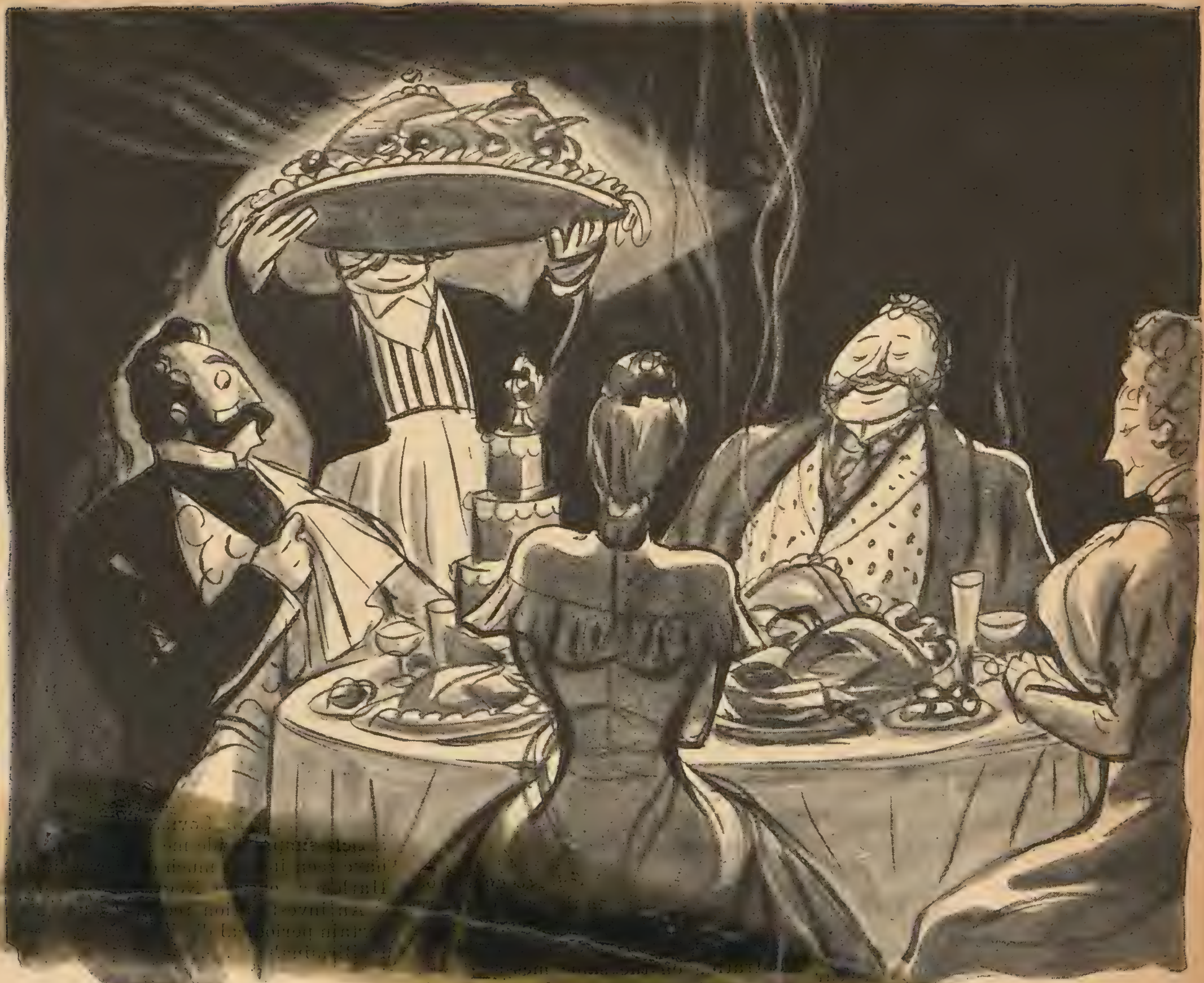
Leg of moose, loin of elk, cinnamon bear, black-tail deer, loin of venison, saddle of antelope [the National Geographic Society evidently did the shopping for meat in behalf of this hotel], opossum, black bear, and then the duck.

The duck will have to have a paragraph all by itself. In fact, we may have to build a small house for it. When this chef came to the duck, he just threw his apron over his head and said: "I'm going crazy, boys—don't stop me!" He had canvasback duck, wood duck, butterball duck, brant, mallard duck, blue-winged teal, spoonbill duck, sage hen, green-winged teal, and pintail duck, to say nothing of partridge, quail, plover, and some other of the cheap birds.

I AM not quite sure what a sage hen is, and I doubt very much if I should have ordered it on that Christmas Day, but *some*body thought enough of it to go out and snare two or three just in case, and it seems to me that this is the spirit that has made America what it is today. (And what is that?)

So, after toying with all the members of the duck family except decoys and clay pigeons, the diner of 1885 cast his eye down the card to what were called "Broiled," a very simple, honest name for what followed. Teal duck (evidently one of the teal ducks from the roast column slipped down into the broiled and liked it so well that it stayed), ricebirds, marsh birds, sand snipe, reedbirds, blackbirds, and red-winged starling. One wonders why there were no ruby-throated grosbeaks or Baltimore orioles, but probably the dinner was sort of an impromptu affair with guests taking potluck on whatever happened to be in the house.

By this time you would have supposed that they had used up all the birds within a radius of 3,000 miles of Chicago, leaving none to wake people up in the morning. But no. Among the entrées they must have a fillet of pheasant *financière*, which certainly must have come as a surprise to the dinner parties and tasted good after all that broiled pheasant and roast pheasant. Nothing goes so good after a broiled pheasant as a good fillet of pheasant *financière*. And, in case you didn't want that, there were also cutlets of antelope with mushroom sauce, stewed squirrel with dumplings, and opossum with a nice purée of sweet potatoes. (I suppose you think it is fun to sit here and write these names out, and before lunch at that.)



Even for 1885 it must have represented quite a snack. They didn't get down to business until the roast.

There then seemed to have come over the chef a feeling that he wasn't quite doing the right thing by his guests. Oh, it had been all right up to this point, but he hadn't really shown what he could do. So he got up a team of what he called "ornamental dishes," and when he said "ornamental" I rather imagine he meant "ornamental." They probably had to be brought in by the town fire department and eaten standing on a ladder. Playing left end for the "ornamental dishes" we find a pyramid of wild turkey in aspic. Perhaps you would like to stop right there. If you did you would miss the aspic of lobster Queen Victoria, and you couldn't really be said to have dined unless you had had aspic of lobster Queen Victoria. I rather imagine that it made quite an impressive ornamental dish—that is, if it looked anything like Queen Victoria, who was a very fine-looking woman.

THEN, in a little group all by itself (after the pâté of prairie chicken, liver *royale,* and boned duck *à la* Bellevue), comes a strange throwback to the old days at the top of the menu, including boned partridge, snipe, duck (how simple just the word "duck" looks after all we have been through), and wild turkey. There seem to have been a lot of the birds who couldn't find places among the roasts and broils and so just took anything they could get down at the bottom of the card.

It is doubtful if many patrons, by the time they got down to this section, did much with quail or duck again. It is doubtful if they ever wanted to see the names in print again.

Now the question arises—what did people look like after they had eaten a dinner like that? Were people in 1885 so much fatter than those of us today who go around nibbling at bits of pineapple and drinking sips of sauerkraut juice? I personally don't remember, but it doesn't seem that people were so much worse off in those days. At any rate, they had a square meal once in a while.

I AM not a particularly proud man and it doesn't make an awful lot of difference to anyone whether I am fat or not. But as I don't like to run out of breath when I stoop over to tie my shoes, I try to follow the various bits of advice which people give me in the matter of diet. As a result, I get very little to eat, and am cross and hungry most of the time. I feel like a crook every time I take a furtive forkful of potato, and once, after sneaking a piece of hot bread, I was on the verge of giving myself up to the police as a dangerous character.

Now, all this must be a wrong attitude to take toward life. Surely there are more noble aspects (aspect of lobster Queen Victoria, for instance) than that of a man who is afraid to take a piece of bread. I am going to get some photographs of people in 1885 and give quite a lot of study to finding out whether they were very much heavier than people today. If I find that they weren't, I am going to take that menu of the Chicago Christmas dinner and get some chef, or organization of chefs, to duplicate it.

The worst that can happen to me after eating it will be that I drop dead.

Some further observations from Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Vox

This Telepathy Business

New Orleans, La. — Referring to your article, "What About Telepathy?" by James Archibald, in which the writer asks to hear from marines who served in Haiti, I want to have my say.

I served in Haiti over two years and have studied telepathy for about twelve years. Even the most commonplace events of the day showed the use of this "art" by the natives. Since I have checked and tested these occurrences repeatedly, I cannot call them coincidences.

To the average Haitian the U. S. A. consists of New York. Yet I have had many of them describe in detail events that happened to my friends and relatives in my home surroundings, that were unbelieved by me, yet carefully "logged" and always verified by the next mail. There were things, too, that were told me that were yet to happen, and they did happen just about on the dates foretold, and exactly as described.

My brother and I have used telepathy for years. Have had not one, but a thousand instances where thought was transferred over hundreds of miles.—*Ex-Marine.*

Hampton, Va. — Have just finished reading Mr. James F. J. Archibald's article on telepathy in which he mentions thought transference as possibly being used among the natives of Haiti.

Having just completed a seven-year tour of duty in that country, five of which were with the native constabulary, I believe I can throw some light upon that subject. [illegible]

There is no doubt among Americans who have spent any time in the interior of Haiti that there are means by which the natives rapidly and accurately communicate with each other over widely separated regions. Several solutions have been offered as to methods used.

One is that signals are broadcast by use of the voodoo drum, a hollowed log of about three feet in length and tapered at one end, the other end being covered with a tightly stretched goatskin. Anyone who has heard its weird sound breaking the stillness of a tropical night can readily agree that communication by this method is possible. This drum can be heard for miles.

Another method of quick communication is by use of a person known as a "galli-porte" in the vernacular. This person is an incredibly swift runner who is familiar with all short trails through the jungles and can cover a large area in a very short time.

Still another method is by signaling with what is known as a "lombie" or conch shell. This lombie is blown with the mouth and has a loud, penetrating sound similar to the bugle. Different sized shells emit different tones.

Frequently I have started out to inspect a remote, isolated outpost in the interior without previously stating my intentions of doing so, and have arrived to find the detachment spick and span and drawn up in line for inspection—and there was no apparent means of communication.

Many strange tales can be told of the natives of the interior of Haiti, and experiences which one encounters in the interior later seem incredible. But I do not believe that thought transference has ever been suggested in connection with the Haitian.—*Eugene Martin, Sergeant, U. S. Marines.*

Cincinnati, O.—In Mr. Archibald's discussion of telepathy, he takes the same attitude as the majority of those who have shown an interest and a halfway belief in this subject. He assumes that communication of thought without speech or writing is sporadic. This attitude is unfortunate. Quite the opposite is true.

Any human, regardless of race or education, can transmit or receive a thought wave. Furthermore, distance is no barrier. Anybody can prove this to his own satisfaction, with a little patience.

Undisturbed concentration on the part of the transmitter, and freedom from disturbing thought on the part of the receiver, are the only requirements. Mass transmission, consisting of several concentrating on the same message, is of great assistance at first, but can be dispensed with after practice.

The theory of telepathy is simple. Thought requires the expenditure of energy. All forms of energy are vibratory. Thought is therefore vibratory, and a certain amount of this energy is radiated.

Telepathy is merely thought induction impressed upon the brain receiving the message. In times of mental stress, this radiation is particularly powerful. This accounts for the phenomena described by Mr. Archibald. — *E. W. Roberts, M. D.*

Actually?

Seattle, Wash.—I am most amused to note, from your Vox Pop Department, that some of your readers have actually taken seriously your clever burlesque by Edward Doherty. I thought "The Diamond Eye" was the cleverest take-off I have ever read. It added a real note of sophistication to your magazine.—*Victor Jones.*

Maybe It's Dying Anyway

Gary, Ind. — Your editorial, "Wet and Dry Publishers," was very well written.

If a few more of our leading publications had more courage and less hypocrisy the Volstead Act would soon die of gangrene.—*Arnold E. Heeter.*

For Mr. Leech

Birmingham, Ala.—"Are Peace Bugs Talking Us Into the Next War?"

I wish to congratulate the intelligence of Harper Leech, the author of this article, and also to commend you for your bravery in printing the picture showing the clergy talking peace and secretly plotting war.

It is an historical fact that more wars have come from the manipulations of religion than all other causes.—*B. M. H.*

New York, N. Y.—I have read with much interest Mr. Harper Leech's article about high wages paid to day laborers in the United States as compared with wages in Europe.

Permit me to point out that it is not a question of the actual wages paid, but of how much these wages will buy. It is true that bricklayers in Austria receive $1.39 a day, but they live in clean model tenements provided by the government and day laborers here live in filthy tenements.

A few years ago a weekly magazine published an article about the awful overcrowding in Soviet Russia. This article simply made me smile, because I have seen just as much overcrowding in Harlem among the Negroes.

An investigation recently made by a certain periodical disclosed the fact that in Birmingham a day laborer in one of the steel companies received eighteen dollars a week.

He, his wife, and their ten children lived in two rooms. Their food was dry bread and pork.

Bricklayers in Germany earn $1.84 a day, but look at all that is done for them. They have unemployment insurance, health insurance, and old-age pensions. Twelve dollars and fifty-six cents seems a large daily wage, but our workers do not get it every day. And they have no insurance to carry them past dull seasons.—*Lucy P. Eastman.*

"Fare East" Seen from the West

Imola, Calif.—Fiction that brings pleasure! That's what I like to read. Fiction full of life and punch and color. And I surely got it when I read "Fare East," by Gerald Mygatt.

A story keen as a Toledo blade, colorful as a Colorado sunset, swift as the flight of a Lindbergh.

Look at the characters! A lovely girl marooned in Nevada; her neighbors, a picturesque old miner and a picturesque young mining superintendent. People that appeal to the imagination!

A good clean story, too. Refreshing in these degenerate days when there's so much fiction that's nothing more than the acme of vulgarity, decorated with obscenity.

Great reading, brother! Give us some more of the same.—*Western Reader.*

Pop

Well, Hair Styles Change Fast

Fort Worth, Tex.—Why don't J. M. Clement get next to himself? In his illustrations for "Smoke Screen," appearing in the March 22 issue, Sally appears on the scene of the fire with her hair parted on the left side. Just a few minutes later, while in the house after the discovery of the woman's body, her hair is parted on the right side.

Either Mr. Clement is inclined to disregard detail, or Sally took advantage of that woman's prerogative to do a little primping, and on quick decision (while the fire was still raging) concluded that she didn't like her hair parted on the left side, and proceeded to alter her coiffure.

I don't want to have to speak about things like this again.—*S. B. C.*

You Win

Knoxville, Tenn.—Are they or aren't they?

That is, does some member of Liberty's staff write all the Vox Pop letters, or are they really written by Vox Poppers?

I have a friend who bets me they are fictitious, while I insist that they are not. Which of us is right?

If this one is published I win five dollars, otherwise I don't.—*Mary [illegible]*

Mr. Sutherland Thanks You

Atlanta, Ga.—Liberty's decision to publish another series of real life mysteries like those of last year was a wise one.

Sidney Sutherland must be congratulated for his fine work in the second of the series, "The Mystery of the Underworld King." Mr. Sutherland stated the facts of this baffling mystery clearly and concisely, and at the conclusion of his well written article had the reader curious to know just who did end Diamond Jim Colosimo's life.

This article had more real drama than many fiction stories.

Mr. Sutherland's first mystery on Sacco and Vanzetti was highly entertaining, also. He revealed many facts about this sensational murder case that I (and I'll wager many others) did not know of. Therefore, besides being interesting, the mysteries are instructive. —*Eugene Gillespie.*

Untimely End of a Career as a Servant

St. Louis, Mo.—Your article, "My Maid—Impossible Female," by Grace Robinson, infuriated me. Not because it presented the servant in an unfavorable light, but because it was a repetition of the only viewpoint that has ever been presented: the employer's viewpoint. No one has ever yet come forward and told the servant's side of it.

Because none of the servants have been reporters on New York papers, or interviewed the Prince of Wales, or murdered a policeman, they couldn't get anybody to listen even if they tried to tell what a despicable life it is.

Besides, who cares what a servant thinks? Who cares that she is regarded not as a person but as a creature, an animal? Who cares that domestic service is the most hateful, most disgusting, most obnoxious calling in the whole category of occupations?

I have engaged in the pursuit of "cook and general housework," and, believe me, I would hang myself, I would take poison, I would cut my throat from ear to ear before I would go back to that detestable slavery.—*Cynic.*

You Mean You'll Steal It?

New York, N. Y.—The price of your magazine is exorbitant—especially so because it is so small.

The next time I buy Liberty—I don't. —*R. S. W.*

Try Marriage Once; It Gives You Something to Think About

Pensacola, Fla.—What I want to register this brainstorm against is this [illegible] in Salina, Kan., who signed her missive, "Pretty, Eighteen, and [illegible]."

[illegible] particular and the rest in general who wrote Vox Pop letters derogatory of a member of my sex.

You girls kind of got on your high horses, didn't you? Well, let me tell you something. I've been single now for going on twenty-six years and while I ain't exactly handsome, I am presentable, and have some natural . . . Well, what's the use of going into all that? Anyway, I could have been married at least twenty times already.

I ain't got nothing particular against the female of the species except that they will nag a man cookoo. I have a habit of thinking once in a while, and I have never been able to locate a woman who could stand to see a man sit down and think.

They want to know what's the matter, have you got dyspepsia, does your head hurt, are you worried, do you feel sick at your stummick—questions which would drive me nuts inside two months.

Believe it or not, that is one of the main reasons why I have never hitched up to the matrimonial gocart.—*W. S. Brady.*

Go to the Head of the Class

Chicago, Ill.—There are just three things I read in Liberty—the first page, the last page, and all the pages in between.

Tell all those Vox Poppers who are all the time kicking, that I said they sound like they were sent for and couldn't come, and got there and weren't wanted. —*Milly.*

Desperate Situation in the Nation's Capital

Baltimore, Md.—There was a letter in Vox Pop page recently from a woman in Washington, D. C., whining for a man and criticizing other married women in hopes she would make a hit with the opposite sex.

Well, I know Washington. I lived there, worked there, married there, and got a Washington man for a hubby. All the Vox Pop readers do not know the conditions that exist in the capital city. I believe that if some men knew how soft and spineless many of the women there are, the male population would suddenly increase.

There are 75,000 women, unmarried, looking for a husband. They have good jobs and are so crazy for a man that they will work for him, and fight for him regardless of what he is, or looks like. This is the honest truth. The situation is desperate.

I have a very good sound mind and know that women want to be loved and should be. As I said before, there are thousands of them there.

Now, men, here is your chance!—*Mrs. Catherine Miekom.*

Dry Logic

Mount Holly, N. C.—On his would-be funny page in Liberty dated March 1[illegible], Ralph Barton unintentionally afforded an unanswerable argument in favor of the enforcement of the prohibition laws in his picture of 1,300 graves of persons killed through the attempt to enforce prohibition during the last ten years.

Mr. Barton did not tell the whole story of what has happened during these fateful ten years. He does not know all or he would be less funny over a most gruesome situation. He did not refer to drunken auto drivers and their awful wrecks, the men who sat in the electric chair or dangled from a rope, and the disgrace and misery these fellows brought upon wives, children, or friends.

Nor did he even hint at the sorrow of wives, children, homes, or communities that had unwillingly felt the weight of the curse: the tears, the heartaches, and heartbreaks.

Like all other wets, he charges all this crime and misery up to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. That would be funny if it were not so terribly serious and so absolutely ridiculous. His logic (?) proves too much, and therefore nothing. It would make all law the cause of all crime.—*George F. Robertson.*

Diagnosis

Chicago, Ill.—What's all this noise about Liberty being a rotten mag? There's only one thing wrong with it: the covers are too close together.—*A Lady from Chicago.*

"*If I were king, my pipe should be premier!*"

—W. E. HENLEY

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

Sage, friendly advisor, in great matters or small, how perfectly a good pipe fills that rôle! And Granger is the royal touch that has raised thousands of pipes from the ranks!

Pipes smoke cooler and cleaner because of the slow-burning Rough Cut. Sweeter, because Wellman's secret method mellows this choice ripe Burley to a king's taste!

Handy soft foil package, ten cents. Also packed in half-pound vacuum tins and one-pound humidors.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

A cooler smoke in a drier pipe!

GRANGER
PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER
GRANGER

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

"*Pour It All In*"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

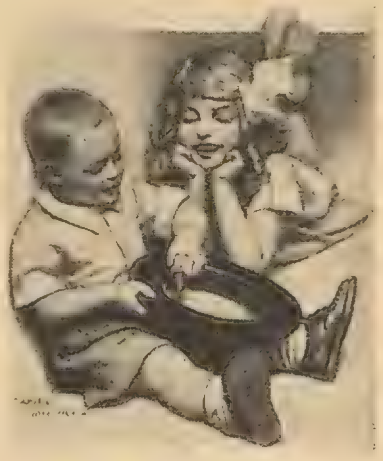
"REMEMBER, dear, that little children should be seen and not heard," Lil told Ulysses as she fluffed her new marten fur piece. "Play quietly and build mother something nice with your blocks."

"Something nice?" he asked, staring at her reflection in the mirror. "W'at's zat? W'at's zat? W'at's zat?" And he turned one ankle way over.

"Oh, a wall or a tower or a palace. Yes, you build a palace for mother. And when she gets home from the card party we'll move into the palace and hear fairy stories. Won't that be fun?"

She let him carry her purse to the door. Of course, they peeked inside—and, of course, they found a tiny lemon stick. U. ran to the window to wave good-by, and he had it steamed and smudged with candy before Lil reached the gate.

"Good-by!" she called, just making her lips move. She could hardly see him but she knew he was there with his nose squashed like a scone against the glass. "I hope he's breathing through his nose," she sighed, turning the corner. "If he isn't, he may have adenoids."



This week's cover picture.

"The cat's away!" A voice floated across the street. "The cat's away an' the mices play. Hurray!" It was Gwendolyn. She rushed headlong into U.'s front yard.

"A fire?" Nannie wondered, puffing to the door.

"Hello!" Gwen called, crossing over Nannie's big flat feet. "Where's—oh, here you are. Whatcha eatin'?"

"Candy 'tick," U. told her, swallowing.

"Tick? Only dogs have ticks. You must be a dog. Here, doggie, doggie, doggie!" She giggled. "I seen your mother go out. Show me round."

"Show both of yez to the nursery," Nannie ordered. "An' stay up there. You're trackin' mud on me good rugs. Beat it. D'you hear? Beat it!"

They beat it upstairs. They pressed their hands on the railing and heard them squeak. They rattled handles on bureau drawers. They switched lights on and off, off and on. They slammed doors.

"Which bureau is your father's?" Gwen asked in the big front bedroom. She'd reached in a desk and found a tube of glue and a red crayon.

U. pointed stupidly to Sandy's chiffonier.

She opened the third drawer, looked in, closed it. She opened the second drawer and dragged out a collar.

"See?" she asked, drawing a crooked row of red Xs on the gleaming surface. "When your father puts on this collar an' sees them marks, d'you know what'll happen? Nothin' much 'cept you'll get spanked!"

She dropped collar and crayon in the drawer, banged it, and hurried to the closet door.

"What d'you want?" U. whined, following.

"A hat," she said. "My father's good hat is in his closet. An', see! Your father's good hat is here! Oh gee, oh gee!" She'd opened a green hatbox—*and lifted out Sandy's new Easter derby.*

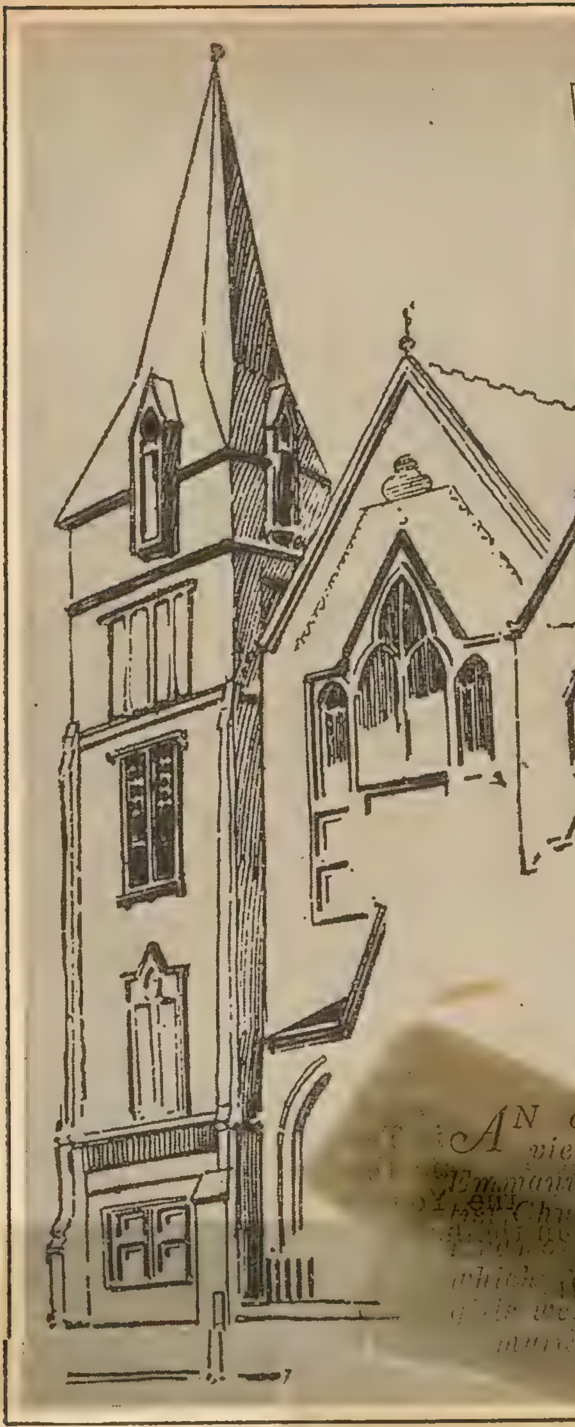
"Hat?" U. beamed. "Papa's hat."

"Sit down an' play," she directed. "Hold the glue—like this. Hold your papa's hat—like this." She was flat on her stomach on the floor. "It's your trick—isn't it fun? Pour it all in!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Easter)

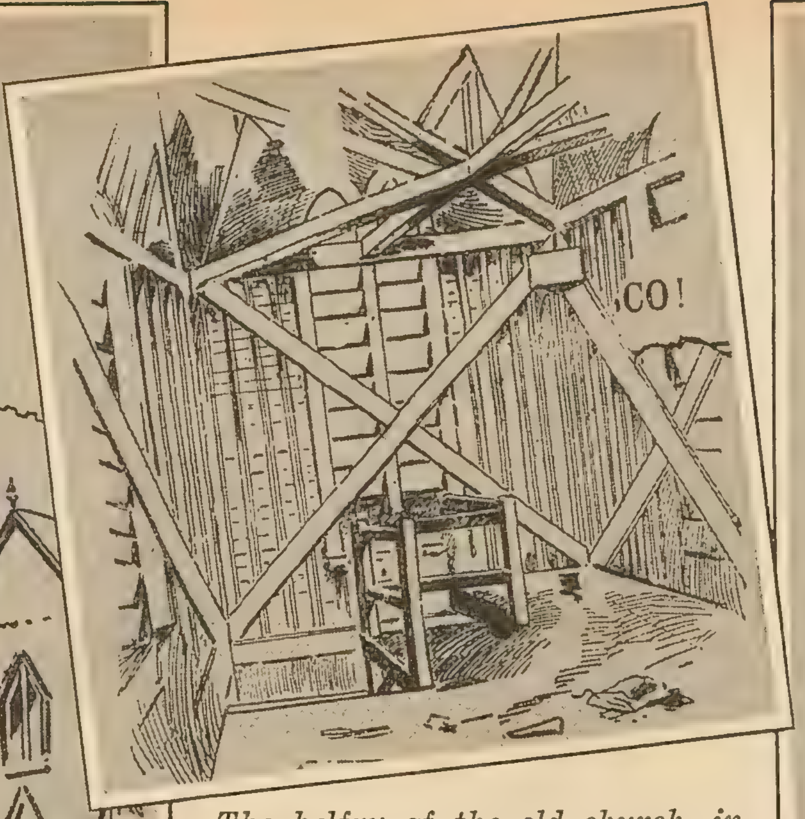
COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—a Columbia picture at your favorite movie theater



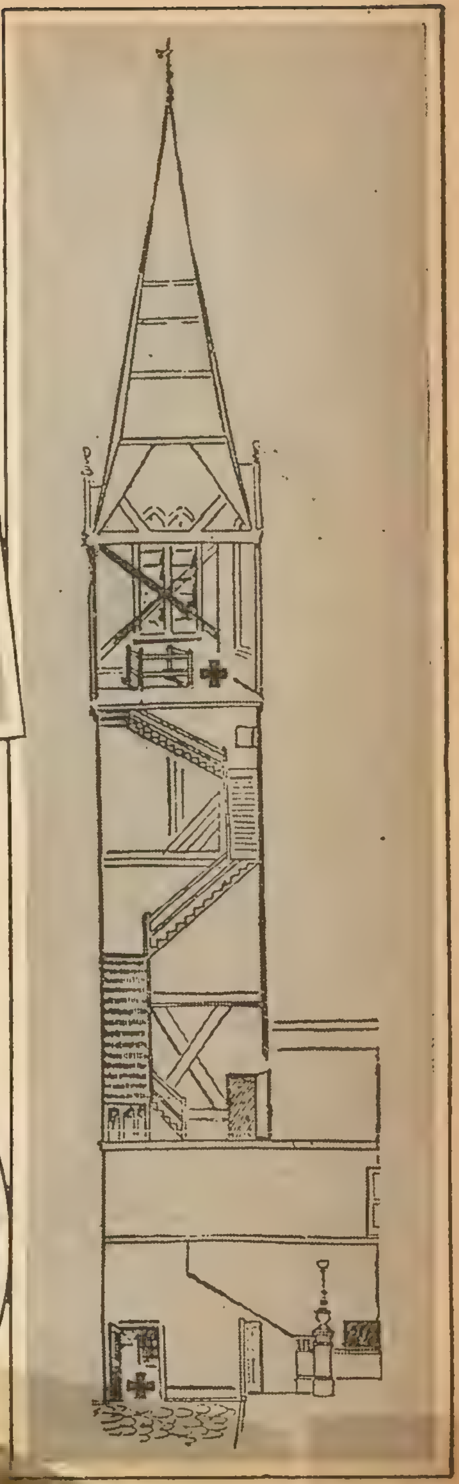
AN exterior view of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, San [illegible] which [illegible] two girls were found murdered.

San Francisco Examiner pictures



The belfry of the old church, in the tower, where Blanche Lamont's body was found.

Blanche Lamont, as a newspaper picture represented her.



The front elevation of the church tower: a sectional view. The spots where the bodies of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams were found are marked, respectively, [illegible] upper and lower crosses.

The Mystery of the Old Church Belfry

A Murder of Two Girls in 1895 that Still Puzzles California

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

EARLY in April, 1895, a young editor, not many years out of Harvard, sat studying a copy of the San Francisco Examiner, fresh from the presses. His father, a United States senator, had made the lad a gift of the journal.

William Randolph Hearst, then, glanced first, as a good editor does, at the front-page headlines—he was beginning to show the newspaper world what could be done with type on the front page—and then looked through the advertising columns. Buried among the classified ads under the heading of PERSONALS, his eye caught a two-line notice:

> Blanche: No matter what has happened come home to me. Maud.

Mr. Hearst reached toward his desk where lay the weekly file. The little ad had first appeared several days before. The publisher summoned his city editor and told him to have a reporter see if there wasn't a story hidden in the obscure, anonymous little personal.

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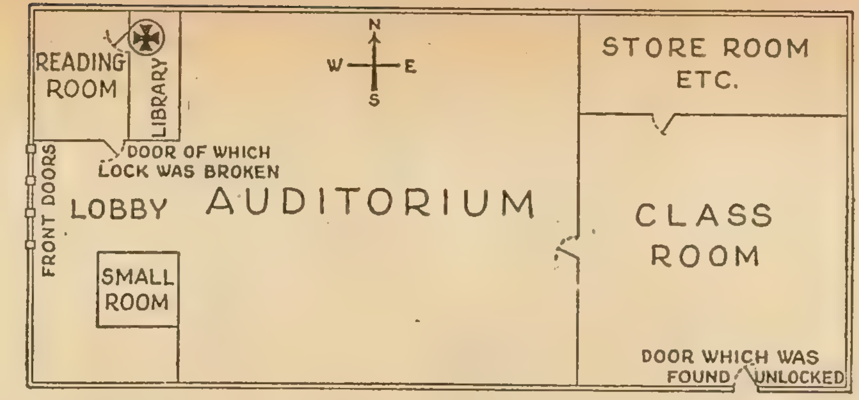
THE MYSTERY OF
THE OLD CHURCH BELFRY
Continued from page fifty-three



A main-floor plan of Emmanuel Baptist Church at the time of the murders. Where the cross appears, Minnie Williams' body was discovered. The belfry was directly above.

San Francisco Examiner photos

William Henry Theodore Durrant and Minnie Williams, from contemporary newspaper pictures.

There was. One of the most extraordinary murder stories that ever thrilled a nation with horror; a story which to this day, more than a third of a century later, still agitates the good citizens of California, no two of whom seem able to agree on how Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams were killed, and whether the real culprit was punished or escaped. The main characters in the drama were the two girls and William Henry Theodore Durrant. Of almost equal importance was the Rev. Dr. John George Gibson.

Blanche Lamont was born in Rockford, Illinois, in 1874. Her father, David R. Lamont, took his wife, their four daughters, and a son to Butte, Montana, when Blanche was a young girl. Mr. Lamont became a bank cashier and later was postmaster at Dillon.

Because of the severe winters the mother and children returned to Rockford. Blanche attended Rockford Seminary, and upon her graduation they all went back to Montana. Mr. Lamont died in 1893, and the girls went to work. To fit herself better for teaching, Blanche went to San Francisco in September, 1894, to live with her aunt, Mrs. Tryphena Noble, and the latter's husband, Charles G. Noble. Maud, a younger sister, soon joined her. They lived in what is known as the Mission District.

Blanche attended the Normal School on Powell street, and Principal Yoder said later that she was not particularly bright, but seemed emotional, easy-going, and genial.

IN the [illegible] Blanche [illegible]-one years [illegible] was five feet [illegible] tall and weighed [illegible] pounds. Her eyes were large and brown, her complexion clear, and her long hair was beautifully auburn. She carried her schoolbooks in a leather strap and wore a topaz ring and a gold ring with a chip diamond in it.

Blanche had been active in Emmanuel Baptist Church on Bartlett Street, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets, near her home. She was a violinist in the choir.

The Examiner reporter found she had disappeared on Wednesday, April 3. Chief of Detectives I. W. Lees got busy. He learned that Blanche was last seen at 3 P. M. as she left the school with three girls. They said she met a young man and with him boarded a street car. They agreed he was about twenty-five years of age, was short and stockily built, and wore a small mustache. They had noticed him because a school rule forbade girls to have male escorts to or from classes.

Marian Elora Williams (called Minnie) was twenty-one years old at this time, slender, frail, shy, and very pretty. Her father, A. E. Williams, worked for a photographer in the Mission District. He had left his wife, and the girl had gone to work as a maid and companion in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clark H. Morgan in Alameda, across San Francisco Bay. She also attended Emmanuel Church, near her early home.

THE Morgans were moving to Tacoma, and Minnie was going with them. She left her home at two o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, April 12. Her plan was to visit a family named Voy in the Mission District for several days, and then join the Morgans in Tacoma. When she bade Mrs. Morgan good-by she said that that night she was going to a meeting of the Young People's Society, or Christian Endeavor, in the home of Thomas A. Vogel, a deacon of her church.

Minnie crossed on the ferry and reached San Francisco, presumably, about 2:30 o'clock. She arrived at the Voy home about five. Nobody knows where she was in the interim. She seemed blithe and care-free, and after supper she helped Mrs. Voy with the dishes. At eight o'clock she left for the Vogel home. She was not again seen alive.

Theodore Durrant was born in Toronto, Canada, on April 24, 1871. When he was a baby his parents took him and his little sister Maud to Los Angeles. In 1879 they moved to San Francisco, where Mr. Durrant got a job in a shoe factory. Theodore was then eight and Maud was four.

Though they were lowly people, there was a strong friendship between them and Adolph Sutro, mayor of San Francisco and member of one of the richest and most distinguished families in the state. It was said that Mayor Sutro's friendship was responsible for the subsequent ability of the Durrant family to raise the funds to finance Maud's musical education abroad and the costly murder trial of her brother.

Durrant, in 1895, was five feet five and one-half inches tall. He had bold gray eyes, a shock of brown hair, a concave nose, a

$10,000 for the Best Solutions of TEN REAL LIFE MYSTERIES

THE Mystery of the Old Church Belfry is the fifth of ten stories of famous crimes and mysteries about which I am writing in my new $10,000 mystery contest series. Here, for the first time, the principal characters and known facts, clews, and motives are being mobilized and related in complete stories.

Everybody loves to find his own solution to an answerless riddle—and it will be much more entertaining to be paid real money for reaching a solution! Liberty therefore is going to give its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten puzzles. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, decide for yourself what happened, and mail your conclusions to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

It isn't necessary that you be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to Liberty. Everyone is eligible except employees of Liberty and their relatives. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. A limit of 500 words is suggested but not required.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your entry. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, all solutions of each mystery must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story concerning it is completed. Names of winners will be published as soon as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

rugged jaw line, and a little mustache. He weighed about 135 pounds. A graduate of high school and a medical student at Cooper College, Durrant was intensely active in the affairs of Emmanuel Church. It was there he met Blanche and Minnie.

He played the guitar, banjo, and mandolin; was secretary of the Christian Endeavor and assistant Sunday-school superintendent. He didn't smoke or drink or swear. He was also bugler in the signal corps of the state National Guard. He was fond of being around young women, but only one of them ever was to say that he had been "forward."

The Rev. Dr. J. G. Gibson was pastor of the church. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1859. Educated at the famous Spurgeon's college, he wore the cloth in small London parishes until he came to America in 1888. His first pastorate was in Red Bluff, California; in 1891 he went to Chico, and in November, 1894, to San Francisco. He was unmarried, and his salary was $8,000 a year.

Dr. Gibson was five feet nine inches tall, strong and athletic, albeit somewhat effeminate. He wore a short, sandy mustache, and had large gray eyes. His height and poundage and physical strength, like those of Durrant and Blanche and Minnie, were of interest and importance later.

EMMANUEL Church had a weird history. Built in 1890, it had cost twice its budget estimate, and the bankers kept an eye on it. One of its early pastors committed suicide. Another one killed Charles de Young, member of a celebrated San Francisco family, and was acquitted. There had been one or two spicy scandals in the congregation. The murders of which I write almost closed the church.

At 10:30 o'clock Saturday morning, April 13, 1895, three women went to the church to decorate it for Easter services the following day. To their left, as they entered, was the library: a fair-sized reading room and, beyond, a smaller room in which the books were shelved.

One of the women, Mrs. Herman Nolt, opened the door to this smaller room. On the floor was the body of a young girl, a motionless island in a pool of blood. Mrs. Nolt staggered out and then ran down the street a few blocks to the pastor's rooming house. Breathlessly she told her story. Gibson demurred at going back to the church with Mrs. Nolt until they had gone by the house of Dr. W. Z. King, one of the church trustees, and got him to come too.

The two men tried to identify the body, but it had been so mutilated that they were not certain who it was. Somebody called in Patrolman Barney Riehl, while Dr. Gibson hurried to a nearby undertaker's. He asked this man to "keep the matter quiet," because he "disliked the publicity" he foresaw. The undertaker refused, of course, and summoned the coroner. Presently the dead girl was identi-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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..a few minutes at 8000 miles..saves days and dollars later on

Don't run the risk of burned bearings or scored cylinders putting your car in the repair shop when a simple attention at 8000 miles will keep you on the road with a quiet, smooth-running motor.

Motor oil you buy today was never more pure, more effective . . . but to stay effective it must be protected *after it is put in your car.*

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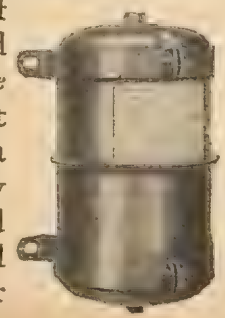

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PUROLATOR
THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR
LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

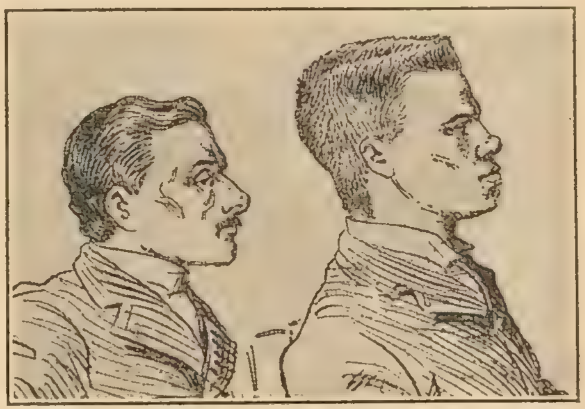
THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD CHURCH BELFRY

Continued from page fifty-five

fied as Minnie Williams. Her clothing was in tatters, and she had been stabbed. Beside her was a table knife, broken in five pieces. There were dozens of such knives, used for church suppers, in a storeroom in the church. The girl had fought desperately. She had been dead at least a dozen hours. There were no clews, and her purse was missing.

The police questioned the preacher and the janitor, Frank A. Sademan, and the latter's fourteen-year-old son, Jimmy. At first the preacher couldn't be found, so greatly did he abhor notoriety. When he was found he said he had gone to the church at 8 A. M. He had been surprised to find the rear door closed but unlocked. When he had stepped inside he had thought he heard a noise from the direction of the library, and had at once gone there.

He had found the vestibule door to the reading room had been forced and the lock broken. But he hadn't opened the door to the little room. He had then gone up to his study and remained about an hour, reading and writing. Then he had gone to his boarding house, where he was when Mrs. Nolt arrived.



San Francisco Examiner picture

The Durrants, father and son, as Homer Davenport sketched them in the court room.

Meantime, Mr. Morgan had been summoned from Alameda. Asked if Minnie had any sweethearts, he said she hadn't, but occasionally went out with one or two boys, among them a young medical student named Durrant. Mrs. Morgan thought she remembered that Minnie had said she was going to Vogel's with this youth.

Whereupon Dr. Gibson said he and Durrant had been together at Vogel's reception from 7:30 until 11:30 o'clock the night before. The preacher then went into seclusion.

The janitor, whose regular job was in a nearby factory, had been working there for eight months. He said he had worked in the church the evening before and, when he left, had locked both doors. Saturday morning he had found the rear door unlocked, but since eight or ten persons had keys he thought nothing of it.

Then, Sademan said, he saw the broken library door. When Gibson arrived he told him and the minister said: "Leave it to me and I will have the matter investigated. Say nothing about it." The janitor had then left.

Jimmy Sademan said he got about the same response when he told the pastor about the splintered door.

DURING the morning the postman handed Mrs. Noble a small packet. Her name and address were crudely printed on it by somebody obviously disguising his writing. Unwrapping it, she found Blanche Lamont's rings wrapped in a piece of newspaper. On this paper, also printed, were the words "George R. King" and "Prof. Schernstern." Blanche's music teacher was named Schweinfurth, and the afternoon she disappeared he had waited an hour in her home to give her a lesson.

The police went to the Durrant home. Mrs. Durrant was furious, and she scornfully remarked that "Theodore has many friends among girls of his own social level."

Mrs. Durrant said the boy had come home between eleven and twelve o'clock the night before, after having taken Miss Miriam Lord from the Vogel house to her home. Before going to the reception he had seen Joseph Perkins, sergeant in the signal corps, and they had left this morning at 7:30 o'clock for military drill and heliograph practice on Mount Diablo. She admitted her son had a key to the church, but many others also had them.

Patrolman Riehl had been assigned to guard the church

Sunday, Easter services having been canceled. It suddenly occurred to him that Blanche Lamont might be dead and her body somewhere on the premises. He searched everywhere and finally climbed the winding stairway of the belfry. The dust lay thick except where footprints showed a man had recently climbed the stairs—and something heavy and unwieldy appeared to have been dragged beside him!

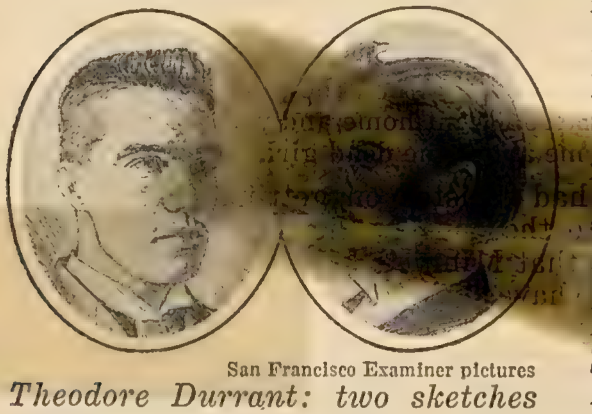
The stairs ended in a room, twelve feet square; and there, lying just beneath the big copper bell, Riehl found the body of Blanche Lamont. The girl had been dead for ten days. On the slender throat were the assassin's finger-prints. She was buried, after Mr. Noble and his wife had identified her.

Police questioned the Normal School girls, last persons known to have seen Blanche. They so described her companion of April 3 that the police began to hunt for Durrant, while Riehl went back to his home and insisted on searching it for bloodstained clothing. He found none—but in Durrant's overcoat in a closet he found Minnie Williams' purse.

THEN occurred a dramatic thing. With a National Guard expert, the detectives went to the top of Telegraph Hill, in the heart of the city, and from there sent a sun-and-mirror message to the signal corps far up the slopes of Mount Diablo, 4,000 feet high and thirty-eight miles away across the bay. This was the heliographed message:

> Bugler Theodore Durrant accused of killing Minnie Williams. The police are after him.

Sergeant Perkins read the message and turned to Durrant, who stood beside him decoding the flashes. Durrant laughed, said it must be a joke, and offered to return at once to San Francisco. The troop started home, and detectives met them and arrested Theodore. He wept a little and worried about his mother.



San Francisco Examiner pictures

Theodore Durrant: two sketches from life, made during the trial by newspaper artists.

Durrant was taken to jail and questioned by Chief of Police Crowley. His original story follows:

> At 8 A. M., Wednesday, April 3, I started for the home of my friend, George King, 17 years old, organist of Emmanuel Church and son of one of the deacons, to talk to him about certain electrical work I was doing at the church. I met Blanche Lamont at 21st and Mission streets. I had known her since September and I saw her often. We talked about books, and I mentioned that I had a copy of The Newcombs I wanted her to read. We walked toward her Normal School and parted. I never saw her again.
>
> On Friday, April 5, I went to her home with the book and Maud answered the door. She said Blanche had gone to school. I suppose now that they wanted to keep her disappearance, then two days old, a secret.
>
> On the Wednesday she disappeared I went from my classes to the church at 4:30 P. M. I took off my coat and went up between the two roofs and fixed the electricity. Gas was escaping and I was sick and I took a bromo-seltzer. King was downstairs playing the piano. We left the church together. That ends the Lamont case so far as I know anything about it.
>
> On last Friday evening (April 12) I left home at 8 P. M., to see Perkins to get my blue army shirt for the hike. We walked down the street and he got on a street car. I decided I'd be late to the Vogel reception if I went on to the armory so I walked to Vogel's. The party broke up at 11:25 P. M., and six of us, three girls and three men, left together.
>
> I was with Miss Miriam Lord. We took them home and separated. As I was walking home on Bartlett street I saw a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your Pipe
lets you think

YOUR pipe does help when time comes for the brain to click along on all cylinders. It's not a matter of stimulating brain cells, for then you couldn't think *without* a pipe.

Pipe-smoke just shuts out the little distractions and lets you concentrate. You move straight to your point—clear-minded, deliberate, certain. Your pipe lets you take full swing with *all you have.*

That's why the leaders of men, the captains of every degree, are apt to love their pipes. They've found friendliness there, trustworthy help through knotty problems, companionship that wears well.

If *you* haven't met a good pipe filled with good tobacco, now's the time. Just be sure it's a *good* pipe. And so you can be sure it's good *tobacco* too, we'd like to be there with several pipefuls of Edgeworth. See the coupon? That's your free ticket for a generous glad-to-meet-you packet of the genuine. All around the world you'll find it always the same—for old Edgeworth never changes.

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change.* Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.

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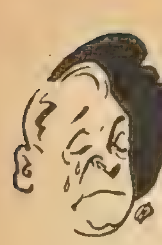
I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.
My name__________
My street address__________
And the town and state__________
Now let the Edgeworth come! B-6



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WHEN SPRING FEVER TO YOU IS JUST ANOTHER COLD IN THE HEAD . . . AND A GOOD SMOKE WOULD HELP A LOT . . . THINK OF THAT ONE GREAT CIGARETTE . . . WHICH CAN ALWAYS CLEAR THE WAY TO OLD-FASHIONED TOBACCO ENJOYMENT

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And when she parades the avenue . . . .
She'll adore these flowers from you . . . .
Say it with
FLOWERS

THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD CHURCH BELFRY
Continued from page fifty-seven

glistening object on the sidewalk. I picked it up and found it was a girl's purse and mirror. I put it in my pocket and reached home about midnight. I did some writing on a medical thesis and went to bed. The next day I left at 7:30 with the signal corps.

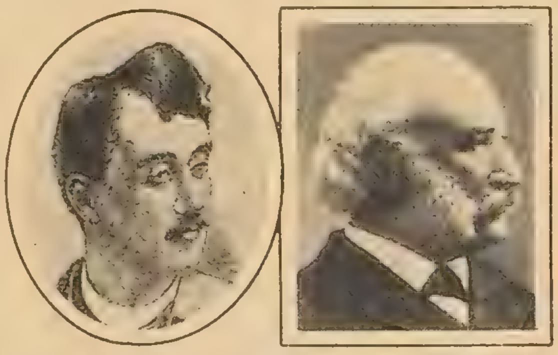
Durrant said he had last seen Minnie about three weeks before, at a church reception.

While the Durrants were preparing for the coming ordeals, the police called on Pastor Gibson and he talked to them and the reporters. He made this statement:

I reached the church after supper, about 6:30 P. M., on Friday, to see if there was any mail in the afternoon delivery. I then went to my study and wrote for an hour and at 7:30 left for Vogel's. Durrant was late arriving; he must have come at 9:30. He was somewhat disheveled and nervous and washed his hands.

The janitor's boy told me, when I reached the church at 8 A. M. the next morning, that the library door lock was broken, and that he had found the rear door unlocked. I told him to say nothing about it and I would see to it. I then went to the door and found it was broken, but everything else seemed all right.

As I walked about the building I thought I heard a noise in the library, but supposed it was the boy at work. I went to my study and was working when the piano tuner arrived. His noise annoyed me so I went home, and was there when the woman came to tell me about the dead girl.



San Francisco Examiner picture P. & A. photo
Rev. Dr. J. G. Gibson, and at right, Mayor Sutro of San Francisco.

Asked why he had insisted on getting Deacon King before hurrying to the church, the preacher said Mrs. Nolt had told him that Minnie's knee was a bit exposed, and he preferred to have a male present when he looked at it. He added in a grave tone: "In all my life I have never looked at the unclothed form of a woman."

George King was examined. He said he entered the church alone about 5 P. M. on April 3. While playing the organ he noticed that the vestibule door to the library was open, and that there was a strong smell of gas. In about ten minutes Durrant came in from the rear in his shirt sleeves, pale and agitated. He said he had been fixing the gas fixtures and was a bit ill from the fumes. He asked King to get him a bromo-seltzer; he drank it, and they left the church about six o'clock.

The schoolgirls were taken to see Durrant in his cell, and though they felt he was the man who had met Blanche they wavered as to details.

THE Durrants retained expensive counsel. General John H. Dickinson of the National Guard was chief attorney, assisted by A. W. Thompson and Eugene Deuprey.

On April 19 the coroner's jury found Minnie had been slain by Durrant and he was bound over without bail. On April 22 he was arraigned before Police Judge Conlan, and District Attorney D. A. Barnes appeared against him. Dickinson centered his attack on Pastor Gibson, and the papers gleefully expatiated on the latter's nervousness while testifying. Even the magistrate was ruthlessly insistent that Gibson answer every innuendo in Dickinson's questions and explain his actions over and over.

Gibson was compelled to write, many times, the names that appeared on the jewelry packet. Durrant's lawyers made no secret of the fact that they were attempting to divert public suspicion and wrath from their client to Gibson.

Elmer Wolfe had a strenuous time on the stand, too. He lived on a nearby dairy ranch but had come to town to attend the Vogel reception. He had a mustache and resembled Durrant no little. By this time witnesses were coming in to say they had seen Durrant on April 3 with a girl resembling Blanche, and on April 12 with a girl that looked like Minnie. Wolfe was forced to don Durrant's coat and hat, and these witnesses became confused.

On May 2 Judge Conlan held Durrant to the superior court for Minnie's murder. The same day the coroner's jury found Durrant had killed Blanche. Here a street-car conductor testified he saw Durrant and Blanche on his car after it passed the Normal School. He told where they were sitting. Yet the schoolgirls said they sat elsewhere, and new witnesses stated that Durrant and Blanche sat in still another place. On May 3 Conlan held Durrant for Blanche's murder.

By this time the whole Pacific coast was rent in twain over the crimes. Just as half the population firmly maintained that Durrant was guilty, so did others insist he was innocent and that the girls could have been done to death by any one of three or four men.

Albert Davis collection San Francisco Examiner

Maud Allan, Durrant's sister; and Judge Murphy, who presided.

On July 22, 1895, Durrant went on trial before Judge D. J. Murphy for the murder of Blanche Lamont, the prosecution regarding this case as stronger than the other. Durrant asked for another venue, but this was refused; and after a prolonged examination of talesmen the jury box was filled. There were numerous witnesses for each side. Summarized, here is the case for Durrant:

THE three schoolgirls who saw Blanche's companion admittedly had only a fleeting glimpse of him.

King admits the odor of gas.

King agrees that he and Durrant had previously changed the library door lock and carried keys to it. Why, then, was it broken?

Gibson had a hammer and screw driver and other tools such as the state claimed were used in forcing the door. The janitor also had such tools. Durrant had none, and those belonging to the others had not been disturbed.

Durrant didn't have "exclusive opportunity" for killing Blanche.

Six of the deacons, the pastor, the two janitors, and one or two others besides Durrant had keys to the church.

Others were as familiar as Durrant with the premises.

Either girl would have entered the church as unsuspectingly with others as she would have with Durrant.

Durrant didn't have the strength to carry Blanche up into the belfry.

Between April 3 and April 13 nobody noticed that Durrant was excited or worried or otherwise except normal.

Witnesses who saw a man with Minnie near the church admitted they were not positive that he was Durrant.

Why should Durrant have kept Minnie's purse in his pocket if he had slain her?

Minnie's murder was an exceedingly sanguinary operation, and nobody saw blood on Durrant; nor was any found on his clothing.

Durrant didn't try to escape when the heliograph found him.

It would have been absurdly fatal for Durrant to have killed the girls and left their bodies in the church.

Durrant's reputation was admittedly all right up to this time. Beyond branding him a monster, the state had presented no motive for Durrant's killing anybody, and nothing in his past indicated abnormal psychology.

Cooper College records showed Durrant was present with his class at the time he was said to have met Minnie.

And, finally, not one bit of direct evidence, but only circumstantial, had been produced by the prosecutor to connect Durrant with either crime.

Opposed to these defense points, the state contended:

That the three schoolgirls identified him.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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What is more distressing than that tense, work-weary nervous feeling that comes so often toward the end of a busy day. The vigorous energy most of us put into our work — the constant rush of our modern life, puts a continual excess strain on our "NERVES."

When your "NERVES" are fagged and frazzled—when you are tired, irritable and all upset—what is the result? Nervous Exhaustion, Nervous Headache, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Indigestion, Sleeplessness and similar nervous troubles, which, if not soon corrected, often break down vitality and health.

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This Coupon is Worth 15c to You

MAIL— this coupon to the Dr. Miles Company, Dept. L-203, Elkhart, Indiana. Enclose 10c (in stamps or coin) to cover packing and mailing and we will send you a regular 25c package of Dr. Miles' ***Effervescent*** NERVINE Tablets and an interesting booklet on "NERVES."

Name

Address

THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD CHURCH BELFRY

Continued from page fifty-nine

The time King saw him in church coincides with the time it would have taken him to saunter over to the church with Blanche, talk to her a while, and then suddenly attack her, kill her, carry her into the belfry, and reappear before King.

Neither the pastor nor the janitor had noticed anything wrong with the gas or electric fixtures, or asked Durrant to fix them.

The fixtures showed no signs, experts said, of having been recently repaired.

Durrant had keys to the church and was familiar with it.

Blanche's rings had been returned to the aunt, and the writing on the packet resembled Durrant's.

At the time Minnie left Voy's for Vogel's, Durrant was expected there, but he didn't arrive till 9:30.

Either girl would have gone into the deserted church with Durrant without fear or coercion.

Durrant's condition when he finally reached Vogel's, as well as his condition when King saw him in the church, betrayed consciousness of guilt.

Minnie's purse was found in Durrant's overcoat.

Durrant's statement that he hadn't seen Minnie for three weeks was contradicted by Morgan, who said Durrant had called at the Alameda home a day or so before the murder; and by several medical students who saw him at the ferry building about the time Minnie was to arrive in San Francisco.

These students said Durrant had asked them to answer "Present" for him when his name was reached on the clinic's roll call that afternoon.

OTHER acquaintances said they saw Durrant at the ferry building, and he told them that an unknown man had stopped him on the street and told him Blanche Lamont was leaving the city at that hour via the ferry, and as her friend he was there to intercept her.

Cooper College teachers admitted that students often answered in the roll call for truant friends, and that Durrant's name checked off the afternoon of April 12 didn't mean, beyond all doubt, that he was present.

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THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42d STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

And though Durrant was being tried for the murder of Blanche and the admission of evidence about Minnie's death, a subsequent homicide, might reasonably be regarded as reversible error, yet the state convinced this jury with two surprise witnesses, two old women, members of Emmanuel Church and residents near it.

Mrs. Caroline Leak was seated in her window facing the church and watching for her daughter when she saw Durrant and Blanche enter the churchyard and the church.

Mrs. Elizabeth Crossett, whose grandson was a friend of Durrant's, saw him and Blanche on the Powell Street car, and she told her grandson later to scold Durrant for paying so much attention to his "pretty companion" and not saluting her.

As to the absence of bloodstains, the state contended that Durrant had ample time to rid himself of them.

Durrant was his own principal witness. He merely denied every charge, all the above and others less important. His chief defense was the absolute absence of direct evidence, and the fact that others had as much opportunity and motive as had been alleged against him.

On Friday, November 1, the jury retired at 3:30 P. M., and in twenty minutes returned with a verdict of guilty. The thing really became a civic orgy—the bells rang and the factory whistles screamed and men and women dashed to and fro in the streets, shrieking and cheering and weeping hysterically! Others pointed to all this as proof that the boy was being sacrificed to mob hysteria and editorial lashings.

Then the lawyers delved in the labyrinth of the law and found loopholes and tricks and technicalities which held up fulfillment of the sentence of death. Every resource was employed and exhausted. State and Federal courts were resorted to, and writs and demurrers and petitions and affidavits and appeals piled mountain-high.

From his death cell in San Quentin Prison Durrant watched this battle for his life. From that cell he chased the prison chaplains until zero hour drew near, and then he embraced the Roman Catholic faith. Governor James H. Budd lay ill in bed and listened to the lawyers in their final desperate plea. He curtly turned them down.

LOUIS P. BOARDMAN, one of defense counsel, had secretly raced across the continent to appeal to the Supreme Court in Washington. Another dramatic incident was staged. Early Friday morning, January 7, 1898, Boardman addressed the exalted bench. The justices heard him and retired. Boardman and the reporters waited nervously as the precious minutes flew into eternity, and at 1 o'clock Eastern Standard time—it was 10 o'clock in San Francisco, and Durrant was to die at 10:30!—the jurists leisurely returned and rejected the appeal.

At the scheduled time Durrant was led to the scaffold. His father stood among the 200 witnesses and sobbed. The body was placed in a pine box and taken to a nearby room. There Mrs. Durrant flung herself on the coffin.

Then the parents asked for a bite to eat and had a hearty luncheon at a little table about four feet away from the broken body of their son.

San Francisco's loathing for young Durrant was again manifested. For four days the corpse lay in the Durrant home while the father begged cemeteries and churches and fraternal orders to permit its interment. He finally had to take the body to Pasadena, near Los Angeles, where it was cremated.

Not long after this, the world heard of a marvelous dancer who was blazing a path of triumph across Europe. Her name was Maud Allan and she first reached fame by her rendition of Oscar Wilde's Salome.

But for years Maud Allan kept away from California. In April, 1910, fifteen years to the week after the crimes for which Durrant died were committed, Maud Allan appeared in the Garrick Theater in San Francisco. Just before the curtain rose, she came out to the footlights, lifted her hand, and spoke in a tremulous voice:

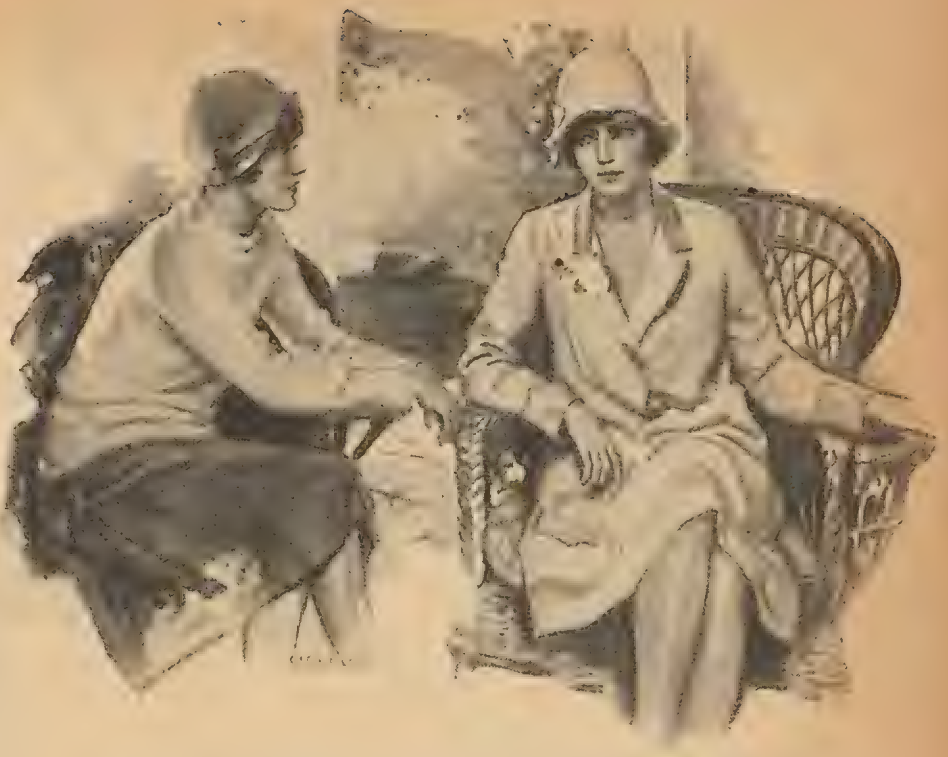
"I am Maud Allan the dancer. But I am also Maud Durrant, the sister of the boy who died on the gallows twelve years ago. I only ask that you be as kind to me as you can find it in your hearts to be."

She won an ovation, and thenceforth was popular in the city of her girlhood and her brother's tragedy. The Durrants moved to Hollywood, where Mrs. Durrant became known as Mrs. Isabelle Allan, her maiden name.

The Rev. Dr. Gibson remained as pastor of Emmanuel for a year or so, after having the belfry torn down and the church front remodeled. Then he went back to his old pastorate at Chico, and he has never been heard of again.

Another real life mystery story, told by Mr. Sutherland, will appear in next week's Liberty.

Perhaps a GOOD THING



Sally Dickinson and Dodo Harper had gone to school together.

A Short Short Story

By

KARIN JERROLD

who requests that her picture and biography be not printed. "As a matter of fact," she writes, "while the story is not actually based on real people or events, it is barely possible that its connection with the small community in which I live might result in hurt feelings to someone."

A FEW of the Glenhurst ladies go into Chicago for their beauty treatments, but most of them still come to Mrs. Anderson's Comfort Shop. Some of us girls have been working there for a long time, and Glenhurst is still a pretty small place, so we know a good deal about the customers; more than they realize, I guess. There aren't many engagements among the Golf Club crowd that are much of a surprise to us—or divorces, either.

We did have one surprise, though. There [illegible] young couples here in town, the Dickinsons [illegible] Harpers, that played around together all the [illegible] Dickinson and Dodo Harper had gone to school together, I think. Anyway, you hardly ever saw one name in the society column without the other right next to it.

Well, four years ago last summer, if Mr. Dickinson didn't up and run away with Mrs. Harper! Just up and bolted, out of a clear sky!

Mrs. Dickinson didn't come in here for quite a while after it all happened, and when she did, she looked simply terrible. I remember Mrs. Anderson saying if anyone would get a lot of good out of a good course of facials, it was that poor Sally Dickinson, but naturally she didn't feel like suggesting it. Of course, being left that way, with two small children, and when they had just moved into a new house—and the other woman being such a good friend, supposedly, and all—you'd expect a woman to show it.

But she was always quite different after that. She'd always been thoughtful and nice, and we had always liked to work on her (not like some I could name!), but after this trouble there was something about her . . . I don't quite know how to put it, but it made you uncomfortable. Not that she was bitter, exactly, but—well, one day someone in the next booth, that didn't know Mrs. Dickinson was there, happened to say something about Dodo Harper, and Mrs. Dickinson's face tightened up and it reminded me of a little boy that used to live on our street who used to do the meanest things to stray cats and dogs. I mean she looked just as if the greatest satisfaction she could have would be *hurting* that Harper woman, really hurting her.

There was a young bachelor here in town a year ago last summer, Barry Henton his name was, and he seemed quite crazy about her; and for a time we all thought they might get married, but he went back to town in the fall and nothing seemed to come of it. Of course, by this time both divorces had gone through and we had heard that Mr. Dickinson and Mrs. Harper had been married and were living out in California.

Then last spring something happened right here in the Comfort Shop that Mrs. Anderson said was the most embarrassing thing that had ever happened to her. We all nearly died. In a way, though, I don't know but perhaps it was a good thing.

We had a new girl working here who would talk your right arm off. Mostly about things that had happened once when she was studying to be a nurse. Well, one afternoon she was working on Mrs. Dickinson. Didn't know a thing about her, of course—not even her last name. She was rattling on, the way she always did, and I was in the next booth and could hear every word. I didn't [illegible] much attention, though, till I heard her say "right [illegible] corridor from a Mr. Dickinson." I [illegible]! And I'll remember every word of what [illegible] my dying day.

"HE wasn't an especially interesting case, just typhoid, but all us nurses [illegible] whenever we could because he talked *so* about his wife. Well, [illegible] have thought there never was such a [illegible] this, and Sally that, and why doesn't she come, and [illegible] was the most marvelous wife anyone ever [illegible] delirious for several days, off and on, and this [illegible] went on all the time. When we'd try to get him [illegible] juice he'd push it away and say it didn't ta[illegible] used to when Sally fixed it. . . . Just relax, now, madam. That's better. . . . And he'd ask everybody that came into the room, the internes, orderlies, even the window washer, 'Where's my wife? Where's Sally? *I want* her!'

"And what do you think! His wife was right there all the time—but her name wasn't Sally! She listened to all that talk and never gave a sign, but when he got over his fever he knew her, all right. And her name was Dodo! Never a word more did we hear about his precious Sally! But I did feel kind of sorry for his poor wife. I guess she felt it, too. Of course, she was worried about his illness, but that wasn't enough to change her looks so. She looked about ten years older after it was over."

Mrs. Dickinson didn't say a word, but had the rest of her treatment and then went out. I don't know whether she knew we had all heard.

I didn't see her that day at all, but the next time she came in, she seemed different, somehow; more like the way she used to be when she first moved to Glenhurst. As if she had finally got something out of her system, and could forget about it. Anyway, she was much nicer.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Henton?"

(That was her that just came in. She and that Mr. Henton I told you about got married last fall.)

THE END

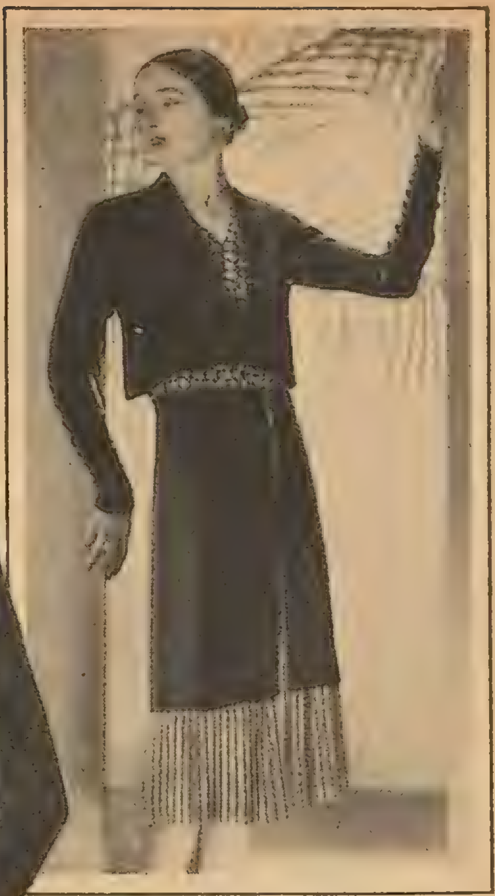
LADIES ONLY

By

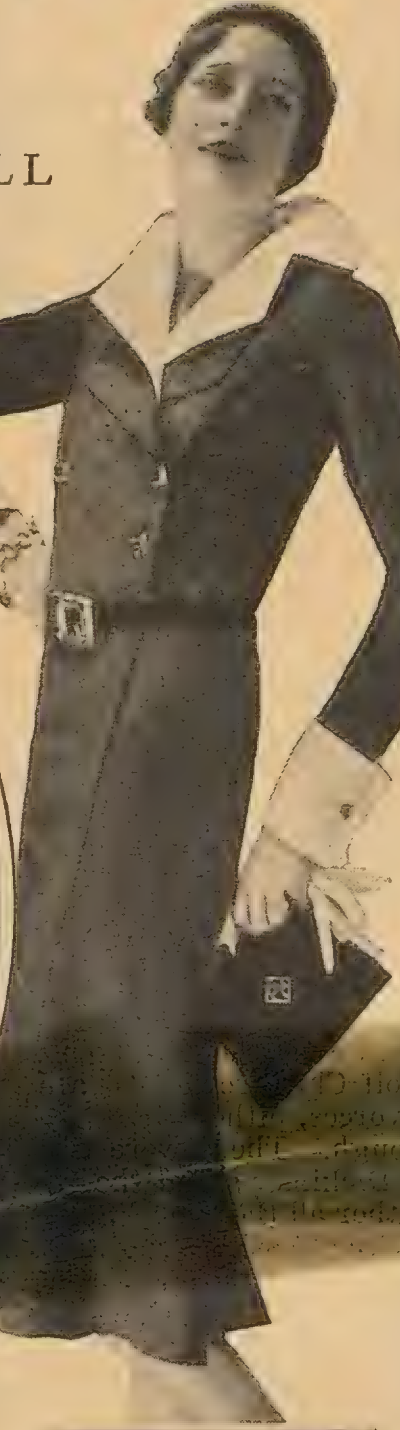
BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

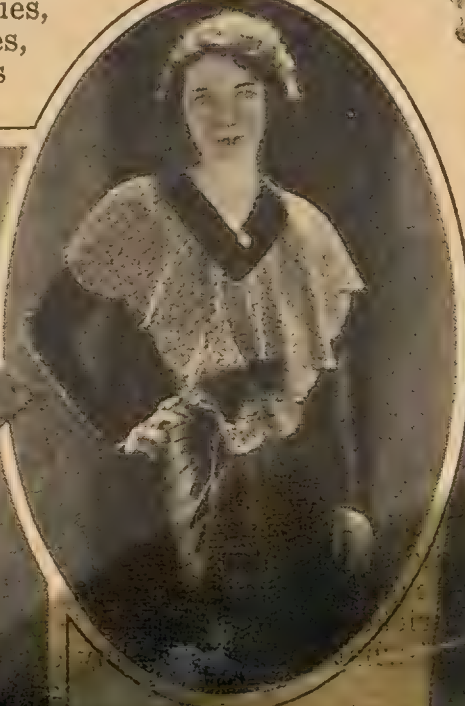
DAYTIME fashions this spring are not a matter of where you put the waistline, or how low the skirt sinks, or whether you go in for short sleeves or not. You may be right in all of these side issues of style and yet miss out on the big thing that makes any fashion in any epoch. The soul of chic this season is well bred femininity. Paris has made a lady of the mode. There are young ladies, old ladies, and little ladies, and the smartest clothes suit them to a T. There was—no denying it—something of the hussy and quite a bit of the brat about the exaggeratedly brief clothes of yesterspring. The fashions of daytime today have lengthened a trifle, waistlines have gone back to nature, but the change to the casual eye isn't so very great in these things. The big difference lies in two qualities inseparable from ladies of any age. They are daintiness and modesty.



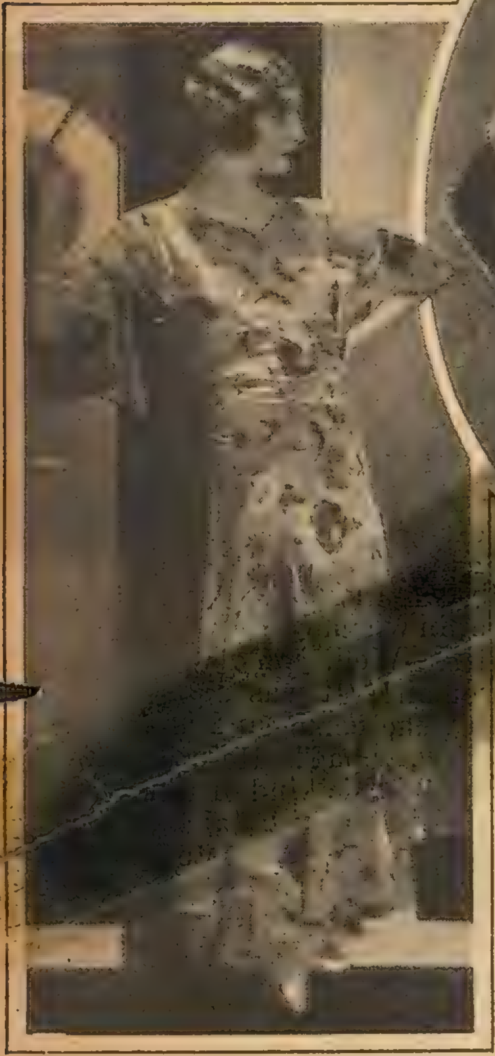
This Madeleine ensemble is a Paris favorite, with its printed crêpe, bolero and overskirt of navy crêpe.



Piqué collar and cuffs with a black pin-dot frock give daintiness to practicality.



The lace collar on this Madeleine black satin frock is très chic.



Dresses of flowered chiffon, like this Marthe et René model, will often have short sleeves and be ankle length.

Modesty in fashions of the hour means moderation—Lelong's golden mean—covering up knees and bare backs and teaching cloth to flow over curves, neither concealing them completely nor revealing them entirely, considering comfort as essential to beauty also.

Daintiness, that other attribute, is found in the wholesale and wholesome revival of washable accessories, the return of cotton and linen frocks and even ensembles, the tremendous importance of laces as daylight trimmings, the great revival of flowers on prints and as spots of color, the substitution of soft drapery for fit or foolish cutting on bodices and hiplines. With these are a flood of lady accessories, like fluffy fans, parasols, and hats that show modest glimpses of curling locks.

A direct result of the present ideal of clothes is that make-up is toned down from the frankly artificial to the closest possible imitation of healthy nature.

Dividing our daytime clothes according to the hour they suit is another detail that bespeaks the fineness of the lady. There are, in the Paris style salons this spring, more camouflage ensembles than I have ever before seen. They are made to combine morning and afternoon chic.

Flower-printed chiffon frocks, with short sleeves and skirts to the ankles, will reign for the summer afternoon, frocks like the Marthe et René dress shown in our first photograph—young, modest, and dainty, and therefore the favorite of fashion.

WHEN the afternoon waxes formal the smart woman will wear a black draped frock, often trimmed with lace, like the black satin dress from Madeleine shown in our second photograph. A deal of the charm of this dress lies in the placing of the V-shaped tip of the lace collar to the right side, and in draping the skirt to this side also.

A true morning frock is shown in our large sketch. This is the very popular coat dress, in the extremely chic black-and-white pin-dot woolen that Paris is mad about. Ladylike daintiness is given by the piqué blouse worn underneath, only the starched collar and cuffs showing. Black and crystal buttons close this dress and the black belt has a black and crystal buckle.

A camouflage ensemble of the type I mentioned above is shown at the upper right. It is from Madeleine, and may be worn for both morning and afternoon. The flowered print frock, with its short sleeves and plaited skirt, is definitely afternoon, and when the long-sleeved navy bolero is slipped on over the head and the three-quarter crêpe skirt is buttoned on, this becomes a simple summer morning outfit that is very smart.

EASTER NOVELTIES

By

ETHEL SOMERS

Cooky cutters designed to save dough and time.

Decorated egg place cards are amusing for the Easter morning breakfast.

Eggshell writing with an alum-vinegar solution.

AT this season every housewife is on the lookout for something to enliven Easter menus. Here are some suggestions.

Crown Roast of Spring Lamb

3 or 4 pounds of rib chops left attached

BUY a choice cut of young lamb and tell your butcher it is to be used for a crown roast. He will saw between the ribs, making the incisions deep enough so that the two end chops may be brought together to form a circular or crown piece, which should be tied or skewered into shape. You will note there is a fat layer over the outside so that larding is not necessary.

Clean the meat thoroughly and place on a rack in a roasting pan. Preheat the oven for at least ten minutes with a full burning flame.

Searing the roast at the beginning at a high temperature is most important for so tender a cut of meat. Slow roasting would toughen it to the core. (Some cooks start this searing by pouring hot melted fat over the outside just as the meat goes into the oven.) Put the roast into the oven at 450° F. for thirty minutes or 500° F. for twenty minutes, at the end of which time it will be well browned and seared on all sides.

Reduce the oven temperature to 400° F. and roast twenty-five minutes to the pound, preferably uncovered, although this necessitates basting with the collected meat juices every ten to twenty minutes. If a roasting pan with valves in the cover is available, the meat may be roasted covered, though it will not be quite so good as if roasted uncovered with frequent basting.

Remove the meat to a hot serving platter and keep warm while gravy is being prepared. The center of the roast is then filled with buttered parsleyed potatoes. For the Easter dinner it is well to select egg-shaped potatoes, or use a grapefruit knife or a French cutter to cut the potatoes into this shape. These will give the crown roast quite a realistic nestlike effect. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

Molded Butter

LET the butter stand at room temperature long enough to become pliable. Immerse the cleaned molds in cold water, and have ready also a bowl of ice water.

With a spatula or the back of a spoon firmly pack the butter into the molds. If a split mold is being used, fill each half full and place the two halves together and let stand in the ice water for a minute or two while the next mold is being filled. Then pull the mold apart, allowing the molded butter to drop into ice water. Keep in the refrigerator until just before using.

EASTER salads, Easter sandwiches, and colorful, sparkling beverages are merely hints of the many different and delicious food preparations especially appropriate for Easter that are suggested in Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. If you would add a festive and springlike quality to your Easter food programs, send for Miss Somers' cookbooks. They cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. And please use the coupon.

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P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
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Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose......cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name..

Street or R. F. D...............................

City.............State...........4-19-30

Easter Cookies

- ½ cup butter or substitute
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 egg yolk unbeaten
- 3 tablespoons milk
- 1½ cups flour
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon flavoring

AFTER creaming the butter, gradually work in the sugar. Add the egg yolk and beat until thoroughly blended. Then alternate additions of the milk and the sifted dry ingredients. Chill overnight, then roll thin, cutting in the shapes desired and baking in a hot oven (390° F.) until just brown.

Easter Eggs with a Message

- ½ ounce alum crystals
- ½ cup vinegar
- Eggs (not cooked)
- Easter-egg dye

STIR the alum into the vinegar until completely dissolved, and then with a fine brush write any desired message on the shell. When dry, place the eggs in prepared dye and bring to a boil, cooking at least fifteen minutes. When the alum mixture on the shell is rubbed off, the message will be visible.

Baking-Powder Hot Cross Buns

- 2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons fat
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 egg yolk or 1 egg, if desired
- ⅓ teaspoon cinnamon or grated lemon rind
- ¼ cup currants
- ¼ cup raisins

MIX and sift the dry ingredients until light and well blended. If lemon rind is used in place of cinnamon, add it after the sifting. Work in the fat with a fork, using a stirring motion, or cut it in with two knives, rapidly catching the balls of fat between the knife blades as you cut, until the fat is separated into balls as fine as corn-meal granules. Add the currants and raisins, and then stir in the milk and the egg (if used), mixing as little as possible. Shape into balls about one-half the size of the finished product. Place on an oiled baking dish. If slowly acting baking powder is used let stand at room temperature for about twenty-five minutes. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) until delicately browned. When the buns are nearly done, brush them with milk or egg white, sprinkle with sugar, and return to the oven for a few minutes.

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WHY endure the handicap of Gray Hair? Just comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the gray disappear. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless, scientific liquid that leaves the hair lustrous and full of life. The one bottle does for blonde, auburn, brown, black. Already hundreds of thousands of women and men have used it.

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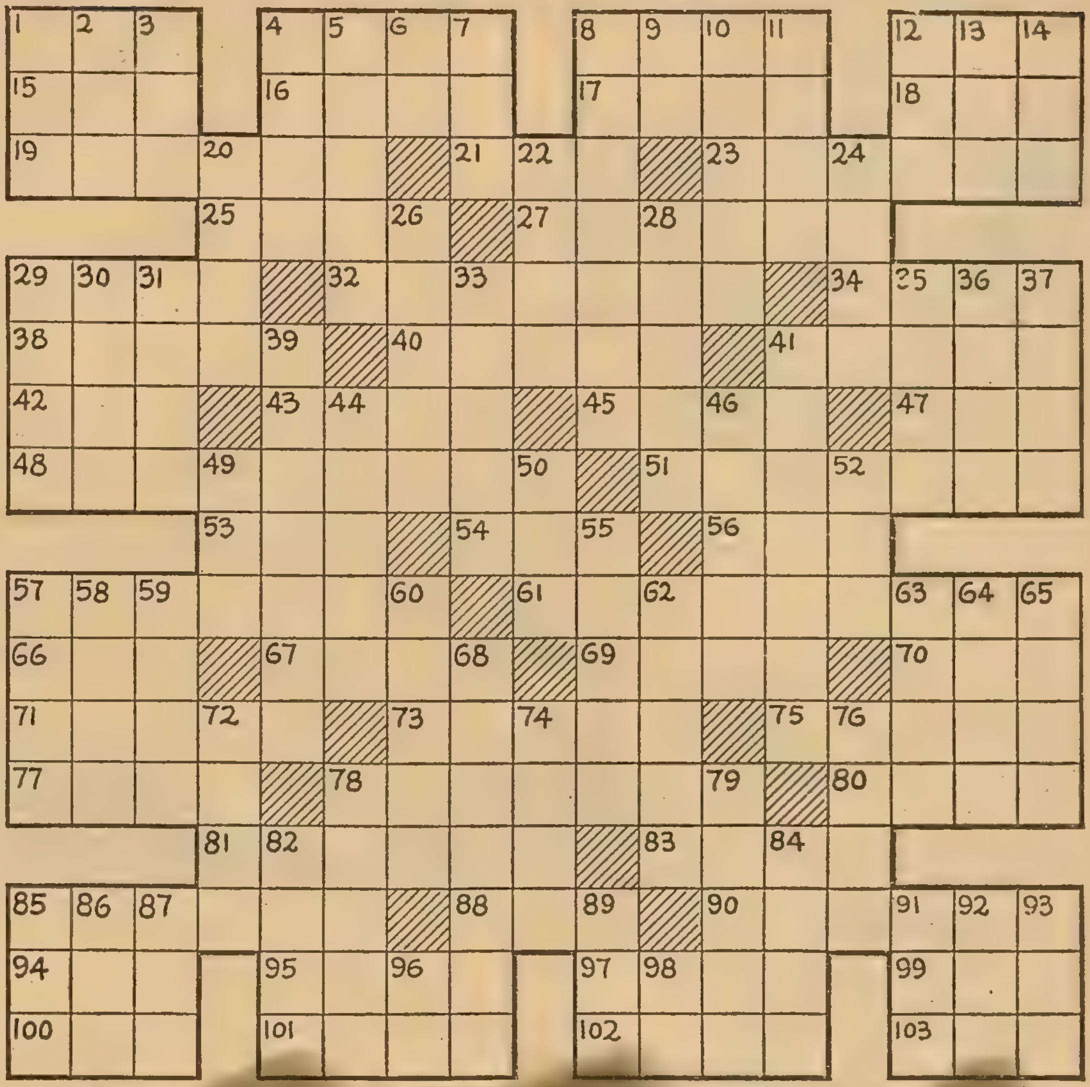
Two Puzzles for

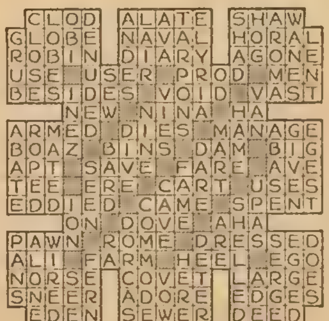


HORIZONTAL

1 By; in place of
4 Pair of horses
8 Cooking vessels
12 Droop
15 Form of to be
16 Regent
17 Border on
18 To be indebted
19 Smaller; inferior
21 Conflict
23 A fish
25 A pitcher
27 Small valley
29 Crippled
32 Mocked
34 Intoxicating drink of ancient India
38 Paradise (plural)
40 Measures of distance
41 Leather strip
42 Melody
43 Surrounded by
45 A portico
47 Playing card
48 Resembling a star
51 Specimens
53 A bird
54 Long narrow inlet
56 Also
57 Responded to a stimulus
61 Moderate; relieve
66 Unrefined metal
67 Periods
69 Roman moon goddess
70 And not
71 Wild beast (plural)
73 At no time
75 Flowers
77 Unaspirated consonant
78 Wandered; deviated
80 Created
81 Guides
83 Indefinite quantity
85 Tear into shreds
88 Possessive pronoun
90 Flinched
94 Past
95 A malarial fever
97 Word of solemn ratification
99 American Indian
100 Turkish title
101 Repair
102 Form of to be
103 Bring forth young

VERTICAL

1 Comrade
2 Sooner than
3 The matter or thing (law)
4 Killed
5 Peeled
6 By
7 Fresh
8 Pompous show (pl.)
9 River in Siberia
10 Swollen
11 Stupefy
12 Note of the scale
13 Reverential fear
14 Obtain
20 Observed
22 Seed covering

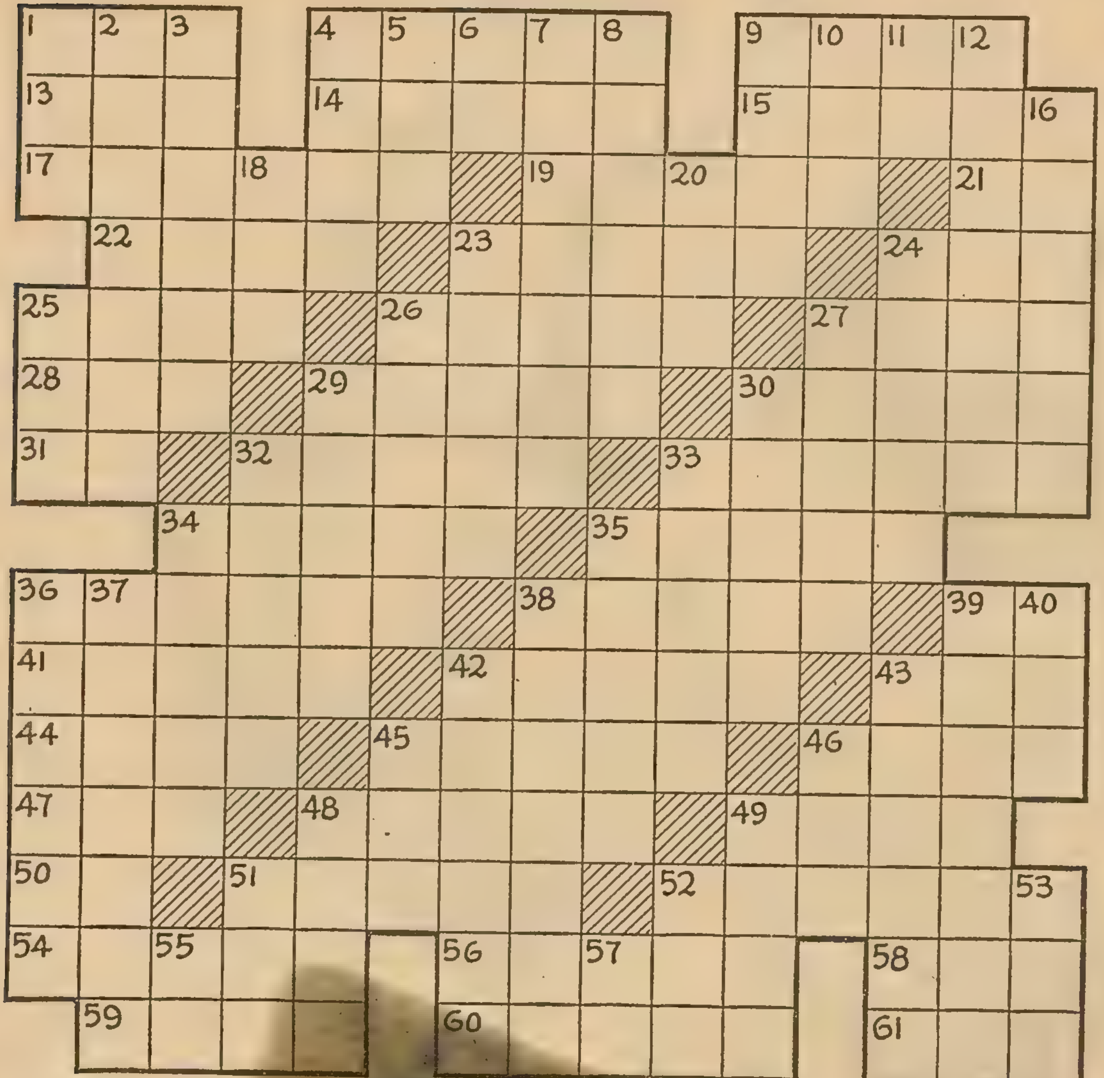


CLOD ALATE SHAW
GLOBE NAVAL HORAL
ROBIN DIARY AGONE
USE USER PROD MEN
BESIDES VOID VAST
NEW NINA HA
ARMED DIES MANAGE
BOAZ BINS DAM BIG
APT SAVE FARE AVE
TEE ERE CART USES
EDDIED CAME SPENT
ON DOVE AHA
PAWN ROME DRESSED
ALI FARM HEEL EGO
NORSE COVET LARGE
SNEER ADORE EDGES
EDEN SEWER DEED

Answer to last week's puzzle

24 For fear that
26 Forgive
28 Garment (plural)
29 Meadows
30 Entrance or passage in a mine
31 Such and no more
33 Passenger
35 Of the mouth
36 Kind of spice
37 Simians
39 Greets; hails
41 Tea urn
44 Creator
46 Made of oats
49 One hundred thousand rupees
50 Prefix: through
52 Hawaiian food
55 A bordered way
57 Membership list
58 American Indian
59 An eternity
60 Italian poet
62 Entices
63 A loop (anatomy)
64 Touched with toes
65 Gaelic
68 Crowded; compact
72 Cozy abode
74 Great; extensive
76 Portent
78 Wool fabric
79 Dowry
82 Individuals banded for a common purpose
84 Possessive pronoun
85 A flap
86 Period of time
87 Plaything
89 Carpenter's tool
91 A hint
92 Greek letter
93 Lair
96 Prefix: not
98 Pronoun

Cross Word Fans

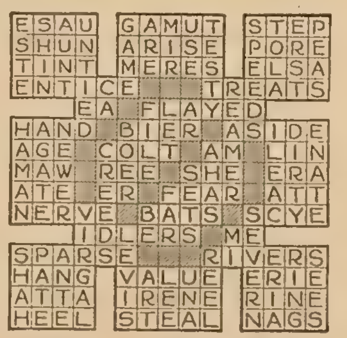


HORIZONTAL

1 Letter of the Greek alphabet
4 Bounds
9 Gather, as a harvest, by cutting
13 Substance resulting from electrolysis
14 Egyptian female entertainer
15 Fragrant root
17 Ovule-bearing organ of a seed plant
19 Claw
21 Symbol for an element
22 Regretted
23 Seraglio
24 Termination
25 Combining form: far
26 Proofreader's mark
27 Deity of ancient Semitic races
28 Moist
29 Predatory incursion (plural)
30 Humorous dramatic composition
31 A bone
32 Seethes
33 Revolved; rotated
34 Scorches
35 Looks slyly
36 Behind a vessel; in the rear
38 Sea mammals
39 A parent
41 Bumpkins
42 Asterisks
43 Ancient Chinese dynasty
44 Descendants
45 Embers
46 Leopard (poetic)
47 Emmet
48 A region of the hand (plural)
49 Intoned
50 The symbol for an element
51 King of Tyre
52 Margin; verge
54 A manufacturing city in Germany
56 Pertaining to a region of a bird's beak
58 Before
59 Civil wrong
60 Muse who presided over lyric poetry
61 A lixivium

VERTICAL

1 To cry or chirp, as a chicken
2 An evening party (plural)
3 Gross indignity offered to another
4 Put in position
5 Measure of length
6 Form of to be
7 A kind of firecracker (plural)
8 Part of a plow (plural)
9 Compartment
10 A bird of prey
11 Area ten meters square
12 Man-of-war's steam launch
16 Moved sidewise
18 Mound
20 Term used in tennis
23 Salutes, greets
24 Deserves and receives as compensation
25 A cardinal number
26 Heap of stones erected as a memorial
27 Sound uttered by some animals (plural)
29 Laughs loudly and continuously
30 Matter used to produce heat by burning (plural)
32 A vegetable (plural)
33 Rips
34 Hinder from normal growth
35 Rings
36 A province of France
37 Earliest
38 Stutter
39 Woman's name
40 Furthermore
42 Comfort in grief
43 German composer
45 Vehicle
46 Equality as to value
48 Measure of capacity
49 Variety of omber played with thirty-two cards
51 Pronoun
52 Flying mammal
53 Sandpiper
55 Thus
57 The son of Nut (Egyptian mythology)



ESAU GAMUT STEP
SHUN ARISE PORE
TINT MERES ELSA
ENTICE TREATS
EA FLAYED
HAND BIER ASIDE
AGE COLT AM LIN
MAW REE SHE ERA
ATE ER FEAR ATT
NERVE BATS SCYE
IDLERS ME
SPARSE RIVERS
HANG VALUE ERIE
ATTA IRENE RINE
HEEL STEAL NAGS

Answer to last week's puzzle

CORNS

PAIN ENDS INSTANTLY!
In one minute Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads rid you of pain from corns and tender toes. They cushion the sore spot and remove the cause—shoe friction and pressure. Their soothing medication is quickly healing. Zino-pads are guaranteed 100% safe. Thin, small, dainty, protective. Sold everywhere—35¢ box.
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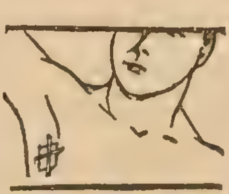
ACADONA



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NEXT week we shall begin printing some of the floods of letters we have received since this offer was first announced. Have you written yours? Remember, $1,000 goes each week hereafter to those who best express their views.

What we want is the simplest kind of statements. You can write on a single sheet of paper or on the back of a postcard.

It is not necessary to go into such complicated matters as alcoholic content, enforcement laws, local option, etc. The question in the language of the people is Are You Wet or Dry?—which we take to mean: Do you or do you not believe that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are the best means of handling the liquor problem in the United States?

Anyone can answer that question with one word. And almost anyone can tell in a very few words his reasons for his answer.

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. You can write on this subject as often as you wish.

Literary skill will not count in these letters at all, nor will style, spelling, punctuation, or any of these things. We only want your honest views, however you may care to express them.

But brevity *will* count. If your letter is short it will be considered an advantage when the letters are judged.

Address PROHIBITION, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. We regret we cannot return your letters or enter into correspondence concerning them.

Smoke Screen

The Story of a Girl's Great Adventure

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

Pictures by J. M. CLEMENT

"IT was murder. And whoever killed my sister Angela wanted to be sure. They drugged her with morphine and left her to burn!" Alice Blair spoke in a low tone. But Sally Lomax, listening, caught a vindictive note. Alice would try to avenge her sister's death.

Angela Blair Browning lost her life on the outskirts of Houston, Texas, in an old shack occupied by Martin Fox, a man of about sixty. The dilapidated house caught on fire. Firemen, entering, found in one room the dead body of Angela and in another that of Martin Fox. The first theory was death by suffocation. But Sally Lomax, cub reporter on the Houston Pioneer, unearthed bundles of newspapers soaked with kerosene. Then the final proof came when morphine was discovered in each body.

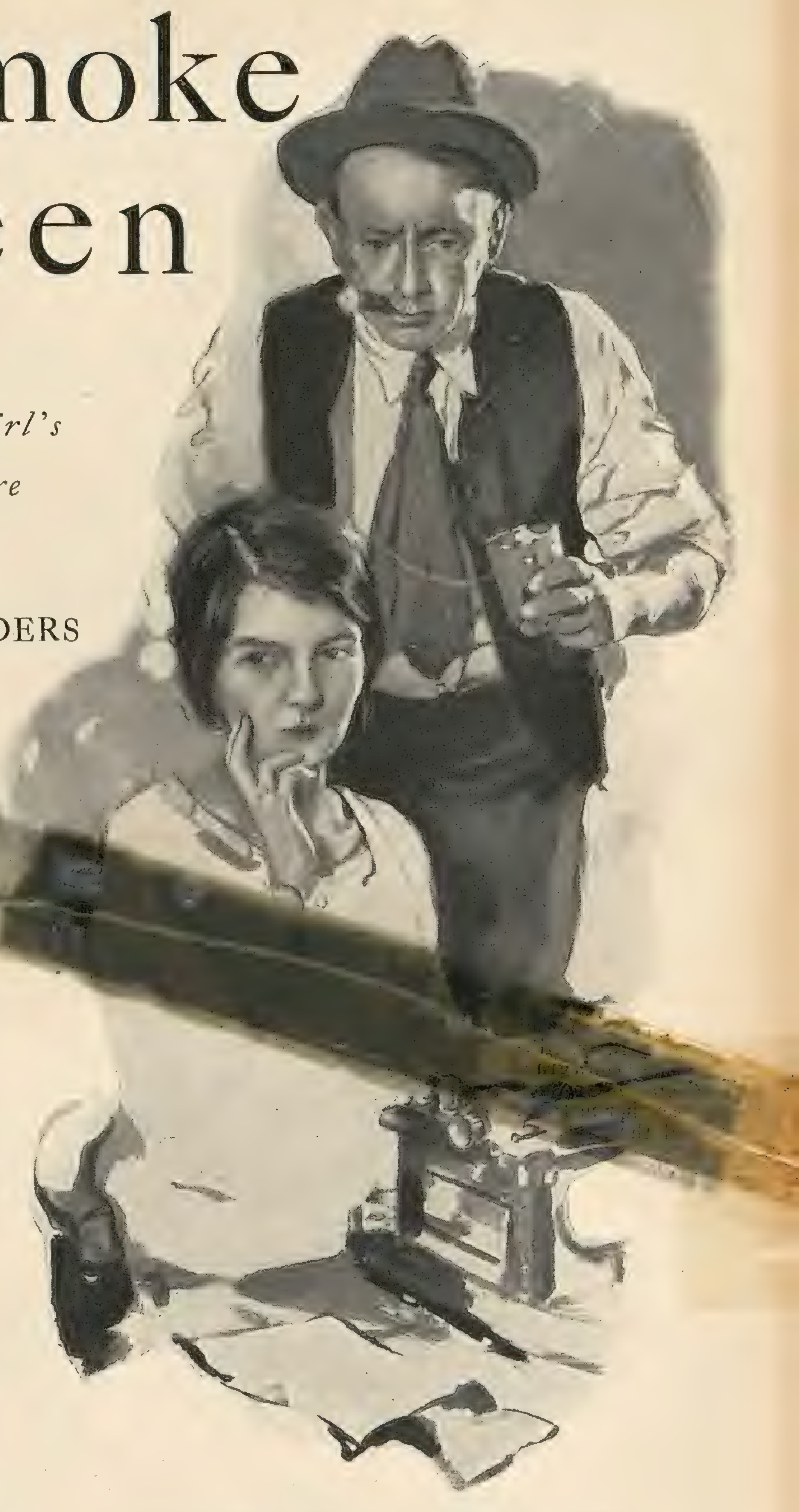
Little was known of Fox. Judge Morrison, attorney with gubernatorial aspirations, came forward with the statement that he owned the old house and allowed Fox to occupy it rent free.

Mrs. Angela Browning had owned a private hospital in Galveston. She had given her younger sister, Alice, the money to start a dress shop in Houston.

Suspicion pointed to one Terry O'Toole. Terry was engaged to Alice. He had served a sentence as a bootlegger and Angela Browning opposed the marriage. It was he who had driven Angela from Galveston to Houston. He was nowhere to be found.

Then a startling fact came to light. Alice, at the very time of the fire, had absented herself for six hours from the hotel where she was stopping overnight in Galveston. But Richard Lomax, Sally's district attorney brother, never had her arrested, for he and Sally found the girl dead in her bed—and near her right hand a pistol.

This was the scoop Sally must take to the Pioneer.



"I wouldn't call that such a hot lead for a story like you've got," he said.

PART FIVE—HOW DID ALICE BLAIR DIE?

"WHAT do you want from me, Andy?" Sally asked at the city desk. "Just a running story of how the body was discovered, and so on?"

The old man looked at the tear stains about her eyes,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SMOKE SCREEN
Cont'd from preceding page

and his voice was uncommonly gentle.

" Yeah, in full, kid. You've got an hour. Put it all in; make it as dramatic as you want to; first person; tell how you happened to be there; everything; bring in the story of how you slept out there the other night, and tell as much as you want of what she said then; tell what she told you about her sweetheart, and how she described her sister. You're free to print all that now.

" Jesse! " he bawled, as the photographer sauntered in, munching a bar of chocolate candy. " What did you get? Don't stand there! . . . Well, who the hell said you were? Don't argue. I want prints, not oratory. Get out of here! "

SALLY, seated at her desk, took off her hat and pushed back her hair. She rolled three sheets of copy paper into her machine, and sat looking at it reflectively. What was it Dr. King had always said about simplicity? Keep to Anglo-Saxon; avoid the Latin polysyllables. " Force, in simple Saxon." Funny to think of college lectures in English when she was writing about the suicide of Alice Blair. Alice would have been a grand roommate in college. Sally blew her nose and attacked the keyboard.

" Alice Blair, sister of Angela Blair Browning, the woman found dead in the burned house on Telephone Road Wednesday morning, lay down on her dainty green bed last night and shot herself through the brain," Sally's fingers pecked out slowly.

" Wait a minute."

She jumped. The city editor was reading over her shoulder.

" I wouldn't call that such a hot lead for a story like you've got," he said. " Here, swallow this, kid." He held out a glass of whisky.

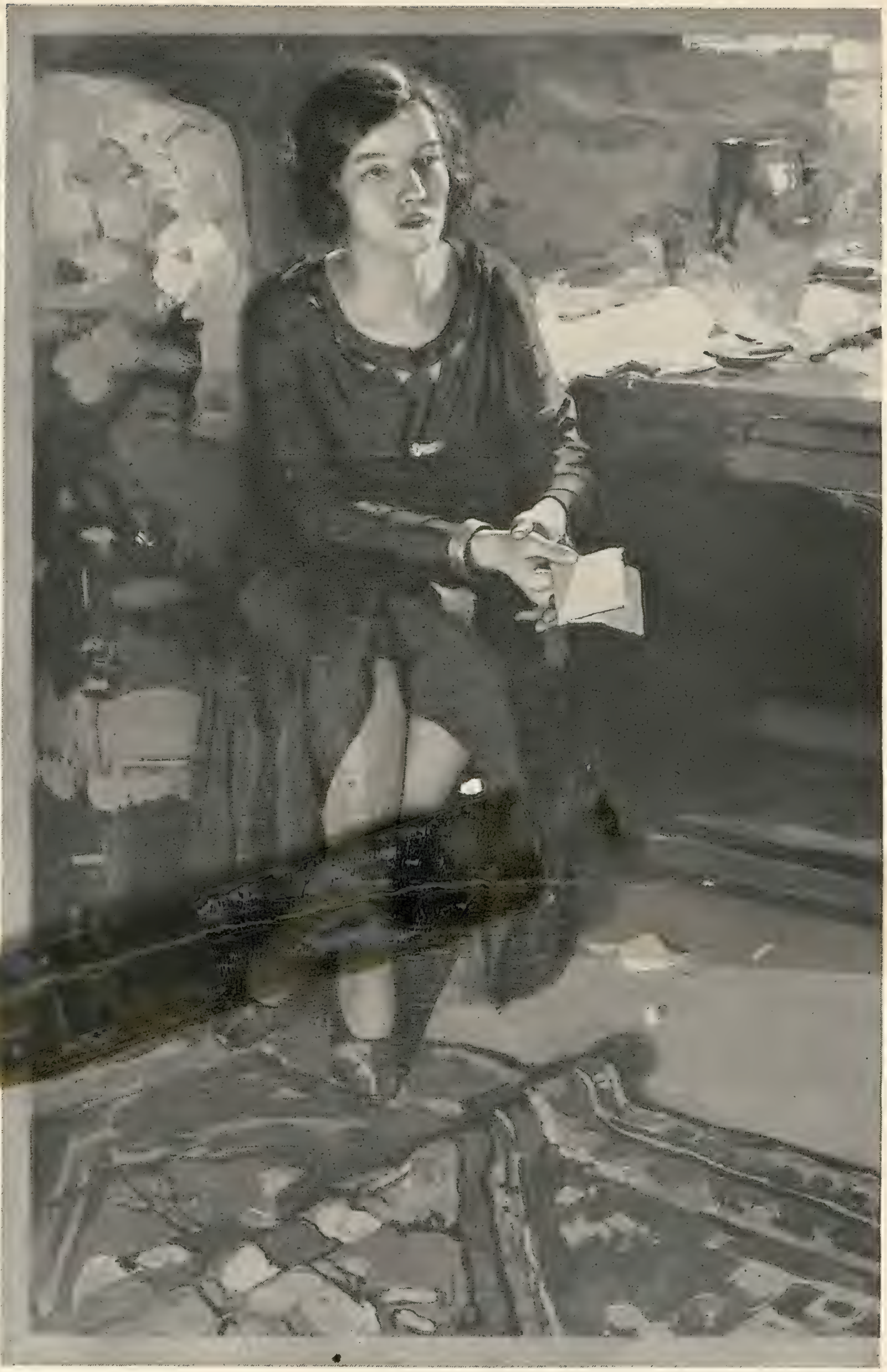
The girl absently took the liquor and gulped it down. The gruff old man smiled as he took back the glass.

" Must have been a shock. But we can't let this story get away from us. Now, listen: Johnny is going to put all the spot news in his lead story. What I want you to write is just what you saw in that room; just what you read in that dead girl's face. Especially after what she told you the other night. Not the straight news, you see, but what you know about the inside story of it."

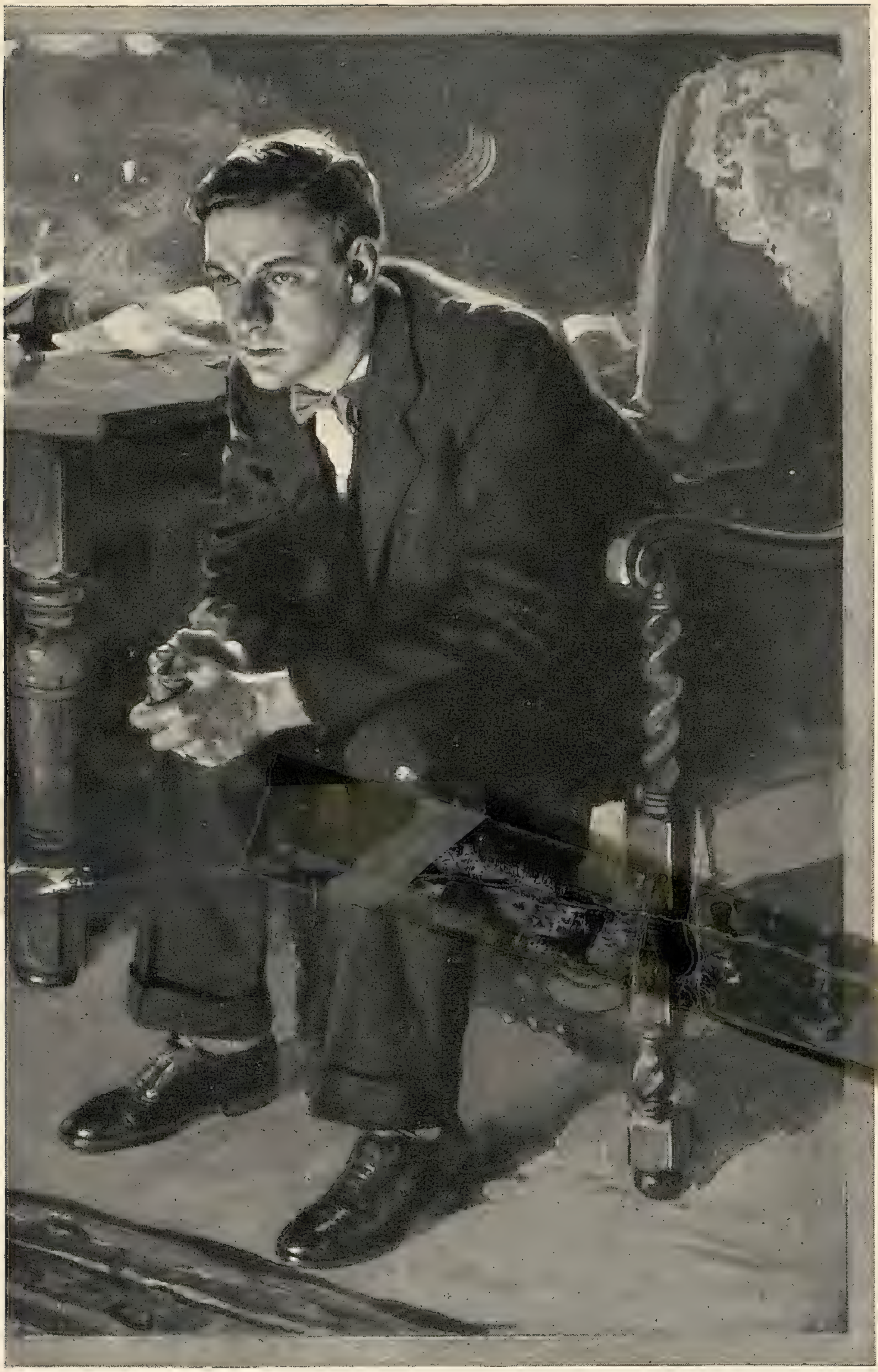
Sally nodded, dumbly grateful. She replaced the spoiled paper, and started over. Her fingers seemed to be released now.

Fifteen minutes later she turned in the first sheet of her story, and was rewarded with Andy's " This is just what I want, kid. Let it run till you tell all of it." She wrote steadily, calling the copy boy as she finished each page, herself taking the last one to the desk.

Andy reached for it, read it hastily, marking the paragraphs with right angles, wrote in one subhead, and then leaned back.



" I want to get the man who made Alice kill herself!



If I can't choke the rat, I want to know that the law will."

" Very nice yarn, Sally. Now you race back out to the apartment and see if you can turn up anything the smart boys have overlooked. Better stop downstairs and get something to eat. Don't hurry. We won't extra again today on this, unless they find O'Toole. I want a new lead for the Sunday city edition. Take your time, kid, and find me one."

The curious were clustered around the street door of the Blair place when Sally stopped her car at the curb. A policeman let her in the vestibule.

" Everybody has gone from up there except Mr. Manning, Miss Lomax," he said. " Sure horrible, ain't it? She was a mighty pretty girl."

Sally nodded.

Manning was poking around the kitchen. When she called him, he came through the bedroom into the living room.

" Well, this is a quick end to a good story, ain't it? " The district attorney's chief investigator sat down in one of the low chairs and fished a crumpled packet of cigarettes out of his pants pocket. Sally accepted one.

" Did anybody find anything important here after I left? " she asked.

" Nothing much. I got the gun before anybody touched it. It's wrapped up there on the desk. Thought I'd just look at the prints on it."

IT was, Sally saw, wrapped in a yellowed silk handkerchief and lying on the top of the heart-shaped box of candy. She crossed over and looked at it, pushed at it with one finger until it slid off on to a folded copy of the Bulletin somebody had left lying beside the box. The contents of the pigeonholes had been pulled out and scattered helter-skelter over the desk; the men reporters had gone through thoroughly. Suddenly she remembered that corn-[illegible] letter in her purse. She didn't know why she hadn't read it. Well, this was no time to begin, with Manning sitting there.

She lifted the top of the candy box. The card which had read, " To my little Copperhead from her big Rattler," was gone.* She had forgotten about it until now.

Manning reached over and took a chocolate from the box, munching it reflectively.

" This girl shot herself about midnight, I reckon," he remarked. He took another piece of candy covered with dark red tinsel and unwrapped it slowly. Sally was fascinated by his hunger for the dead girl's candy, his evident appreciation of it. Two nights before she had eaten from that box with Alice Blair.

" Huldy came on at seven o'clock this morning, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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*Later in the day she was to see that message in a box on the front page of the Record, headed " Who Is the Rattler? " George Monroe had found one titbit. Until Monday every edition of the Record insistently asked: " Who Is the Rattler? "

[SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from preceding page]

McMullen—he's the man who was on out front during the night—told us the light in the living room was turned off about twelve. He didn't hear the shot, but that little gun wouldn't make much noise stuck in a person's mouth and on a pillow; not enough for McMullen to hear out on the street. The man out back wouldn't have heard it, anyway. Nobody in the house heard it. But everybody in the house turned in before midnight, they all say." He took another chocolate.

"Is the body still here?"

"Oh, no. Your brother had it taken down to Westheimer's before he and Judge Overland left. Lucky you weren't here. The whole back of her head was blown out."

Sally, wandering uncertainly into the bedroom, stood at the foot of the bed, gazing at the stains on the green silk spread where it covered the pillow. Were suicides always so messy? She felt faint; the room was turning black. She steadied a knee against the rounded foot of the mattress, set her teeth, and held her eyelids tight. When she opened them, quickly, at a sound on the bed, Manning was tossing, as nonchalantly as he had taken the candies from the box, the other pillow over the stains.

"Say, I did find something out here in the kitchen," he spoke over his shoulder impersonally. "Found it in the garbage pail. Come here."

Sally followed his broad back into the shining white kitchen.

"There was a couple of water glasses in the sink," Manning said, "under the hot-water faucet, both filled with water. After everybody else left, I looked around. Found this in the garbage can under the sink." He opened a cupboard door over the sink board and showed Sally a pint whisky bottle.

"Smells like good Bourbon," Manning went on. "At any rate, whether it was Bourbon or not, if she emptied that, she got up plenty of Dutch courage to shoot herself."

"But why the two glasses? Did she have company?"

Manning snorted.

"If anybody had come in and gone out our boys would have seen him, wouldn't they? She used both of them. She drank the whisky out of one, took a chaser of water out of the other, turned the hot water into the two glasses in the sink, pitched the empty bottle into the garbage doodad, went into the front room, turned out the light, and shot herself after she laid down on the bed. That's the way I got the whole thing doped out. Funny she should be a good housekeeper right up to the last. That's a woman for you."

"Mind if I use your name in that story?" [illegible]

"I don't know; your brother might raise Ned with me."

"Let him." Sally dismissed the district attorney bluntly. She went back through the death chamber into the living room, called the Pioneer office and asked for the city desk.

"I HAVE a little bit of new stuff, Andy," she began without preamble. "Mr. Manning found an empty pint whisky bottle in the garbage pail and some glasses in the sink."

"For God's sake, Sally! Ain't there nobody in this office got any brains or luck but you? Hold it a minute."

Johnny's voice came over the wire.

"Yeah?"

"Mr. Manning found an empty whisky bottle in the garbage pail after you all left, Johnny," she repeated.

"What? Any glasses?"

"Two."

"*Two glasses!*"

"Yes, but he says she used both of them herself." Sally went on to repeat Manning's explanation of how Alice had fortified herself for the suicide. Then she told what Alice had said of her sister's attitude toward prohibition.

"This is exclusive, Johnny. Use Manning's name, and I'll keep him from giving it to anyone else. He says it was good Bourbon whisky."

"Wonder where she got it? I'd like to know a bootlegger who could supply good Bourbon. Now I do want O'Toole."

"Don't joke, Johnny. I've got the creeps. I can't believe, even if I saw it myself, that a girl as dainty as Alice Blair would take such a messy way to die. Did you see—the bed?"

"Yes, I saw it. Well, honey, there are few dainty suicides, you know. This one is lots nicer than getting sick from poison. Here, talk to Andy."

"Manning got any theory about the motive, Sally?"

"Hold the phone. I'll ask him." But Manning had nothing to add to the statement the district attorney had given Rorke, Monroe, and Eddy before he had gone back to his office: there was no apparent motive for the act, unless the dead girl knew something or had discovered something that had caused her to kill herself in remorse.

"WHY don't your precious brother come out and say he thinks she killed her sister, and be done with it?" Andy growled.

"Don't ask me. Do you want me to stay out here?"

"Well, find out if they are going to keep a watch out there for the present, see if anybody knows who will inherit the hospital and the shop, ask what they are going to do about burial—and, oh, yes, jewelry! What sort of jewelry did this girl have."

"All right."

"I reckon you can come in when you get those things. Sure there's nothing else the bright boys have missed?" Andy knew how to commend a deserving reporter, and right now Sally Lomax was his most deserving.

"I'll see. Thank you, Andy. I'll be in after a while."

She went back to the kitchen, feeling somehow better. She and Manning looked through the drawers of the cabinet, and through the clothes closets, finding nothing unusual. Sally listed the few simple pieces of good modern jewelry they found in the bedroom. She took casual leave of Manning, intent on her thoughts.

Back at the Pioneer office, she wrote briefly an insert for the Sunday edition, and then she and Johnny drifted down for coffee. Johnny mentioned that he and George Monroe had gone through the desk.

"Careful gal, that," he remarked. "Nothing in the desk but receipted light and gas bills and such, and one bill of lading for some dresses coming from New York. I looked for the letter you said was there, but I couldn't find it."

Sally nodded. The letter was in her purse, lying on the table, six inches from Johnny's cigarette hand.

"Well, so long, kid," he said as they strolled up to the door of the Pioneer Building. "I'm off to Galveston on the next interurban. We got a tip from down there that may locate O'Toole, and I want that bozo. I still think he's got the solution to all this."

"It's a shame he didn't get to see Alice before she killed herself." Sally was unusually sober. "She was so terribly in love with him. I don't believe she would have done it if she had talked with him."

"That's why I want to find him. That's why Dick Lomax wants to find him. If she didn't help in the murder of her sister, what made her kill herself—unless she knew that this fellow she loved did it?" Johnny didn't expect Sally to solve these riddles.

"Johnny, I'll tell you something if you won't laugh at me."

Rorke looked at the earnest face, and smiled. "I won't laugh at you, child. What is it?"

"I don't believe Alice Blair killed herself."

"Now, don't go off on that wild idea, Sally." Johnny's voice and face became stern. "No, honey, that was suicide. No woman lays herself down on a bed and lets a murderer shoot her through the roof of the mouth without a struggle. That's hooey. Wait a minute. I'm going upstairs with you."

Johnny conferred with Andy while Sally hung up her hat. She was weary and she didn't know what to do. She went over to the cooler and gulped a cup of water.

Johnny, leaving, tossed her a "So long"; Andy bawled "Sally!" in the same minute.

"Here, smoke one of my cigarettes for a change," he said. Andy was growing positively chummy. "I think we've got this story about in hand. If the boys turn up O'Toole in Galveston tonight, we'll be set. If they don't, there's nothing to print tomorrow except a rehash of today's stories and an interview with your brother, which I've already got."

"What did you get from Dick?"

"Oh, little enough. Says recent developments—God, why do officials have to use those stale terms?—that is to say, the suicide of Alice Blair—would indicate that she knew or learned something about the murder of her sister that she didn't tell him when he talked with her Friday afternoon. He thinks she killed herself either in desperation or remorse. She didn't impress him as being heartbroken with grief."

"Does Dick say that? Why, how terrible! That girl was beside herself with grief."

"Like as not, Sally. But you must remember that your brother is a sort of high policeman, and policemen are always ready with an alibi for something they aren't sure they can solve. Dick's a good prosecutor, I reckon, but the whole tribe of them are alike: they play safe. Another election is always coming. It's my opinion that none of these officers believes they will lay hands on O'Toole for many a day. They think the case is likely to stay as it is for several months.

"Johnny thinks this is a hot tip he's out on now, but I haven't got much faith in it. But you call it a day. I don't think there is much else you can do, and you look all petered out. Run along home."

"I don't like to go if there is anything you need me for."

"Nope. Don't need you for a thing now. If I do, I'll give you a ring."

SALLY gathered up half a dozen copies of the noon and home editions, told an office boy to save her a couple of the final, and started home. She would clip out those stories, take a bath, play with the cat, talk to Lulu, and be a lady, she would.

Dick had telephoned the housekeeper he would not be home for dinner, Lulu reported.

"Said as he was going to drive down to Galveston, Miss Sally."

So Dick had the same tip Johnny had. Oh, well, she was weary of the whole thing. She wanted to forget it. She did forget it while she bathed and washed her hair; dressed leisurely. She went downstairs to the library to clip her newspapers, going about it with a certain virtuous satisfaction.

Just then the letter came to her mind. Why hadn't she read that letter? Or told Johnny about taking it? She opened her purse, which she had brought down with the roll of newspapers. Out of it tumbled the crumpled blue envelope on which she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Anybody can find the weak spot *here!*

and you'll find it just as surely in cheap paint-once it's on your house!

WHETHER you're buying a handkerchief or a house, you'll find two classes of merchandise: the quality kind and the "weak spot" kind—cheaply made and temptingly low in price.

Experience has taught you to pay a little more for the quality product because it gives [illegible] and greater satisfaction. [illegible] the same sane principle when you buy paint. [illegible] are quality brands and "weak spot" [illegible] too. It's difficult to tell them apart [illegible] the can. But use cheap paint, and its weak spots will show up as surely as 2 and 2 make 4.

What are the weak spots in cheap paint? One is faulty mixing. Another is "fillers"—adulterants that cut the price but also the life and beauty of paint.

You'll save money by using the brand that has no weak spots

Don't save a few cents on "weak spot" paint when it won't last nearly as long as good paint. Use the brand that has no weak spots—Pee-Gee Paints and Varnishes.

Pee-Gee Mastic House Paint, for example, is 50% pure lead and 50% pure zinc. That combination of pigments gives the greatest spreading and lasting power. And those ingredients are *pure!* They're tested at every step. And in the important process of mixing, modern machinery and skilled workmen uphold the Pee-Gee standard of quality—respected since 1867.

And, like Mastic House Paint, each Pee-Gee product is the finest for the particular purpose. On the basis of long service and lasting beauty, each is the most economical you can buy!

Visit your Pee-Gee Dealer. He knows paint. He carries Pee-Gee products because he knows, from long experience, that no other paint can give finer results.

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Makers of good paint since 1867

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page seventy-one

had seen "Alice Bl—," which she had entirely forgotten. The full inscription brought her up in her chair.

"To be opened by my sister, Alice Blair, in the event of my sudden death."

Sally's hands shook. Angela had written this and died; Alice had read it and died. Here was the envelope. Where was the ominous message it had held?

There was no fireplace in Alice's apartment where she could have burned the letter. The garbage pail in which Manning had found the empty whisky bottle was the only receptacle for trash, except the empty wastebasket in the living room. Maybe Alice had torn it up and sent it down the sewer. Then, why hadn't she put the envelope there, too?

"In the event of my sudden death."

Angela Browning had feared sudden death—the death that had finally overtaken her!

ALL at once Sally found herself longing for Johnny Rorke; wishing that she had shown him that envelope. Why had she forgotten it?

Trembling, out of the purse she took the corn-colored letter. The writing on it was patently by the same hand that had addressed the blue envelope. That was no surprise. Angela had posted the letter in Galveston on Tuesday. Alice would have received it in the afternoon a few hours before she and Mrs. Caruthers started to Galveston.

Angela's attack was direct:

DEAR ALICE: Let me warn you again about running around with the wrong man. *Cut it out!* I know just how a girl's life can be ruined by bad judgment. I know how easy it is to fall in love with a handsome man who can make pretty speeches.

I'm not saying this man is not a square shooter. I know he is. He is, also, a fine person in many ways, but he is a jailbird and a lawbreaker, and *no good* can come to you from associating with him. Besides, he is beneath you in every way; his education, his breeding, his past are all wrong for you. You will be miserable if you fall in love with him.

I don't want you to think I am throwing things up to you or reminding you of past favors, but I have worked too hard and too long for you, and I've put in too much to see my investment go bad. Now stop this while you can. *I mean this.*

I want to say more than that. I've helped too many unmarried girls, who come dragging here to me. I've seen too many deserted wives. I know what it means. I know these men with their fair promises and their dirty double-crossing. It's just as bad to have to work with a husband in prison as it is to have to work after one has run off and left you. A man who has no respect for the law will have no regard for a wedding ceremony either. He may not consider one necessary. And I have no intention of standing around with a shotgun in my hand *while I watch my sister get married so she can give a name to her child!*

I love you very dearly, but I won't tolerate any nonsense. Get that straight! SISTER.

SALLY, lighting a cigarette, glowered at the two envelopes and the paper. Just what did all this mean?

After all, did O'Toole kill that woman? Alice had described her sister as the "red-headedest woman" she had ever known. Had Angela flown into a rage after Terry had talked to Alice over the phone? Possibly. Had she called him a jailbird and told him he was beneath Alice? Probably. Had she overplayed her hand, threatening O'Toole? It was hard to accept that as a motive for murder by a man as suave as Alice had implied O'Toole was.

But where was any motive in this crazy mess? A man, drunk, in a rage, might shoot or stab; but poison? No. Poison meant premeditation.

Where did old man Fox fit into the picture? Why had he died in the room, with the key broken off in the door? If he had strength enough left to break a key, why hadn't

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he strength enough to get out by the back door? Who had blocked that back door? . . . Where was Terry O'Toole?

Sally knew that Alice believed—or had believed—that Terry didn't have a thing to do with the murder.

Sally shivered. Vividly before her had come that stained green silk coverlet, the strands of red hair dried in the blood. Why should Alice have killed herself? That letter from Angela—in the blue envelope—what had that told? Where had Alice put it?

Sally could hear Lulu talking at the telephone, but she paid no attention to what was being said. She wanted someone to help her work out this puzzle. The doorbell rang. She heard Lulu padding down the long hallway.

"Yes, sir, Miss Sally's at home. Come right in; she's right in there in the liberry."

Sally looked up impatiently. Lulu seldom thought to ask if Sally wanted to see a visitor.

A tall man was standing in the doorway; well dressed but disheveled; handsome but haggard.

"You are Miss Lomax—Miss Sally Lomax?" he asked warily.

She nodded. "Yes, I am Sally Lomax."

"May I come in and talk to you? I am Terence O'Toole."

SALLY, very still at the big table, Angela Browning's letter spread out before her, studied O'Toole with an odd detachment. That he should have walked in so casually, so easily, while she had sat there saying to herself, "Alice didn't believe he did it," was doubtless amazing, but she wasn't really surprised. She had needed help, and it had walked in.

"Sit—sit—down, won't you?" It was only when she had to speak that she realized how startled she was.

"Thank you." O'Toole put his hat on a chair near the door, stood uncertain for a moment, then took off his overcoat, and put it under the hat. He came over and sat down in a chair near the table. Sally noticed his lanky grace.

"I'm glad to find you at home, Miss Lomax," O'Toole said. "I telephoned to the Pioneer office and asked for you, but they said you had gone home for the day. When I phoned out here your maid told me you were alone, so I just came on out."

"Why did you want to see me?"

"Alice trusted you, didn't she? I know that from the stories you wrote about her. After I read the afternoon papers"—he cleared his throat—"I had to talk to somebody, and it seemed to me you were the only one I could trust."

Sally smiled nervously.

"I WAS going to your brother and give myself up," O'Toole went on slowly, "but after I read that story of yours again about—finding Alice on her bed, I decided I'd rather talk to you than to him. I knew you were the district attorney's sister; the folks I have been staying with told me that. Is he here?" He glanced quickly at the doors.

Sally laughed, and Sally's laugh was the sort that made others join in.

"He went to Galveston on a 'hot tip' that he would find you there tonight," she said.

The man, in spite of his grave eyes, laughed with her.

"I haven't been in Galveston since Wednesday noon," he said. "I read the first extras that day at breakfast, and started right up to Houston to see Alice. But she beat me here. On the way through the town I bought another paper, a later one, while my car was held up by the lights on Main Street. That one told me that Angela had been identified. I knew I'd be the first one they'd look for after they knew it was Angela. So I ducked. And I stayed—right here in Houston. I haven't been out of the city limits since."

"How did you get out here?"

"Drove out. With the license plates changed, my car is just like thousands of other black sedans. I drove

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OT WATER
LD? ▸▸▸▸▸▸▸▸▸▸▸▸▸▸▸▸▸

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CONSTANT HOT WATER FOR
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Thus every owner of a Parker Pocket Pen owns half a Desk Set. Getting a Desk Base completes it. We now include pen taper free with that.

And to every buyer of a Parker Desk Set, we now [illegible] Cap with Clip. Thus the Desk Pen is also a Pocket Pen—2 Pens for the price of one. So be sure to ask for the Pocket Cap with your Desk Set.

Parker's new streamline Duofold Pens [and Pencils to match] set *lower* in the pocket than others because the clip starts at the *top*—not halfway down the cap. This smart, balanced shape feels "at home" in the hand—and the heavy, hand-ground point writes with our famous 47th improvement—Pressureless Touch.

Go see this revolutionary Convertible Duofold at any pen counter.

THE PARKER PEN CO., Janesville, Wis.

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Parker Duofold

Convertible ..for Pocket..for Desk $5 $7 $10 *Pencils to match, $3.25 to $5*

Streamline shape, sets low in pocket—greater ink capacity than average, size for size—Non-breakable Barrels of Jewel-like, Colorful Permanite—Super-smooth, hand-ground points.

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page seventy-three

right along and walked in. None of the smart detectives is going to look for me in the district attorney's home." He chuckled sarcastically. "Besides, what have I got to worry about now? I don't give one good damn what happens. I haven't got anybody to protect."

"Whom were you protecting before?" Sally's heart was racing.

"Alice. I didn't want her or other people to know that her sister was a bootlegger—and they will find that out as soon as they put me on the witness stand."

"What—what did you say?"

"I said Angela Browning was bootlegging. I ought to know; she was my partner. Where do you suppose she got all the money she spent? Not out of a hospital where half the patients were charity cases. How much do you suppose she was worth when she died? Nearly a hundred thousand—and in good bonds, at that."

"Mercy me alive!"

"Oh, she was pretty smart, Angela was. Even if she wasn't smart enough to keep from drinking doped whisky. The hell-cat!" He fell into a silence, looking down at his fingers, locked and twisting between his knees. When he lifted his eyes, he looked at Sally appraisingly.

"YOU'RE a lot younger than I thought you'd be," he decided. "Those things you wrote about Alice sounded like you were years older than she was. But I reckon you're all right, even if you are so young, and the d. a.'s sister. But you must want to know why I've come out here?"

Sally said nothing.

"I want to get the man who made Alice kill herself!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that the man who killed Angela made Alice kill herself. *I want that man.* If I can't choke the life out of the rat, I want to know that the law will." O'Toole's blue eyes looked green, and his black hair seemed vibrant with the passion in his voice. "I can't do one thing in this town by myself. I know that. I'm wanted, I'm suspected, and I'll be arrested the minute an officer gets a sight of me. But, Miss Lomax, my arrest won't solve this hellish thing.

"Oh, they may be able to fasten it on me. I haven't got one earthly soul to prove I wasn't out at that dump on Telephone Road that night when the fire started. I *was* there before it started. I've been in jail. I make my living by breaking a damn fool law. They may be able to fasten it on me. I won't be the first innocent man who has been railroaded to the pen or the chair to clear an official's record! But, Miss Lomax, I didn't do it. The man who did it was responsible for Alice's—death—*and I want that man!*"

In next week's installment the trail leads right up to the real murderer—and then stops. See if you can guess who he—or she—is.

Men Who Lead the LINERS In

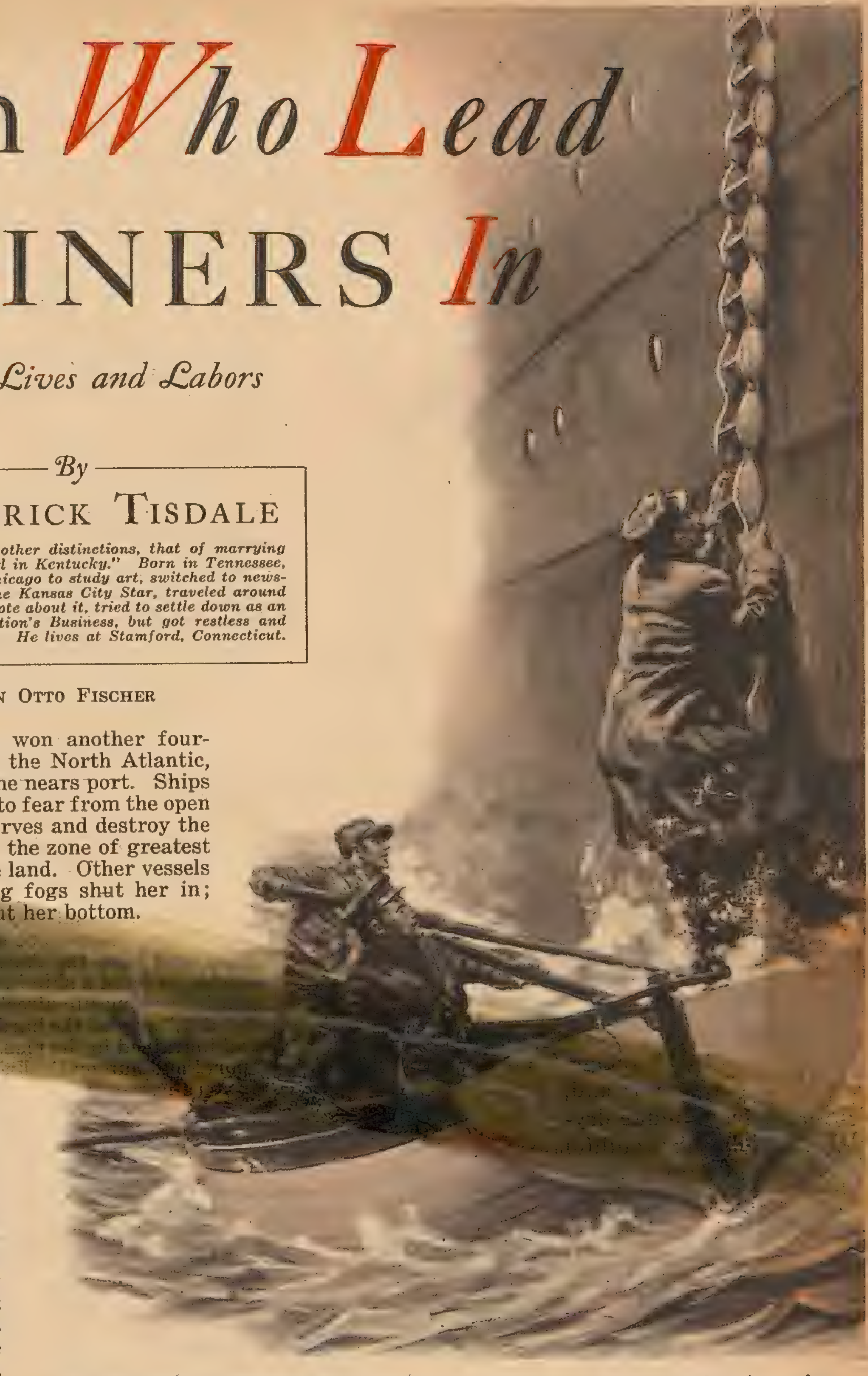
A Look at Their Lives and Labors

By

FREDERICK TISDALE

who has, among other distinctions, that of marrying "the prettiest girl in Kentucky." Born in Tennessee, he migrated to Chicago to study art, switched to newspaper work on the Kansas City Star, traveled around the world, and wrote about it, tried to settle down as an editor on the Nation's Business, but got restless and turned free-lance. He lives at Stamford, Connecticut.

Picture by ANTON OTTO FISCHER



As the third green peak lifts the yawl, he seizes the ladder and swings clear.

THE S.S. Gigantic, having won another four-thousand-mile battle with the North Atlantic, proceeds more warily as she nears port. Ships of her size and power have little to fear from the open sea. Storms may frazzle the nerves and destroy the appetites of her passengers, but the zone of greatest danger for the ship lies near the land. Other vessels are coming and going; blinding fogs shut her in; reefs have fangs that can rip out her bottom.

As the Gigantic proceeds thus warily, a small steamer materializes out of the mists. Presently a tiny yawl puts off and rows toward the liner. Two men pull the oars. A third sits in the stern. He is an elderly gentleman in a business suit and gray overcoat. And he is chewing a cigar.

This audacious small boat approaches on the lee side, where the vast steel wall of the steamer shields it from the running seas. At the liner's side a Jacob's ladder waits. Standing with one foot on the gunwale, the elderly gentleman in the business suit watches while two green peaks pass. As the third lifts the yawl, he seizes the ladder, swings clear, and climbs up with an agility beyond his years. The boatmen pull back toward the little steamer.

The elderly gentleman is a pilot. He has boarded the Gigantic to lead her into New York harbor. The ship is worth around $15,000,000. Some thousand souls are aboard her. To protect the lives, the ship, and the cargo from the remaining dangerous miles, the government requires a pilot on the bridge.

Tradition and popular fancy picture the pilot as a wind-beaten giant with a face like a granite statue, grasping the steering wheel.

That idea is 100 per cent wrong. Pilots' faces are like other people's faces and they never touch the wheel.

On the great Atlantic liners the wheel is handled by a quartermaster—usually a well salted and seasoned mariner who knows the ways of the sea and the prejudices of his ship. On smaller boats a competent seaman does the actual steering.

While the quartermaster handles the wheel, he does not budge it without word from the pilot. The captain is on the job, too. The pilot usually stands beside the helmsman, but he walks the bridge from time to time to check up his course.

There is much misunderstanding as to the relative authority of the captain and the pilot of a vessel.

In United States waters the captain is the master of his ship at all times. He can give the pilot orders and he must be obeyed.

In British waters a pilot who is compulsorily in ch of a ship under English law has supreme control

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A sense of real discovery comes to the first-time user of

AQUA VELVA

for After-Shaving!

"Eureka!" (*I have found it*) cried Archimedes on making a great discovery.

The first-time user of Aqua Velva may not cry "Eureka". But in a measure he feels it. He has found something—and knows it.

He has found what we believe to be the only thoroughly scientific after-shaving preparation ever made. Combining in one product all the qualities an after-shaving preparation ought to have.

Aqua Velva starts its work with a pleasantly tingling thrill; healthfully livens, wakens, stimulates the skin. Cares for tiny nicks and cuts often unseen. Protects from dust and germs, wind and weather, and, indoors, from undue dryness. Makes for youthful firmness of skin texture. Conserves the skin's natural moisture.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps, for three generations the Standard by which all others have been judged, Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin all day as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and Fit!

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers.
Or a Free Trial Size by addressing:
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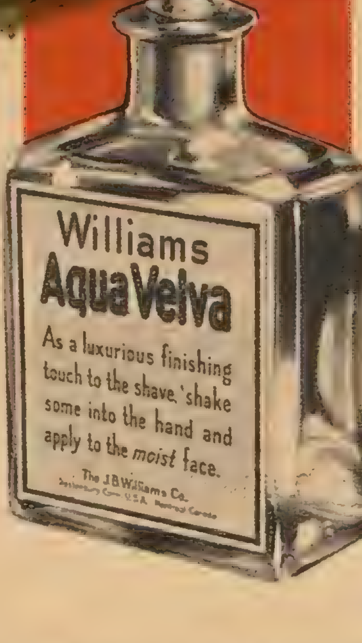

Williams
AquaVelva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B.Williams Co.

Just notice the fine skins of men who use

Williams

a Velva for after shaving

MEN WHO LEAD THE LINERS IN
Continued from page seventy-five

navigation, superseding the master for the time being.

A New York pilot boards an incoming liner about ten miles off Sandy Hook, some twenty miles from the Statue of Liberty. He must guide her through the Ambrose Channel, anchor her at Quarantine, ease her through the Narrows, and negotiate all the swarms of local shipping that traffic up and down the harbor. Not only must the pilot watch the surface dangers: he must guard against shoal places, turns in the channel, and sunken hulls of wrecks.

Ambrose Channel is some 2,000 feet wide. It has forty-six feet of water at high tide and about forty feet at low tide. The Leviathan draws forty to forty-one feet of water. Hence there are tide stages when you can put the ship through Ambrose Channel and other times when you had better not try it unless you place rollers under her.

The Narrows is the gullet between Staten Island and the coast line of Brooklyn on Long Island. Like Ambrose Channel, the ship lane is marked by buoys, and, unless the weather is thick, the principal danger is from the constant processions of ships.

From his high lookout beside the wheel the pilot gives his orders to the salt at the wheel. "Slow," he says. "Port" or "Starboard."

The execution of the last two orders illustrates a custom handed down by many a generation of navigators. If you told the driver of a team of horses to go right or left, he would go right or left as directed. In the British and American merchant service, when a pilot orders port, he means for the ship to go starboard; and when he orders starboard, he wants it to go port.

And here is the reason:

The earlier ships steered by a tiller—a beam fastened to the rudder post. To make the ship go one way you threw the helm the other. Though wheels and gear turned by steam now control the rudders, the archaic paradox remains.

YOU may recall that when Josephus Daniels was Secretary of the Navy an indignant protest went up when he directed that on navy vessels the orders "port" and "starboard" were to be changed to "left" and "right." Until that time the American navy, like the merchant service, ordered a ship in one direction when it was to be sent in the opposite direction.

"But," argued the hard-shells, "the old usage is grown and ingrained in the men of our navy. Tell an old sailor 'port' and automatically he turns the ship to starboard. If you reverse the old order and make him go port when you say 'port' will he be able to overcome the discipline and habit of years? Isn't there serious danger of confusion and disaster, even?"

All authorities admitted the logic of this. But backers of the change found a way out.

"It is true," they admitted, "that a sailor used to handling a ship might stick to the old usage as long as the familiar words port and starboard are used. But we will change the words to left and right. The difference in the orders will impress on his mind the fact that the change has been made and he will obey properly."

Despite wails and salty curses from the shellbacks, the change was made. It is doubtful now if navy men would return to the ancient method. Merchant ships, except those under British and American registry, have also corrected their usage. They say port when they mean port.

New York pilots must bring in vessels from Germany, Japan, Sweden, Greece, Turkey, and every other country. They must remember the nationality of each particular bridge, because to a British helmsman port means starboard, while to a Danish helmsman port means port.

One way the veterans keep their heads straight is by giving orders in the language of the man at the wheel. Through long years of service they have picked up the few necessary nautical words in all the maritime tongues.

Once through the Narrows, the busiest harbor in the world opens. New York is unique in the curious and fantastic species of lesser craft that dart or crawl about her water lanes.

Besides his ship, the channel, tides, currents, and winds, the pilot must watch all this swaggering small fry. Square across his course there appears a panting tug trailed by half a mile of barges. They are heavy with bricks bound from Newburgh to Brooklyn. The steamer must do the dodging while the tow crawls by. Just beyond is a double-decked seagoing cattle yard filled with bleating calves en route to an East Side abattoir. And any number of car floats bearing whole freight trains. Floating grain elevators. Lighters whose booms and lines make them look like spiders. Tugs by the hundreds.

And zipping among them, young Arthur Van Gelt, who has lunched on Scotch highballs with a friend and is now engaged in proving that his speed boat will do forty-five miles an hour.

To anyone who has wondered at the frantic confusion of New York's harbor, the most natural question is:

"Why don't they have traffic rules?"

"They do," is the answer. "But they don't mean anything."

The general rule is that incoming traffic must keep to the east of the channel and outgoing traffic to the west. But—

The trouble is with the cross and crisscross traffic. Numerous ferries shuttle from one shore to the other. Besides, much of the towage is between docks directly across the main steamer lanes. Thus the keep-to-the-right rule becomes an impossibility. It boils down to the old marine adage:

"The pilot of every boat is responsible for that boat. His first duty is to look out for it."

Therefore it becomes every man for himself. And do not think that all the pilot has to do is watch the traffic. He must keep a constant guard over the behavior of his own steamer.

The big liners enter and leave the harbor at from ten to fourteen knots speed, and the watcher from shore often wonders why they don't take it more slowly through the crowded shipping. The answer is that below a certain speed a big ship will not answer her wheel.

THE pilot's calling is not one likely to be advertised for the eagerly ambitious. In the first place, pilots make comparatively little money. And in the second place, the training is long and merciless, [illegible]

The pilots are bound together in a compact and effective organization which has all the powers of a medieval guild. Those who bring ships into New York harbor must be members of the United New York and New Jersey Sandy Hook Pilots' Association. There are only 125 of them—eighty-six from New York and thirty-nine from New Jersey.

The Pilots' Association is a private corporation working under state supervision. There is a Board of Pilot Commissioners for the State of New York and one for New Jersey. Any association member may take ships to piers on the New York or Jersey shores. But complaints arising from collisions and the like must be heard by the state board which licensed the particular pilot.

In all other matters the pilots are strictly self-governing. Their association is ruled by a board of trustees which elects a president and other officers. They enforce the straight and rigid rules which control the pilots and apprentices.

Anyone can recommend a youngster for a pilot's berth, but usually it is done by an association member. The applicant must be of good character, have a high-school education, be from seventeen to twenty years old, be of fine physique, and—most important of all—have perfect eyesight.

After passing all these requirements, it may be years before enough active pilots die or retire to draw the apprentice into actual service.

First, the apprentice is assigned to one of the two little steamers owned by the association. Practically all their time is spent cruising around Sandy Hook, putting pilots on steamers and taking them off. All the youngster is allowed to do at first is to keep the wheelhouse clean, clean decks and massage the brasswork.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"*Now for a* Nifty Nine!"
Give the boy a hand! Or is perseverance its own—and only—reward? . . . If he wants to change his luck, he should change . . . his underwear.

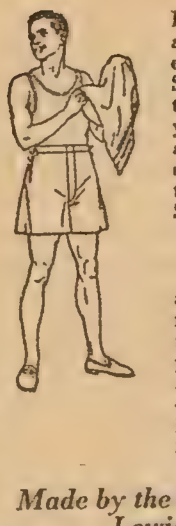
Creeping Up on the Hole!

A Tragedy of Creeping Underwear

His favorite hole! Here he was surely going to pick up strokes! But there was his underwear creeping up on him—grabbing him at the top of his swing—cramping his follow-through....

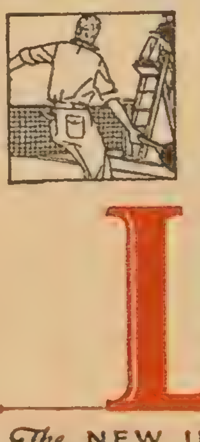
If you want underwear you can forget—and that stays forgotten—slip into a Lewis Golf Suit. Made for golfers—and for *every* man who values *unusual* comfort. Perfect fit—and perfect freedom. Muscles and mind at ease. Delightfully cool—so quickly does its magic fabric evaporate perspiration. Checks heat rash and heat shock. Snug crotch support keeps you fresh clear through the match. No wonder the Golf Suit has saved strokes for so many golfers!

[illegible] Lewis, the only original Golf Suit.



Look for the Lewis label and the little golfer on every *genuine* Lewis Golf Suit. If your dealer hasn't the Lewis Golf Suit, send us your measurements, with a check for $5.00 for two suits postpaid. Lewis Knitting Company, 110 Main Street, Janesville, Wis.

Altho' the Golf Suit is admittedly the most comfortable underwear made, those who prefer a two-piece garment will find an almost equivalent comfort—with exceptional style—in the Lewis Golf Shirt and Sport Shorts.



Brings New Enjoyment to Every Sport

For Active Men in Every Field

Made by the makers of the famous Lewis Union Suits

LEWIS GOLF SUIT

The NEW UNDERWEAR That Gives NEW

MEN WHO LEAD THE LINERS IN
Continued from page seventy-seven

His initial promotion is to handling the oars of the yawl which takes pilots to and from steamers.

The student puts in from eight to ten years on the pilot ships. His maximum pay is forty dollars a month. When this eternity of Spartan training is over, he applies for a pilot's license. To prove his qualifications, two older pilots put him through a cross-examination. One of them propounds a hypothetical problem in harbor navigation:

“ Suppose you boarded a 10,000-ton freighter drawing eighteen feet and with a speed of twelve knots. How would you take her from Sandy Hook to the dock of the sugar plant at Yonkers on a low tide? ”

Before he gets the coveted license the apprentice must prove that he knows the bottom of the New York harbor thoroughly.

Now can he bring in the Aquitania or the Paris? He can not.

It may be thirteen years from the time his training started to the time he walks the bridge of a 900-footer. His first license entitles him to pilot vessels of eighteen-foot draft. He must work up gradually to the bigger ships.

The apprentice is twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old when he gets his first ticket. Many useful years are ahead of him. He may retire if he wants to at sixty-five. He must retire at seventy. Pilots over the age limit are pensioned by the association.

After a man has worked and waited for years to earn his pilot's certificate, he is going to be mighty careful to protect that valuable document. The long, heartbreaking course is planned to harden the nerves and fortify the judgment against accidents. But accidents do happen.

The first thing a pilot does when anything goes wrong with a ship under his hand is to write a full report, which he files with the Board of Pilot Commissioners. A pilot is not personally responsible for damages done by a vessel in his charge. Ocean vessels are covered by insurance.

In many cases the pilot's report stands unquestioned. The underwriters pay the insurance and try to forget it. But not always. If a shipping official thinks a pilot has failed in his duty, he demands a hearing and the accused must answer before the Board of Commissioners.

THE severest penalty the commissioners can impose is cancellation of the pilot's license. No such action has been taken within the memory of the present board. The usual punishments are suspensions for a set period and reduction in grade—that is, setting the pilot back in his rating so that he can bring in only smaller vessels.

In the last fourteen years the most severe penalty imposed was a suspension of one year. A bottle was involved in the case and the commissioners bore down hard. But there were such unmistakable signs of repentance and regret that the board reduced its ruling and in six months the pilot was again bringing in ships. Since then his rectitude has amounted to fanaticism.

One of the pilot commissioners was asked about the disaster some months ago in which the liner Paris sank anchored freighter in the lower harbor with a loss of al lives.

t case didn't come before our board,” he said. ht if it was the pilot's fault. These big liners want to make speed and land on the other side in daylight. That is the reason for night sailings—which was the case with the Paris. It would be a lot better if the lines made rules against going out of New York harbor at night, especially on an ebb tide.

“ You know, the pilot can't make the ship officers do what he tells 'em. He can give his advice. They take it or not as they see fit.

“ The high standard of the New York pilots is not due entirely to the hard years of training. Tradition has a lot to do with it. One of the younger members of an old piloting family gave us a lot of trouble. He was a good pilot, but hard to handle. The Pilots' Association was always fining him for taking leave without giving them notice, or something like that. Finally we reduced him in grade so that he could only handle little freighters drawing eighteen feet.

Brown Bros. photo

The Leviathan entering New York harbor. It costs $320 in pilot's fees for the trip in and out again.

“ WEEKS later an official of the Shipping Board wrote us a red-hot letter demanding a hearing. It was charged that our trouble-making pilot had been delinquent in his duty in bringing in a freighter they had under charter. The ship's hull had been damaged. It had taken $75,000 to repair her.

“ We looked in the files and, sure enough, there was a report on the case by our obstreperous young pilot. He stated in a matter-of-fact way that he had brought the ship in and that her bottom had touched several times in [illegible]

“ When we put the pilot on the carpet and began asking questions, he told the real story. The steamer had come charging into Ambrose Channel as if she were crazy. Paid no attention to the pilot boat. She was finally overhauled and the pilot put off in the little yawl. Mountainous seas were running and no move was made on the freighter to help the pilot aboard.

“ Waiting until the lee rail rolled down toward the water, the pilot made a flying leap from the yawl and landed on the steamer's deck. The only men on the bridge were sailors. The seaman at the wheel was steering blindly and blissfully straight toward the point at Rockaway. By fast and cool work the pilot jockeyed her back into the channel. But not before he had scraped her on the bottom a few times.

“ As soon as he got her straightened out he investigated. He found the second officer snoring in his bunk. The master showed up later, very sheepish and headachy. They had cleared from an extremely wet port and were trying to clean out their supply before they reached New York.

“ You can imagine that after the Shipping Board official heard all this he withdrew his charges and gave the pilot an unofficial vote of thanks. The incident made a different man out of that pilot. His conduct since that day has been perfect.”

Fees for piloting vessels are paid to the Pilots' Association. They are graded according to the draft of the ship—the deeper the draft the bigger the charge. It costs the Leviathan $320 to be taken into the harbor and out again.

Each pilot draws a salary of about $200 a month and shares in the fees of the association. The total is from $300 to $350 a month. From the general fund they must maintain their two steamers, pay office rent, etc.

The association quarters are at the end of Whitehall Street in New York City. Inside the main room hangs the bulletin board on which appear the names of pilots and the ships they are to take out. The men serve in rotation. Outside the harbor, the little steamer takes off each pilot. He stays aboard until it is his turn to bring in another ship.

Life aboard the pilots' boats is no pink picnic. The larger of the two is 165 feet long. She can accommodate twenty-five pilots, and carries a crew of twenty-five men. They are in constant danger from big ships during thick weather.

In 1914 the pilot boat New Jersey was run down and sunk by a freighter. The lookout saw disaster coming. All hands were summoned on deck. They took the subsequent ducking as a matter of course.

IN December of the same year Thomas Shields, another pilot, was lost. While approaching a steamer in a high sea, his yawl capsized. The apprentices who were rowing held to the overturned boat and were rescued.

There are eighteen old pilots on the retired lists now. Much of their time is spent in the rooms of the association. They live to outlandish ages, most of them.

There was old Tom Dougherty, who was around ninety when he died. He couldn't stay away from his former headquarters. Every day he would report in and ask if he were needed. One day they missed him. Investigation disclosed that he was dead.

"We never knew just what caused it," says one of his old friends, "but we always thought an automobile hit him. He'd brought many a ship in through the harbor, Tom had. But navigating the streets of New York was too much for him."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

He'll Tell Him, Too

Buddy heard announced over the radio that questions regarding one's proper vocation would be answered upon receipt of birth date. He told me:

"Mother, I think I'll write to that man and ask him why I am so dumb in arithmetic." — Mrs. H. W. Gallagher, 5154 Coral St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

The Lumberyard Was Out

Jean was alone in her father's office when the phone rang, so she answered it.

A man's voice inquired, "Is this Mr. Russell's lumberyard?"

"No, sir," replied Jean; "this is Mr. Russell's little girl."—Ila M. Hathaway, Knox City, Tex.

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HOSIERY PAJAMAS

Beautiful . . . yet her voice *repels*

To preserve the tone and charm of the voice that Nature gave us, we should protect the throat from the irritations that usually come from common colds, dust or excessive smoking.

Irritations affect the tone of your voice. If it is harsh and dry in the morning, remember that physicians endorse the use of Pertussin to loosen phlegm and promote natural secretions in the larynx (voice organ).

A few sips of Pertussin during the day will help to restore the delicate membrane of the larynx to its normal healthy condition.

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Safe for every Cough

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Please send me FREE trial bottle of Pertussin.
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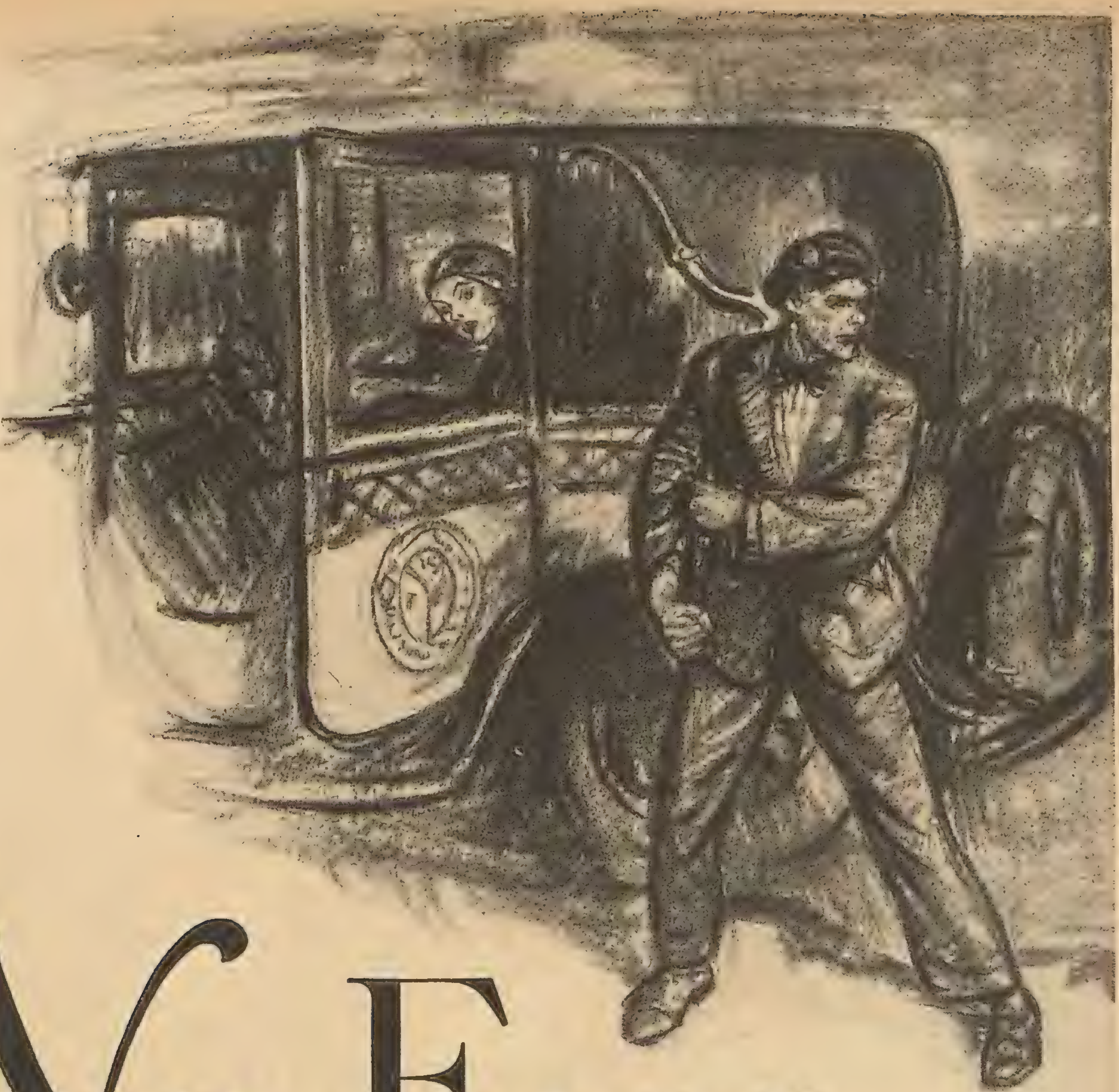


The Tale of a Taxicab Galahad

NO FARE

By

FRANCES BOLTON

who is twenty-five, was born and educated in New York, and has done free-lance and newspaper writing. Now she is in the dramatic department of the New York Morning Telegraph and is married to a dramatic critic.

Pictures by A. D. FULLER

WE made Fifty-ninth Street from Forty-second before the lights could blink red on us. Even on Second Avenue that is practically a miracle. A policeman yelled something coarse as we flashed past him. We wove an insane pattern between Elevated pillars and skirted two trucks and a street car by a margin that left their operators too shaken for profanity. We fastened onto the tail of a line of cars that stretched unbrokenly across the Queensboro span into Long Island City, and we stopped.

Before the cab had ceased vibrating to the shock of our halt, the driver slid back the glass partition and asked solicitously: "I hope you two ain't in no hurry?"

I gasped, and then stuttered, "N-no hurry at all!"

He turned back to his wheel and eased the cab an exact inch nearer Long Island. He lit a cigarette.

"That was pretty tough, what that copper called me, back at Fifty-ninth," he tossed over his shoulder.

"It wasn't polite," I agreed.

"Maybe I should of said something," he mused; then turned quickly and defensively. "Don't get me wrong, folks. I ain't afraid of those bozos just because they got brass on their stommicks. Lots of times I come that close to losing my license for back talk. That was in the old days. Me, I"—one crumpled ear reddened—"would ya believe it, I guess I'm getting sentimental about them flatfoots!" He puffed furiously.

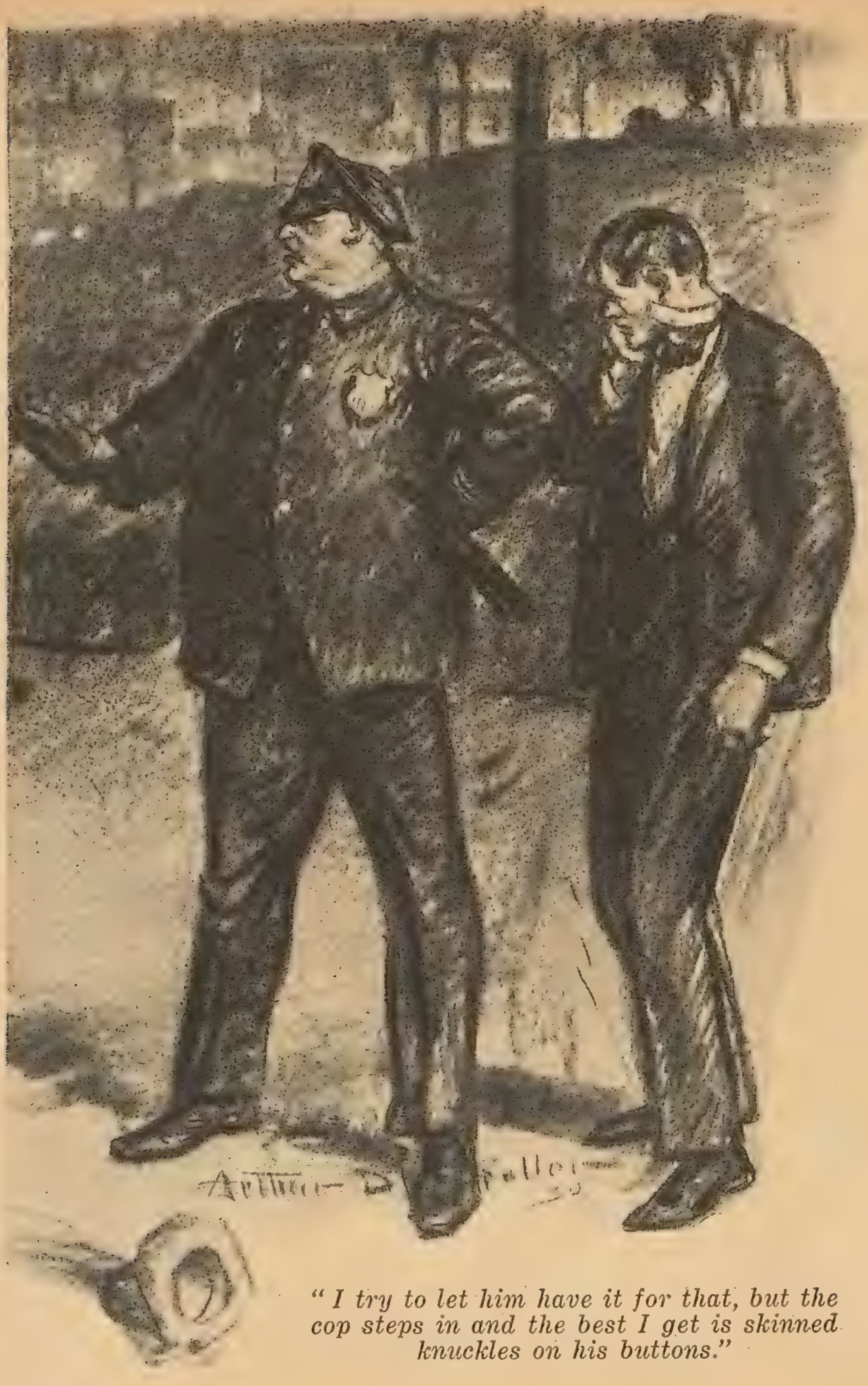
To his right, facing us, a card described him as Rafferty McGonigle. Well, why not? Sentiment and a cauliflower ear.

"Oh, yes?" we chorused.

"It was like this," he declared, then paused and gazed at us with doubt. "You folks really ain't in no rush, are ya? Honest? Don't mind me."

We declared volubly that tomorrow would be as good as today, maybe better, for Long Island. We could not be sure that he wouldn't try to ride us across on a girder if we answered otherwise.

"It was like this," he began again, and paused again. "If you *was* in a hurry I was going to say you could get



"I try to let him have it for that, but the cop steps in and the best I get is skinned knuckles on his buttons."

out and take the ferry. It'd be quicker. Many's the day I've rolled on this bridge clean shaved and slid off the other end with a good stand of beard."

"Oh, yes," said my companion.

"Well, as I was saying"— Mr. McGonigle arranged himself so that his face was equally divided between us and the traffic ahead. The side we got was the one with the cauliflower ear—"as I was saying, I used to play a stand in front of one of those night-club joints down in the Village. Don't get me wrong, folks. I played a joint line, but I wasn't no gyp. I've always drove a muzzler's rig."

"A WHAT?" I murmured.

"Fifteen and five. A hot summer night I roll in from a job to Brooklyn and the dinge doorman tips me off that the crowd scrammed early, right after the floor show, and they ain't no use hanging around.

"I gave him his buck for the week and I'm all set to lam home, which is over Minetti's grocery on West Fourth Street, when out trots an awful cute kid that I ain't seen before.

"I know most of the kids in the floor show, but this one's all new to me. She looks pretty much like the others, only she's sort of washed out. You know—peaked? And her eyes are big.

"I don't know what hits me—I'm a man that usually looks strictly to business—but like a dummy I call out: 'Want a lift home, sister?'

"She looks up and shakes her little purse at me and says, 'Whoosh!'

"'I'll leave the flag up,' I say. 'I was going to pack in for the night anyway.'

"'It's against the law,' she comes back quick.

"'They hadn't seen you when they wrote it,' I say quick.

"'What'll your boss say?' she asks.

"'Lady, I own this rig,' I tell her.

"Well, I had her there, so she tries another one.

"'Which way is home?' she asks.

"That scalded me, folks, but I think fast and it seems like I never heard of a floor-show weenie yet that don't live as far from her work as she can get without a passport.

"'I'll lay a pound on the Bronx, sister,' I say."

"A pound?" I interrupted.

"A fin," he explained. "All hackmen call a fin a pound. It's Limey for five bucks."

"Oh, yes," I said.

"Well, the kid stands, giving me the eye for a minute, like she is figuring, 'Is this stupid on the level?' Of course, I'm no sheik, but you can see from that picture there I got an open pan. You know—frank? My ear wasn't like this then. That comes later."

HE moved his cab another two feet.

"Anyway, the weenie thinks I ain't so bad, 'cause she climbs in, and says: 'How's Seaman Avenue for you?'

"'Swell for me,' I say. 'I pack in up that way.'

"She shuts the door and chirps, 'Home, James!'

"'The name's Rafferty, if it's all the same to you,' I say, and I let the rig roll.

"We drift right along without any lights to bother us, it being two in the morning and they hadn't changed the rules then. It isn't until Forty-second Street that I got to stop while a chauffeur with a bucker's rig takes the whole street to turn around in."

"A bucker's rig?" we asked.

"A gyp cab," he explained. "I'm a man that don't talk to fares usually, but seeing's this one's riding on me I think it's okay to try a little polite conversation. You know—impersonal?

"So I say, 'It's a hot night.'

"She says, 'Yes, isn't it hot?'

"'It sure is hot,' I say.

"She sighs, and I go on: 'Dancing's pretty hot work, I guess.'

"'Yes, it's hot work,' she says.

"'You're in the chorus?' I ask.

"'I got a specialty,' she says.

"'I knew right away you was different from them weenies,' I crack.

"'I was a weenie until last night,' she says. You know—cold? 'My specialty's only on trial for two weeks.'

"I couldn't think of no way to get out of that, so I close up and cuts west across Fifty-ninth to Broadway and then across to the Drive at Seventy-second.

"Say, that's a sight at two thirty of a summer morning, with the moon laying right down on the river like a headlight on an aluminum hood. I passed that way many a time, but this is the first time I get a real load of scenery.

"I slow down to give the kid a chance to look around and I let my eyes stray, too, although I'm a man usually

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NO FARE
[Continued from page eighty-one]

that keeps his mind on his job. I don't hear any noises of thanks out of her, so I say over my shoulder:

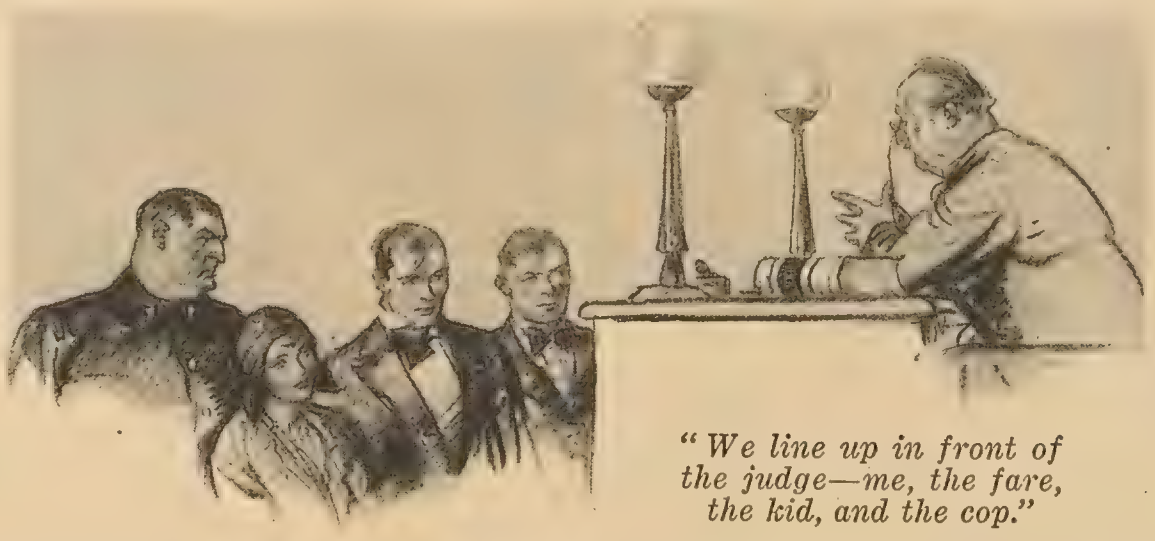
"'Get yourself some of that scenery, sister.'

"She don't answer.

"I try again and she don't make a sound.

"I begin to burn. Here I take this weenie for a two-fifty ride to hell and gone in the Bronx without a cent charge, and what do I get? Ritzed!

"I pole in to the curb and climb out. I'm a man that's usually patient, but this steams me up plenty. I pull open the door, all set to tell her the walking's swell from there. Say—what d'ya know? There's the kid, with her hat in her lap and her hair all in wet kind of rings on her forehead, curled up in a corner and tight asleep. She looks like one of these here flowers the people with dough put in their limousines and then forget to put water on. You know—droopy?



"*We line up in front of the judge—me, the fare, the kid, and the cop.*"

"You could of knocked me over, folks. There's this kid that's never set eyes on me before in her life going to sleep in my rig at nearly three A. M., as trusting as a babe in his mother's arms.

"I close the door quiet and climb back and head for the Bronx. I stop at Seaman Avenue like she said, and get out and open the door. She wakes up, pink in the face and kind of surprised. She jams her big floppy hat on her head and jumps out.

"'Thank you,' she says, and grabs my dirty hand in her little paw and gives it a hard shake, like a kid shaking hands with Santa Claus. 'Good night,' she says, and before I can say anything she goes switching off with her little high heels clicking in the quiet street.

"I get into the bus and cruise downtown. All the way I'm thinking what would happen if a trusting kid like that should fall asleep in the rig of some gorilla that wasn't brought up careful like I am.

"The more I think about it, the more it worries me. Well, what happens is next night about two A. M. I was waiting in front of the joint with the head under the hood, and I don't look up until I hear those heels clicking. The dinge is sore because he's had to go clear to the Avenue three times to get hacks for the customers. He knows my rig never gets on the bad, not the way I take care of it!

"So when the kid gets out on the sidewalk the dinge cracks—you know—sarcastic?—'Shall I call you a cab, miss? Mr. McGonigle's cab is busted.'

"'Don't bother,' I say, slamming down the hood. 'It's fixed now. Hop in, sister.'

"WELL, for ten days I'm like that. I stall around until she comes out, and then I drive her to Seaman Avenue. And, mister, that's a ride for any man's damper!"

"Damper?" we inquired.

"Clock," he explained. "Meter."

I said, "H'm!"

"We talk about the weather and all like that for the first couple of miles. I'm scared to hand the kid what I usually feed the dames. 'Fraid she'll walk on me. Say, the kinda dames I'm used to they wouldn't walk home from a ride unless the car catches fire. But I got this kid figured different. So I stow my line. And when you take his line away from a guy, what's he gonna talk about?

"So this is the way it goes: every night, after we hit One Hundredth Street, the kid falls asleep. One night I ask her if she likes to dance. You know—social? That night she doesn't get her sleep till One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Street.

"Now I'm in a tough spot, folks, 'cause it's got so my appetite is shot to hell and I don't sleep good. My bookings has dropped 'way down account of the time I spend stalling around for the kid."

"Bookings?" I murmured.

"What's on the clock when you come off shift. My take," he said. "The only thing I think about is how can I get sociable with this weenie without she thinks I'm on the make. Right away she gets an idea like that, I know she won't let me drive her home any more. Whose going to look after her then?"

The traffic of Long Island City's bridge plaza came into view and he sped up his story.

"Twelve nights I been driving her home and I don't know her name yet. Was *I* foolish! She says, on Friday night: 'I'll be leaving the club early tomorrow night, Mr. McGonigle. They's a dancing team and the girl jumped in the river last week, so they are going to try them out in my spot in the late show. The way I swim I could never get away with a raw one like that, so I guess it's back to the chorus line for me. I'm leaving after the supper show. They's no use watching them; I get the bad news soon enough.'

"'Gee, that's tough,' I say to her. But to myself I say: 'Here's your chance, hackman. A lady's never so broad-minded as when she's capoot.'"

"CAPOOT?" asked my companion.

"Down on her luck," he replied. "We start off, and at Seventy-second Street I turn around to ask her what about a whirl and a mouthful of chow tomorrow at a chink joint I know. Gee, the kid's crying. Well, you know, you can't ask a dame to eat chop suey when she's crying her heart out account of her career going bad on her. I don't know what to say, but those sniffing noises has got me nuts. So I say—you know—helpful?—'Never mind, sister. They's lots of floor shows. You'll get a break yet.'

"She stops crying a minute and looks at me. Then she starts to laugh. She laughs and laughs, and next thing you know she's bawling again. Did I have the jumps! Say! I lam for the Bronx and I don't say another word till we get there.

"When she gets out she's sort of streaked around the face, but calm. She says: 'Will you be in front of the club around ten, Mr. McGonigle?' And I say, 'You bet I will!' This is the first time she gives any sign of thinking I'm waiting there for her by anything but accident, and I get encouraged.

"I start out earlier than usual Saturday. My ice-breaker's a lucky one—"

We both said, "What?"

"The first fare. He's a long haul, I mean, and I'm dreaming about what I'll say to the kid and take him two blocks past his street. He bawls me out, but I let him rave. My mind is on the kid.

"On the way back I let a chiseler get a fare away from me. And, folks, that shows what shape I'm in, 'cause no chiseler ever got the best of me before."

"And what," I asked, "would a chiseler be?"

Mr. McGonigle considered deeply. "Remember how you hailed that hack back at Forty-second, and I cut in front of him and picked you up?"

We remembered chiefly because of the other driver's rich comment, and said so.

"That," said Mr. McGonigle, "is chiseling."

"At ten thirty I'm waiting in front of the club. I haven't got a pound in my pockets, and my head is light, too. I get out and start to monkey with the motor, when along comes the kid. But she ain't alone. They's a guy with her. One of these boys in a hard-front shirt and a cane. I make him for a skunk right off, but that ain't the reason I jump in the cab and try to make a getaway—"

"A skunk—" said my companion thoughtfully. "One word of the vernacular which is familiar."

"Yeah," snapped Mr. McGonigle. "A skunk—a guy that don't tip."

"Oh," said my companion and shut up.

"Before I can turn her over, the kid climbs in and him right in back of her with a 'Drive around the park.' I was for putting both of them out, but that's against the law and I'm a man to keep out of court.

"I grit the teeth and roll down to Washington Square and start making circles around it. The guy raps on the window and says: 'Not this park, chauffeur, Central Park.'

"Do you want to burn a hackman any time, just call him chauffeur. And I was burned to start. I push the rig to the Park, tearing up the Avenue with red spots dancing in front of my eyes. I was fit to burn right up. I never hated anyone like I hated that dame then—not even cops. I could of drove us all into a tree and liked it, only I didn't want to jam the cab. I called her all the dame double-crosses I could think of, but to myself.

"After a while I begin to see it's my fault. 'This is what you get for playing Santa to a weenie,' I say to myself. 'They're all out to get what they can get, and you're a sucker to have fell. From now on, hackman, you look out for Rafferty McGonigle and let the others look out for theirselves.'

"THEN I hear noises behind me, and I know what it means. They's usually noises like that when you're told to drive in the Park any time after six P. M.

"The burn goes to my head so's I can't see and I don't know if I'm driving up or downtown. The noises get louder and I hear the kid yelling, 'No—no!' The old line! I wanted to yell: 'Don't worry, mister, she don't mean it—she don't mean anything. Help yourself; I wish you luck.' But the scuffling gets louder and I begin to laugh. You know—wild? I'm laughing so loud for what a sap I am that I just hear the kid when she yells: 'Rafferty! Rafferty!' Say, did that pull me up! I stop the rig, open the door, and grab him so quick he hasn't time to unwrap himself from the poor kid. I jerk him out by the collar and stand him on the asphalt.

"'Keep out of this, you dirty pirate,' he says. 'Get back in your seat and drive us around the Park.'

"I don't wait for another crack. I give it to him right on the jaw. Say, this boy's a fighter! He's up off the road like a shot and he drops me against the right fender with a tough left to the ear."

"Uh—that ear?" I ventured.

"Yeh, this one," he explained.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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NO FARE
Continued from page eighty-three

" Well, I poke him in the belly and he drops for the count. I'm climbing back into the rig when a cop comes along and the fare gets up, spits a tooth, and says: ' Officer, arrest that man. He assaulted me.'

" ' Okay,' says the cop. ' Where's the woman? '

" ' They ain't no woman,' I say quick. ' It's just a little sociable matter between us two.'

" ' She's in the cab, officer,' says the fare. ' I think it's a put-up job between them. Take her along, too.'

" I try to let him have it for that, but the cop steps in and the best I get is skinned knuckles on his buttons. The cop gets in with the kid and the fare, and we all ride down to Night Court.

" On the way down I feel blood on my neck and I'm low. I see my badge taken away and me selling the cab to some tramp that won't know how to nurse along that tappet knock I been having six months. It's like it was part of me by now.

" We trail into court and sit down on the front bench—me, the fare, the kid, the cop, and my ear that's about to fall off.

" They's a ditch digger up for beating his wife, and after that comes a beery old goat up for panhandling, and two immigrants for fighting in the street. They get their raps, and then it's our time. We line up in front of the judge in the same order—me, the fare, the kid, and the cop."

"AND your ear that was about to fall off," I supplied.

" Yeh, that's right," Mr. McGonigle replied. " Well, there we all are.

" ' What is the charge here? ' says the judge. You know—severe?

" ' Assault and battery,' says the cop. ' These two was fighting in the West Drive and the gentleman here prefers charges against the hackman and the girl.'

" ' What is your name? ' the judge asks me.

" ' Rafferty McGonigle,' I say.

" ' Where do you live, McGonigle? ' he says.

" Well, I'm not hot to let the kid on that I was giving her those rides for the fun of it, but it don't seem no time to give out a phony address. So I say I live on Fourth Street.

" ' Why, Mr. McGonigle,' the kid breaks in, ' I thought you said you—'

" ' Maybe I was dumb enough to want to give you a ride,' I say.

" ' ORDER,' says the judge, and the cop gives me a jerk.

" ' Have you ever been in court before? ' the judge asks me.

" ' Only traffic court,' I say.

" ' Ever have your license suspended? ' he asks.

" ' No, sir,' I say, proud.

" ' Humph,' he grunts. ' What's your name, young woman? "

" ' Doris Dean,' the kid speaks up.

" ' Pleased to meet ya, Doris,' I say. You know—annoyed?

" The judge glares at me.

" ' Where do you live, young woman? ' he asks.

" ' East Fifth Street,' the kid says.

" ' Say, wait a minute,' I say. ' What was the idea? '

" ' Shut up,' says the cop.

" ' Maybe I was dumb enough to want to ride with you,' the kid says. You know—sour?

" The judge bangs with a wooden hammer.

" ' Order,' he growls.

" He turns to the fare:

" ' Do I understand your claim that these two people were in conspiracy against you? '

" ' Yes, your honor,' says the fare. ' I was—'

" The judge turns to the kid. ' Will you tell me what happened, young woman? '

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" 'This man,' she says, pointing to the fare, 'offered to take me home from the club where I work and suggested a ride in the Park first. When we were in the Park he began to make advances to me and I cried for help. Raf—this driver—took the man out of the cab and when he started to call him names, Raf—the driver—hit him. Then the policeman came.'

" 'Have you ever seen this man before?'

" 'No, sir,' says the kid.

" 'Then why did you allow him to escort you home?'

" 'Yeah, that's what I'd like to know,' I say.

" 'One more word from you,' says the judge, 'and I'll hold you here in contempt. I'm waiting, young woman.'

"The kid steps up, takes a look at me, and says: 'I'd like to tell you privately, your honor.'

" 'We cannot entertain any secrets in this court,' says the old pigeon, blowing out his cheeks and looking pompous.

" 'Well,' says the kid, turning to me and getting red as anything in the face, 'I thought, that is—I wanted to know if you were just taking me for a ride.'

" 'Meaning which?' I say. You know—suspicious?

" 'Oh, Rafferty,' she says, beginning to cry, 'you never even tried to find out if I was married!'

" 'Well,' I say, sunk, 'are you?'

" 'N-no!' she bawls.

" 'Say, judge,' I say, 'do you do marrying?'

" 'I do not,' he snaps. He turns to the fare. 'If there is such a thing as a conspiracy with only one conspirator, you most certainly have been the victim of a conspiracy. But, considering the part you played yourself, it is my advice that you drop the charge.'

"THE fare goes off mad. I give him a bird as he goes. The judge puffs up again and glares at me. 'As for you, young man,' he starts—then he busts out laughing. 'Case dismissed,' he says.

"The kid and me are almost out the door when the judge leans over and calls, 'McGonigle!'

" 'Yes, sir!' I say.

" 'If you get a license and wash the blood off your neck you can come to my chambers on Monday. Maybe I can arrange a ceremony for you and the young lady.'

" 'Much obliged, judge,' I say, and ask the cop to be my best man.

. . . . .

"Here we are. It ain't so long, after all. Do you folks want to go across the boulevard, or shall I turn here?"

"Turn here," I said.

He curvetted his car around a pillar.

"So that's how I got soft about cops. You know—sentimental?"

He straightened out and began to make a left turn. The traffic policeman raised a white glove and waved him back.

"There's cops for ya," said Mr. McGonigle. "The lousy double-crossing fatheads."

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 28

1—Arizona.
2—Jamestown, Virginia.
3—Those which secrete tears.
5—East.
6—John Wesley.
7—Sherwood Forest.
8—One of a race of one-eyed giants.
9—A temple or house for the Chinese mode of worship.
10—John Greenleaf Whittier.
11—Solid earth.
12—A neck of land that connects two larger bodies of land.
13—An illegal deed.
14—Robert Fitzsimmons.
15—July 14.
16—Obadiah.
17—Energy due to motion.
18—Rich port.
19—Lake Erie and Lake Ontario.
20—Flora.

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For Lovelier Hair

By
EILEEN BOURNE

A FAMOUS hair specialist whose handling acquaintance with heads runs into thousands a year says that, with all the money spent on hair culture today, the quality of hair is not what it was in the good old days when grandmama wielded her daily hundred strokes.

All of the lank, lusterless, dry, brittle, strawlike conditions of hair so common currently have a reason. The reason is not hard to find. We need only interview ourselves on the subject of how often we cleanse, stimulate, and tone the scalp with a good, working hairbrush.

It is not for nothing that "hair" rhymes with "care."

It is a curious thing about us women, knowing as well as we do the invaluable asset that live, healthy-looking, glossy hair is, that we do not go in more for the sort of daily attention that we give our complexions, say, or our finger nails, or our teeth. We don't, though. We give the face its daily quota of cream and massage manipulation. We brush the teeth religiously. We tend the nails faithfully. But we "nightcap" the head to protect the marcel, we run the comb carefully through the hair in the daytime so as not to disturb the wave. What deterioration may be going on in the scalp, in the blood vessels and the glands underneath it, is, from the way we act, not our business.

We dash out and buy skin tonics and lubricants if the face feels harsh and dry, but the hair can feel twice as dry and we make no move to get a corrective. It is truly a case with the great majority of women today of "Let George do it," George being Paul or Armand or Pierre or Joseph of some hairdressing establishment.

IF women of the class who can afford their twice-a-week or thrice-a-week facials, professionally given, would be as consistently attendant upon professional scalp treatment, hair would be much more beautiful. But the funny sex will keep their daily appointments at a reducing salon and do whatever exercise they are told to do and pay whatever price is asked, and leave the poor old head to grow its hair as best it knows how.

It *is* odd—with hair one of the Big Three in assets desirable, the other two being complexion and figure.

Perhaps what we need is a little of the scare advertising that sets us religiously to work on crêpy neck areas. Maybe if we were familiar with warning arrows pointing to a first gray hair due to scalp neglect, we would replace the purely decorative hairbrush with a hard-backed, stiff-bristled one and get down to using it daily. It would not be stretching a point, either, to bring on the gray hair as a warning. For grayness may be retarded for years by the proper care of the hair.

Speaking of care of the hair is not the proper phrase to use. Women do care for their hair. They spend a great deal of money caring for it—in marcels, finger waves, water waves, permanents. But it is really the care of the scalp, not the hair, that matters. Even a hundred strokes daily, if the scalp were not reached by the brush, would be love's labor lost for the hair. At best, it would only brush the dust and grime out of the hair. The scalp would still be a source of hair disorder.

WE all are aware that the benefit of the facial massage accrues from stirring up the blood circulation. If we are to have the quality of hair that is devastatingly lovely, we must recognize the fact that the tone, the sheen, the texture of hair depend upon the same blood activity in the scalp. If grandmama's hair was of finer quality, the credit must go to the brush by which this blood activity was stirred up daily. Not to magic lotions! Not to more frequent shampoos. But simply to this active circulation promoted by the hairbrush.

There is not much need to talk frequent shampooing to women. We are all pretty meticulous on this point. We get a shampoo before the wave and the wave has to be repeated at short intervals. In this way the scalp is given some treatment. But once in two weeks is not enough for it, any more than a once-in-two-weeks facial would serve the complexion.

If the hair is sickening in looks, let the wave go hang for a while, anyway until you get some life back into it. Take up the hairbrush and wield it, regardless of consequence to your marcel. Brush until the scalp tingles. That's the feeling that indicates that you are getting in good work.

If your hair is dry, get a tonic containing oil and massage it into the scalp after the brushing. If it is oily, get an astringent tonic. The tonic and the massage will stimulate the oil glands and gradually restore them to normal.

Whether the hair is sick or not, with tonic or without, massage the scalp for five minutes daily. Work all around the hair with firm little rotary movements. Toward the front of the head use the tips of the fingers, toward the back, the balls of the thumbs. Press the thumbs into the hollow at the base of the skull and work round the neck to the ears. Repeat these movements a number of times. This makes the blood flow briskly to the scalp. Then lift the scalp and knead it in circular sweeps, using the cushions of the fingers and the palms of the hands. Work over the entire head from front to back, raising the hands and taking a new grip each time, rotating about five times at each single operation. Then brush the hair and scalp again.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 64-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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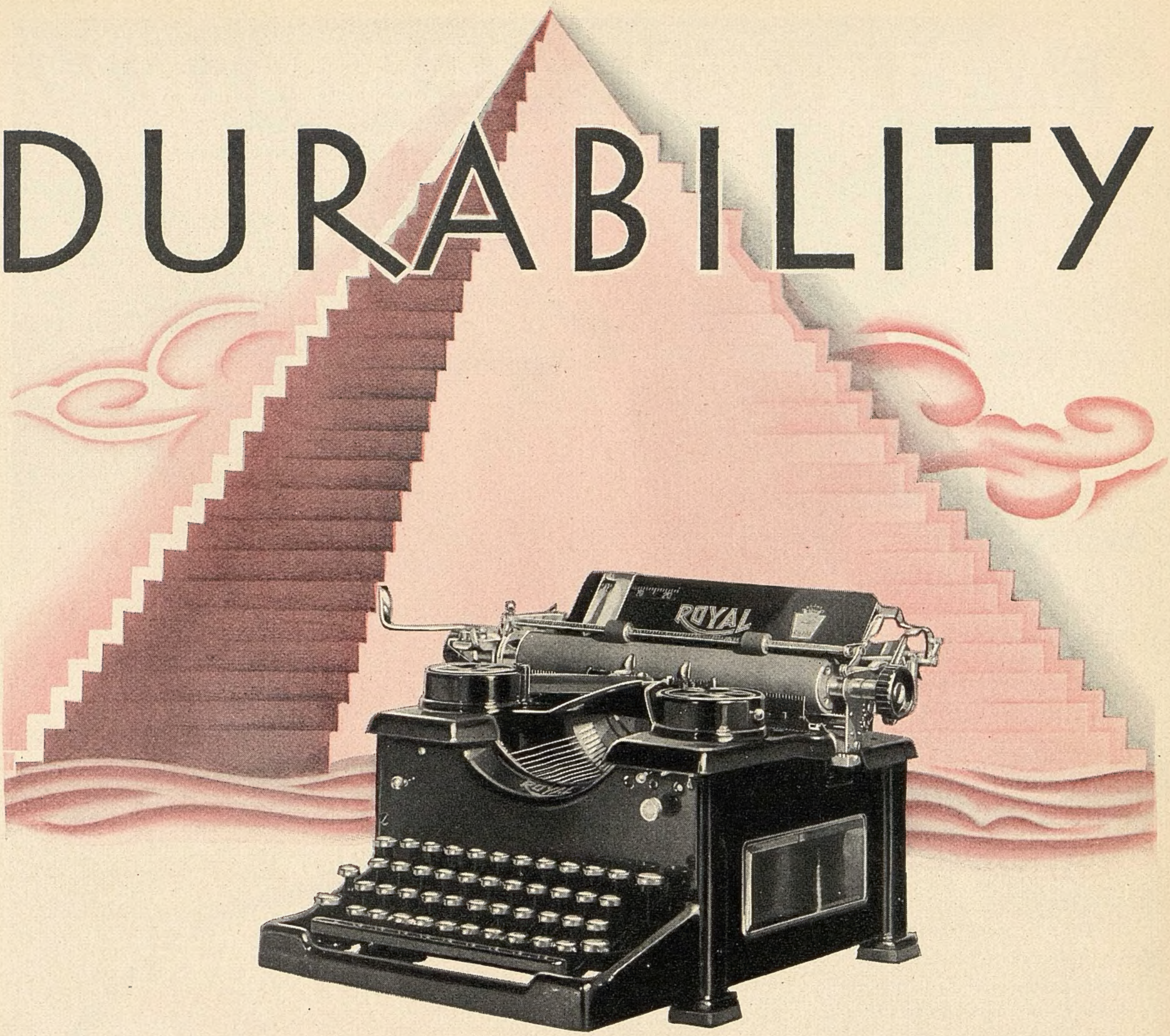

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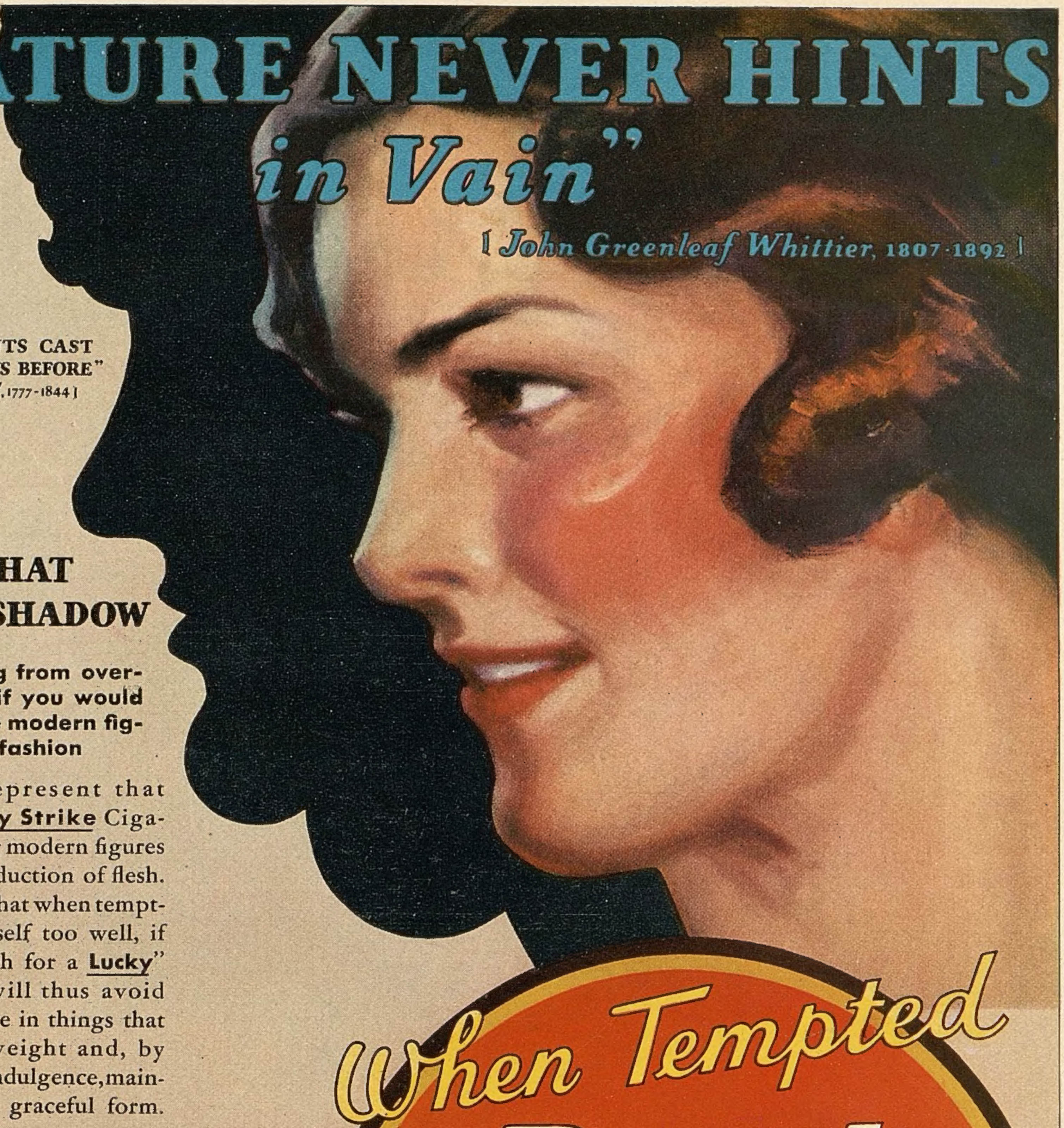

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[*Thomas Campbell*, 1777-1844]

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